Outdoor America

MAY, 1926

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Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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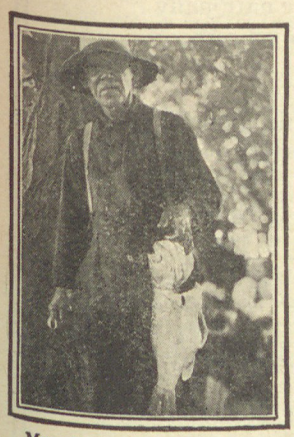
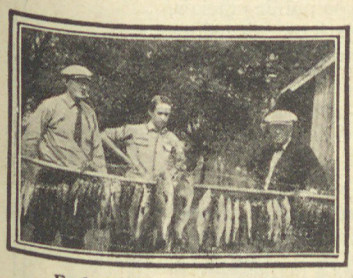
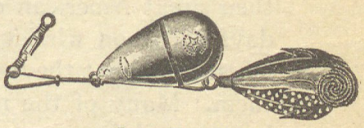


Mass Johnson of Utah Lake—Lake View, Utah, enticed this wily old 6-lb. bass from his lair with Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner.



Fred Harpham, Akron, Ohio, landed the lion's share of this catch of Black Bass with a Pflueger-Harp Pork Rind Spinner and Supreme Reel.



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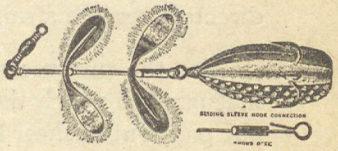

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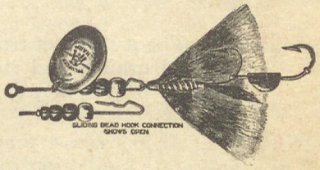

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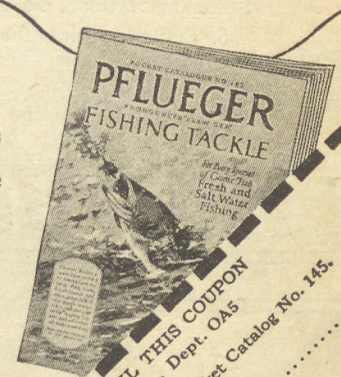

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though just four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers and artists in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

Application for Membership-at-large

Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1926

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $2.50 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Applicants may enclose $2.50 with application. If for any reason applicant is not acceptable, money will be returned.

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Applicants for Membership-at-large not accepted if being in communities where the League has local chapters. Subscription price for magazine without membership, $3.00 per year.

Southern Camp Recipes

by James Tandy Ellis

I AM not a cook, nor an expert in the preparation of various dishes, but during my long experience in camps, I naturally became interested in outdoor cooking. I prepared and compiled a camp cook book, and can say, with all modesty, that it has met with popular favor among those who steal away each year to enjoy the tang of the woods.

Years ago, milk or cream was a rare treat in camp, and was considered something of a luxury. A short time ago, the manufacturer sent me a can of KLIM and I began some experiments with it. It turned out far beyond my expectations, and in a great measure solved the problem of milk and cream in camp.

Coffee

My first trial of Klim was with coffee. I think the best way to make coffee is to put one tablespoon of coffee, ground and level full, for each cup desired. Put it in cold water and let it stand for twenty minutes before putting on fire, then bring to a boil, after which let it stand and brew for five minutes. I reliquefied one cup of Klim by adding four tablespoonsful of Klim to water, and found it as delightful in my coffee as fresh cream.

Turbot

Another popular recipe in my camp book is turbot. Get any good white fish, boil until tender, cut into small pieces and place in baking-dish. Add a sauce made of a pint of cream, the yellow of one egg beaten light, piece of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Bake half an hour and serve with sliced lemon. I used double-strength reliquefied Klim in this instead of the cream.

Baked Dice Potatoes

Here is a recipe for potatoes that is very popular in the South, and once you have cooked them in this way, you will not forget them. Cut five boiled potatoes into dice, then cool. Make a white sauce from one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of milk, with salt and cayenne pepper to season. Toss potatoes into the sauce, turn into a baking-dish, sprinkle the top thickly with grated cheese, and bake until light brown. I used Klim again in this instead of milk, and, to my surprise, found it blended into the combination with the smoothness that added to the general flavor.

Baked Ham

Down here in Kentucky we have a dish that never fails in camp. Take a slice of any good ham one-half inch in thickness, put in baking-pan and cover with milk and bake, keeping the milk above the ham, renewing it when necessary until ham is done. I made a trial of this, using reliquefied Klim, and I assure you that it came out sweet and delicious—greatly improved in flavor.

JAMES TANDY ELLIS, author, lecturer and outdoor man, is a native of old Kentucky. As a lad he learned to hunt, fish and love old Mother Nature. Cooking in camp was as much of a joy as a jaunt afield and he developed the art of giving camp cooking that delicious quality that has made Southern Cooking famous. He's author of "Springs O' Mint," "Shawn O'Sharrow," "Sycamore Bend," "A-while in the Mountains," "Camp Cooking," and other books. There's "The Tang of the South" in his recipes. If you don't believe it try them!

Chicken Delicious

Here is a southern dish that has been made in the home and in camp for many years. Cut up two young chickens into good-sized pieces, put them in a saucepan with just enough water to cover them well. When boiled quite tender, take the chicken from the broth and remove all the large bones, place the meat in a well-buttered pudding dish; season with salt, pepper and a half teacup of butter. Now take a pint of cooked rice and a pint of reliquefied Klim, adding a tablespoonful of butter for this. Beat in a tablespoonful of flour. Put in baking-dish a layer of the chicken and a layer of rice; mix the Klim gravy and the chicken broth, and pour over all. Bake in hot oven.

French Toast, Southern Style

Here is a great camp breakfast toast. Take two eggs, stir together gently whites and yolks, add milk (Klim), soak bread in the mixture and fry in butter or lard.

In my experiments with Klim in Chocolate, I was so well satisfied with it that I will use Klim altogether in making chocolate now.

I find Klim unsurpassed in making all kinds of soups. It never curdles as milk usually does.

I may say frankly that I shall carry with me on all my outing expeditions a generous supply of Klim. I regret that I never came across it before, for I know its value and merit now.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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EDITORIAL STAFF

EWART H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE — HAROLD TITUS
DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD — EL COMANCHO
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — MURDO GIBSON
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — THOMAS AMBROSE
BEN EAST — FREDERICK J. LANE

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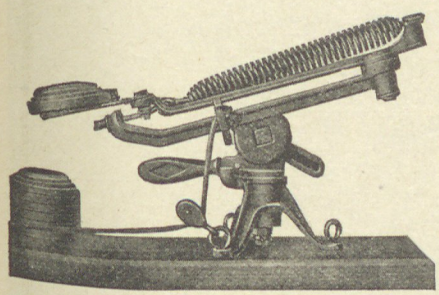

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Western

TRAPS—AMMUNITION—TARGETS

Matzene

CHARLES W. FOLDS, *Sportsman,* Newly Elected President of the Izaak Walton League

Vol. 4 No. 10

May Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Grazing Control

Those in Charge of Our National Forests Are Constantly Harassed by Stock Interests Trying to Dominate the Grazing Control Regulations Within These Areas. In This Article Hal Evarts Has Keenly Analyzed the Situation

By

HAL G. EVARTS

Hal G. Evarts, Outdoor Editor of The Saturday Evening Post and a real Waltonian.

I *HAVE* been asked to put before the Izaak Walton League what I consider the most pressing problem that the conservation interests of America must face today.

As the title infers, it is the bill recently introduced to revise the grazing regulations. A careful analysis of the provisions of this bill and of the judgments of the Secretary of Agriculture upon it, as well as the opinions of Colonel Greeley, Chief Forester, reveal the following outstanding facts:

That it is a deliberate attempt upon the part of a certain element of stock-growers—representatives of less than ten percent of the stock interests of the United States as a whole, and of only about 25 percent of the stock interests of the States in question—to appropriate to themselves the National Forests of eleven Western States.

That though the specified chief functions of the Forest Service are the conservation timber and watershed protection, this bill not only places stock grazing upon a par with them but in effect actually renders them subservient to it for the following reasons: It specifies that the protection of grazing and forage plants be considered one of the major requirements of the Forest Service. It provides for the leasing of grazing privileges, giving priority rights to present users, which would probably be construed—if the same law was in effect at the time of the termination of such contracts—as the same privilege for renewal, which would operate practically as a vested interest; for the law further provides that such contracts be considered part of permittees estates and stipulates for the sale or transfer of such contracts at will of the permittee except in case of violation upon part of said permittee.

It is ridiculous to assume that there would be much violation for the provisions are so liberal in respect to the rights of the permittee that violations would be uncalled for. Instead of the present Forest Service regulation by way of per capita grazing of stock, with the power of reduction in such parts where overgrazing had impaired the range or was working an injury to watersheds, it is proposed that many of the permits will be issued upon an area basis, wherein the lessee could graze as he sees fit, or if upon a per capita basis, the number of stock permitted in the original contract COULD NOT BE REDUCED MORE THAN 5 PERCENT IN ANY TEN-YEAR PERIOD! That means that the range might be grazed to gravel, absolutely ruined, that watersheds might become so denuded of vegetation that the surface soil was being washed away in every National Forest in those eleven states and The Forest Service would be unable to reduce the herds of any threatened area by more than about 40 percent in a FIFTY-YEAR PERIOD!

Isn't that nice?

In addition, while stockmen now pay less for grazing fees upon the National Forests than upon privately-owned or state-owned land, according to Forest Service estimates, the bill provides that the rate that obtained in 1924 shall continue until 1936. That is, it shall not be raised, but during such periods as the range shall suffer from drought, or the stockmen shall suffer loss from disease or calamity, or even FROM ADVERSE LIVESTOCK MARKET CONDITIONS, the Secretary of Agriculture is empowered to make reductions and also to extend time of payment. However, he has not the authority to cancel contracts except in case of flagrant violations, whereas the permittee may cancel his

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The Temple of Sinawava—a majestic outdoor cathedral.

contract at will by giving written notice. In the final analysis, if the permittee has any complaint, it will be settled by the final authority of the committee that will be appointed in each state.

Now isn't that a lovely one-sided arrangement?

Let's see who is to benefit by this measure. It provides that grazing permits now existing in the National Forests in the States in question are to remain in effect, except of course, that if the permittee so desires he can apply for an extended contract, which, of course, he will promptly do. There are 25,826 permittees running cattle and 5,694 permittees running sheep on the National Forests of the eleven states in question. To those would accrue the benefits.

Thirty-one thousand five hundred and twenty citizens of the United States urging their fancied right to control for their own private gain the National Forests that are the property of 110,000,000 people! The property of us all to benefit a clique numbering less than 1 to 3,000 of our population! Can you picture that?

Aside from the effrontery of such a demand from a minority in the ratio of 1 to 3,000, let us size up the result of this area-basis leasing system. Take for example our public domain. It is the one great natural resource that is not controlled by some agency. Our coal and other mineral resources are largely regulated by law. Our fisheries have an agency that protects and perpetuates them for our uses. Even our fur-bearers are protected to a certain degree by various state regulations, as is much of our game. The conservation of our timber resources, reforestation and the vital problems of watershed protection is under the auspices of the Forest Service. Alone of them all, the vast expanse of our public domain, extremely valuable for stock-growing purposes, remains unregulated except in a few minor details. It is free public pasture land, available to any that would graze their stock thereon. And what has been the result of this lack of regulation? Why the range was consistently overcrowded beyond its carrying capacity. Grasses and other forage plants began to disappear over large areas. Some of it became practically useless for grazing purposes except to a very limited degree. Were these areas given an opportunity to reseed or re-root themselves and so bring the range back to a point of productiveness? They were not! Instead they were foraged over by still more stock intent upon harvesting the last mouthful. One result was the serious depletion of the range and a lessening of carrying capacity. A great publicly owned asset was on the decline for the reason that the relatively small number of owners that benefited from personal use of it were unable or unwilling to conserve the range. This is not merely a problem of temporary lessening of carrying capacity. It is rapidly approaching the point where it will be permanent throughout large areas. Over-stocking has resulted, not only in such a depletion of forage plants as to render reseeding a long tedious process even if halted now, but the depletion has bared the surface soil to the devastating action of erosion. The searching winds scour the dust from the exposed places. Water, racing across the range, carries with it the soil that has been first cropped bare of vegetation, then loosened by the hoofs of the questing foragers. Deep cut-bank washes are torn in the range, the surface soil washed into them and carried in yellow torrents to creeks, rivers and on to the sea. This surface soil is the accretion of ages and cannot be replaced. The greater part of the public domain is undergoing just that operation of deterioration and headed for ultimate ruin. In addition, instead of seeping through the soft soil held in place by roots, rainfall is increasingly apt to race in furrowing channels of new erosion creases. That is what is happening to your watershed protection on the public domain.

This leasing-by-area provision, if applied to our National Forests, will duplicate those results. The present rather fluid method of grazing by per capita permit on the National

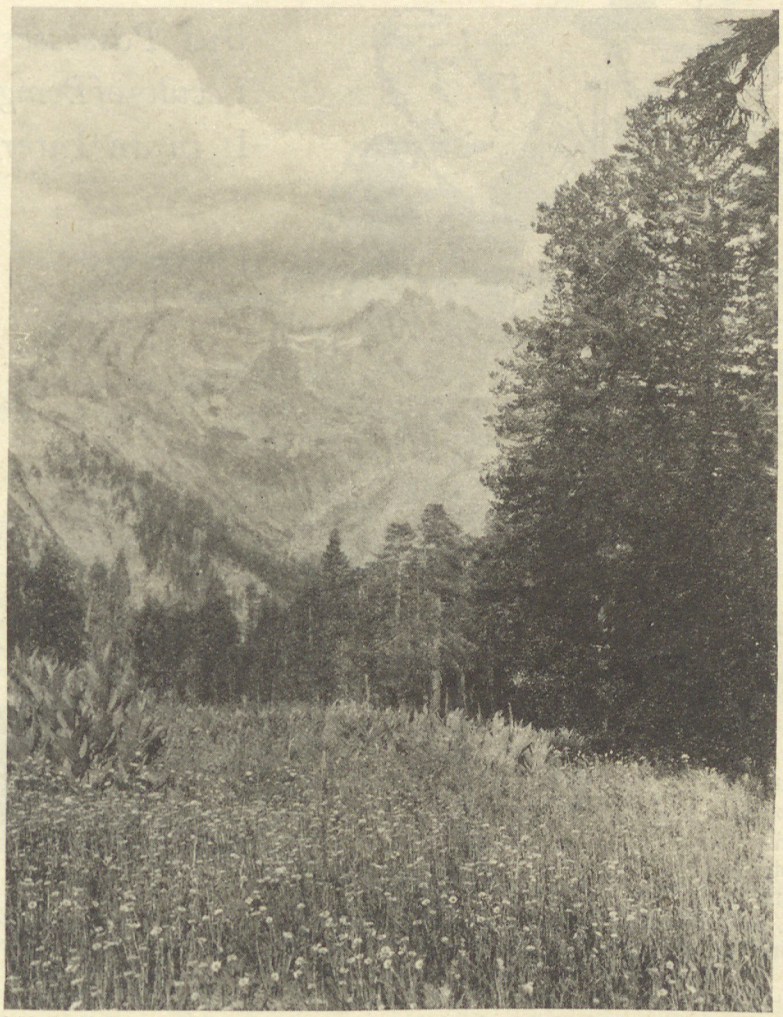
Forests, coupled with an intimate knowledge and careful annual surveys of the situation in all parts, renders such disasters of negligible danger. If an area of a certain forest seems overstocked to the point where either the forage capacity is endangered or where erosion is endangering watershed protection, the number of head of stock permitted there may be reduced, or, wherever possible, shifted to some other part so that the permittee shall not suffer undue hardship.

This bill will effectually kill this fluidity. Instead of going a step ahead in conservation by placing our vast public domain under similar regulation, it will set conservation back a quarter of a century by allowing our National Forests to revert to the deplorable conditions of the former, except, of course, that a nominal fee will be paid for the privilege on the forests where destruction comes free on the public domain.

Now just a word as to the soundness of the contention that the public domain is badly overgrazed and its carrying capacity depleted. Something over a year ago I made such reference, confined to less than a hundred words, in an article of mine on general conservation. The American National Livestock Association took occasion to break into print with scathing comment about "Romance masquerading as fact." They marshalled a battalion of statistics, and the figures were no doubt correct in themselves. It is said that figures don't lie; but those did, for the reason that the column or so of arithmetic was built up to show the total number of livestock in the United States today as compared to twenty-five years ago, then used to prove that the public domain under the free and unrestricted use of the stockmen, had a 50 percent greater carrying capacity than it did a quarter of a century ago! Now what do you think of that? Were those figures truthful or were they "Romance masquerading as fact" for the purpose of deluding the public? Fortunately I do not have to prove that point. The United States Government has proved it in a recent bulletin, the information gathered by experts and compiled by Will Barnes, of the Forest Service, who is versed in those matters with the best. Instead of confining such reference to a hundred words this work covers several hundred pages. I mention this lest some point in this article should be seized upon for the basis of another statistical smoke screen to obscure the true facts in the eyes of the public.

If there is any unsound logic in my appraisal of this case I want to hear of it from the Izaak Walton League membership itself, after an analysis of the situation, for I am not out to win an argument, but to determine the actual facts.

Grazing our National Forests under present circumstances is all for the best. It helps national production, aids the stock interests by providing cheap pasturage and provides a big annual revenue. Nevertheless, in spite of the tolerance of the American public that has permitted the grazing of our public domain free of charge and approximately ninety percent of the combined area of our National Forests and National Parks for a moderate charge, certain local stock interests in and around these last two have waged insistent campaigns to force the opening of such few areas as are closed to grazing. In other words, they forget, or ignore the fact that all such grazing is merely through the sufferance of the American people, not any God-given privilege that accrues to them as their due. Now comes this bill which would take over as a right (almost a vested right) what has been enjoyed as a privilege. We have seen who will benefit, the present users in the National Forests in question—1 to 3,000 of our population.



© Lindley Eddy.

Alpine daisies and twelve other species of wild flowers are found within the two acres where this picture was taken.

Now let's see what the cost will be to the other 2,999 owners. First and foremost, of course is the loss of their heritage of our remaining National Forests and placing ourselves in a position where we are helpless to take a hand in their management. The two provisions, confirming the rights of present permittees to take out long-time contracts, and the stipulated maximum cut of 5% of the number of stock in any ten-year period after the contracts are signed, will practically eliminate further control on the part of the public. It will render useless the present fluid and efficient arrangements of the Forest Service.

In this day of contraction of Government agencies to avoid the vast duplication of effort in various bureaus and commissions, this bill provides for a host of political jobs and commissions that will not only duplicate the trained and specialized effort of the Forest Service personnel, but will clutter up the matter, divide authority where the present authority had not been relegated to a subservient position under the bill and give rise to all manner of conflict.

There are at least 50 visitors annually to every one stock-grazing permittee in the forests in question. More likely it will be twice that figure. But in any event each of those 50 visitors has an undivided ownership interest in that forest that is equal to that of the permittee. Therefore the fifty actual visitors and the 2,950 potential owner-visitors are certainly entitled to a voice in the management instead of relegating it to a permanent asset of the one. But the owners have been satisfied with a few reserved areas in National Forests and National Parks for recreational or game preserve purposes. Now comes this preposterous demand.

The Forest Service is one of our greatest conservation agencies. Our timber conservation, reforestation and watershed protection is under its auspices. It has charge of a vast amount of game, fur and wild life conservation. Probably the most of our big game *(Continued on page 63)*

The

Harold Titus Not Only Knows the Timber Country Intimately But Possesses the Charming Faculty of Being Able to Describe It in an Interesting Manner

Jay swore beneath his breath and said, "Look! It's crossed the road! Let's leave the bus."

FOR two hours we had driven toward the ominous, cumulous cloud; for miles we had been breathing smoke and as the hot, laboring motor dragged us up to the top of the last, long hill and the panorama of destruction spread before us Jay swore beneath his breath and said:

"Look! It's crossed the road! Leave the bus here."

He pointed and we could see, a mile beyond, dun smoke, greenish smoke, gray smoke, with an angry, orange tongue of flame licking the steeple top of a spruce on the down-wind side of the trail.

Off to the right, where the pasture land of an isolated farm ran down to the edge of a green swamp a team was dragging a plow. Dry grass was burning and a man with a torch ran behind the new furrow, lengthening the backfire.

We crossed the open space, stared at by a huddle of nervous cattle, and met the team coming back, breathing loudly, flanks running water, eyes of the driver inflamed by smoke. He did not speak but nodded grimly. The man with the improvised torch grinned through his grime.

"It's hell," he remarked laconically and sat down in the furrow, putting his head in his arms. "Seventy hours," he mumbled ". . . or eighty . . . or ninety . . . some such dam' number."

Voices, emerging from the old grade that plunged through alders toward the menaced spruce and balsam. Then men, a straggling line of them with shovels dragging listlessly, like their feet, coughing a little. With them, one with laced boots.

"Jim, take your crew and watch her here," he croaked. "Get your team into the old corduroy quick as you can. It'll take two men for the plow, there. Give her as wide a strip as you can and if dew falls touch her off at dark. It's the only chance. . . . Tomorrow. . . ."

He looked away to the eastward toward that long stretch of dense swamp where deer and rabbit, grouse and fox and song-bird lived in abundance. Tomorrow, unless tonight's back-fire worked, that would go, too.

His men straggled past him and one, an oldster, stopped to drink from a cup, plunged into the cool contents of a milk can. His hand trembled and the water splashed over his singed shirt. The one giving orders looked at him.

"Go on home, uncle," he said. The old man wiped his chin and stared with red-rimmed eyes. "Yeah. You been on too long. Get home and sleep. If it don't rain,"—he eyed the brassy sky with a shrug—"get back early."

The old man shuffled off.

He gave other orders and we drew close.

"Anything we can do?"

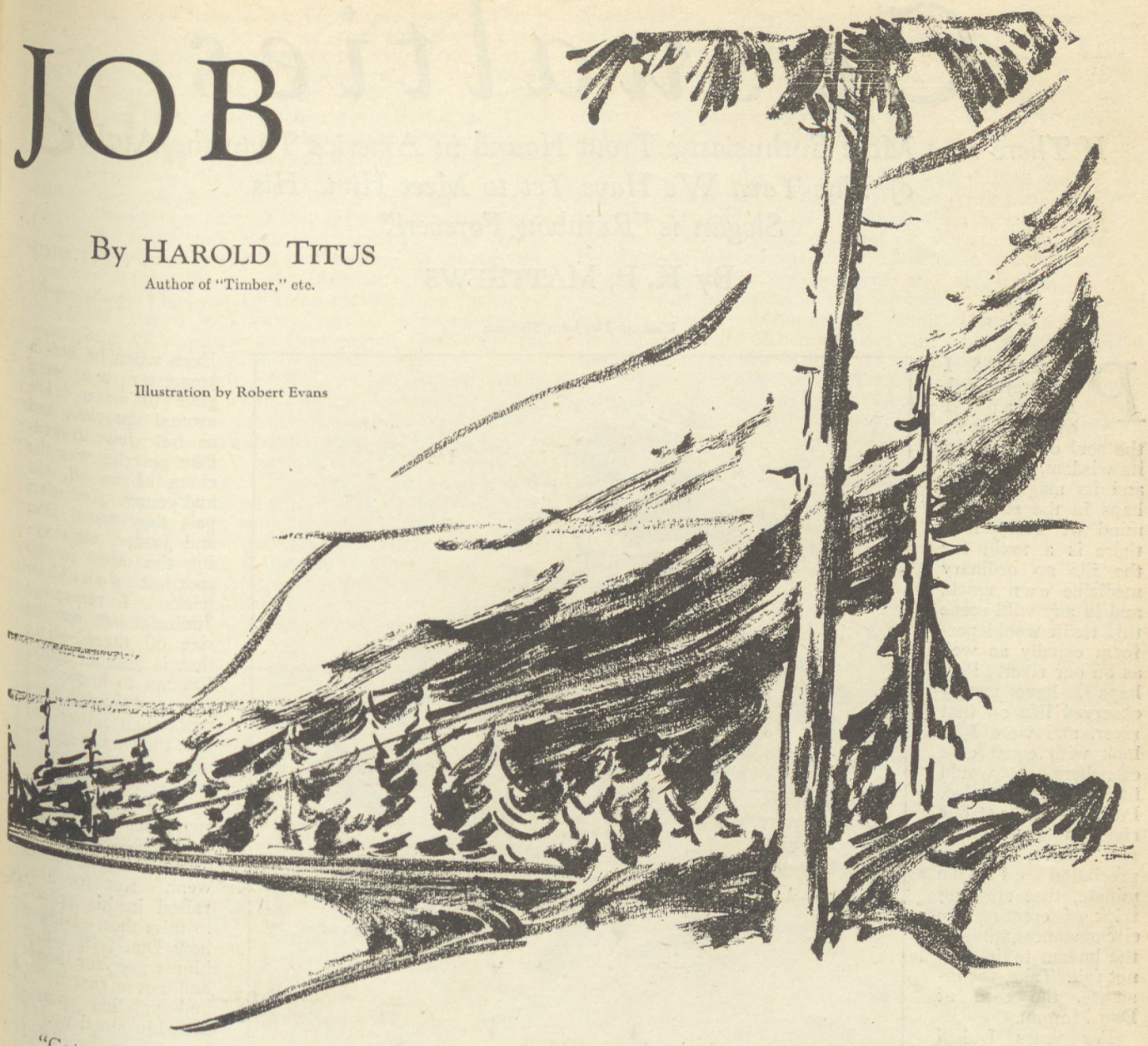
His face wrinkled into something resembling a smile.

JOB

By HAROLD TITUS

Author of "Timber," etc.

Illustration by Robert Evans



"Got a chew?" he asked. We had. He bit it lingeringly and watched the back-fire run. "Thanks . . . a lot. I ran out, th' second day."

"When did this bust loose?"

He frowned, oddly. "Sunday," he mumbled. "Sunday? . . . Yes. I got here. . . . What day's today? Thursday? I got here Tuesday, when we finally made a line stick over Shoestring way."

"Is it bad there?" Jay asked.

The other made an odd sound in his throat like a laugh, but his harried eyes did not change.

"I'll tell 'em! Twenty-thousand acres, anyhow. Too dry . . . Too dry to stop it. We got on before it had an hour's start but it was Sunday. Nobody home. Had fourteen men and the wind put it across any break we could make. Tried five times. Sunday on the front and had to flank it and be satisfied. . . . Then. . . . Monday"—hesitatingly, as if to be sure— "we got out two hundred but the wind. . . . She blew a hurricane! They worked like fools, too, but she kept breaking through on 'em. Found another fifty men, worked all night and got her stopped. . . . I guess. Looks like the devil, though. Mostly poplar with young pine coming, burned to a frazzle. . . . Look!"

A deer, a spike-horn, had burst out of the smoke. He saw the men deployed along the back fire patting out small brands with their shovels, poised, whirled, and charged back into the murk.

"Tough," said the tall man and rubbed his head.

"Well, what can we do?" we asked again.

"Got a car? Good. . . . Mine's yonder," waving to the westward. "Only a mile away when I came around the fire yesterday forenoon. Now. . . . Fifteen, probably. We didn't have much luck."

He made that odd sound in his throat again and waited, as if trying to think.

"Car, eh? Say, wonder if you'd drive me up over the ridge, yonder. Would you? Haven't had a word from a deputy since Tuesday and this is . . . Thursday? That right? . . . Thanks for the chew. . . ."

He walked abreast of us, with long, strong strides, grunting answers to our questions, preoccupied. He climbed the fence and gained the car. The man was frowning as he dropped into the seat with a long sigh.

"First turn to the right," he muttered, as we backed around. ". . . see from there. . . ."

"Well, how bad is it . . ." we began and looked quickly, for he had slumped against our shoulder, dead asleep.

It was a mile back; another mile through powdered sand to the ridge. We stopped there and Jay swore again and we shook the sleeper. *(Continued on page 126)*

Casualties

If There Is a More Enthusiastic Trout Hound in America Than the Author of This Yarn We Have Yet to Meet Him. His Slogan is "Rainbow Forever!"

By K. B. MATTHEWS

Illustrated by John Thoman

PERHAPS I am prejudiced. Perhaps I overestimate the soul of our river, its wisdom, its power, and its magic. Perhaps in the soul and mind of every man there is a toxin for the ills no ordinary medicine can reach, and in any wild scene this toxin would perform equally as well as on our river. Perhaps I have merely observed life on that river, and were I to look with equal care elsewhere, I would find the miracles also. Perhaps—and yet our river has that unhurried finesse, that appreciation of the minute, that amazing trick of creating the circumstances wherein the human toxin cannot fail. Take, for instance, the case of Dan Morgan.

For years I had fished with Dan, back before the club house itself had sprung up on the banks of the river. And since the inception of the club Dan had always been a constant and charming member. As long as I had known him I always marvelled at his sportsmanship, and in the club he was admittedly the most careful in his ethics. His was the lightest line, the smallest hook, and the most gossamer leader. He would walk up river three bends before starting to fish to make sure he was not cutting in ahead of another fisherman, and no fish hooked foul ever died at his hands. And in his fishing he gave the fish the best of it, always playing them wide and open. His sportsmanship came easily to him, unforced and spontaneous, merely a mirror of his character.

Then Dan, Junior came along. I suppose no boy ever had the rules of sportsmanship drilled into him earlier in life.

Then Dan, Junior, came along. I suppose no boy ever had the rules of sportsmanship drilled into him earlier in life. I think before the lad could bend a three ounce rod he could lisp the list of forbidden things. And when he started the game, no worms and a cane pole were his, no concessions in the way of heavy leaders. He learned to take them right, or lose them and grin. Sometimes I think the boy never needed Dan's coaching. He seemed to fall into it, ethics and all, as easily as most of us fall into the river. Even when he was a youngster we were glad to have him around the club, and as he grew towards manhood he was the chum of us all, old and young. And what pals they were, Dan and Junior, each vying the other in the sportiest possible tricks. I remember Junior's bet on the size 60 thread—but that is another story. Enough to know that Dan and Junior were more than father and son, they were sportsmen together, and both were men.

Then came the sportiest chance of them all—war broke out. Of course Junior went. Not for him, raised in his school, to miss that. I know how Dan felt, I saw him wade for hours and never cast a fly, and yet his sportsmanship stood up. I know those days tried many of us, and we sought the river rather for its peace, its unruffled beauty, its serenity, than for its fish. And Dan came oftener than any of us, to wander off up river alone. Sometimes in the soft nights, when the quiet moon hushed the restless aspens and filtered through the cedars, Dan would talk to me of Junior. In ragged, broken sentences, in a taut, strained voice, and with restless gestures, he would speak of his boy, recount the pranks of his childhood, and always, always, would he praise the boy's fairness. Always would he insist, in a hushed, scared voice, that Junior didn't belong in the war, he gave too many chances, he was too sporting, too fair. "Oh, I know, I know," he would say, "He did right in going. But that isn't his game. They won't give him a chance. They won't play fair. They'll kill him because he will be fair. He'll give them the sporting chances, and then—they'll kill him in cold blood." Strange, these illusions, these fears, that worry breeds within us.

Junior was in the air service over there, just the service you would expect him to pick. Then one day, one March day, Dan wired me to meet him at the club. I went, for I knew what had happened. And there, in the lonesome

deserted club, with nobody but Cupid, the keeper, silently and sorrowfully cooking for us, we spent three days. Three long days and nights we were there while Dan tried to struggle back to his old self. Little could I do save listen, listen hour after hour, while Dan talked, talked of Junior, of what he had been, and of what he would have been. Then we would walk the banks of the swollen river, red and turgid now, snarling where it used to sing, moaning in the rapids where it used to laugh.

Finally the raw grief died. But it left, far worse, a vicious, overpowering hate. There grew in Dan the conviction that his fears were true, that they had killed Junior without a chance, slaughtered him because he played fair. I have heard from the lips of a Belgian a tirade of hate, I have listened while an Armenian spoke of the Turks, yet never have I heard such bitter, fearful, cold and certain condemnation of a people as Dan poured forth upon the Germans. It was even pitiful in its awfulness.

This hate that was left to Dan, this poison within him grew worse with time. With avid eye he read and reread atrocity reports, and the fearful propaganda of those days was as liquor to him. To me the worst of the whole mess was the struggling back to normal thought, the wiping out of those artificial hatreds. But Dan couldn't come back. Worse and more bitter he grew in that mind sickness of his, in that intensifying hate, until he, too, was truly a casualty of the war. Around the club we never spoke of the war, nor mentioned Junior, for it was the occasion for outbreaks of bitter invective, of fearful tirades, by Dan. To him, the very word "German" was hateful, their history, their music, their culture all barbaric—and their sportsmanship was that of cutthroats. It was pitiful, saddening to those of us who loved Dan and saw the very soul of him twisting and writhing in its affliction. We tried to help, but what could we do? Argument intensified his hate, agreement fanned it. I think only the river, and the love of the game, saved Dan his sanity. One cannot take fish in anger, and in those hours of fishing his fever lessened and his old self fought to assert the old code.

It was about this time that Jim Veltry came back for the first time in years. Tied up in New York in the export business, Jim had not been with us since before the war, and his return was the occasion of almost a celebration. He had with him a guest, a tall, blond, man called Werner, a quiet, immensely likeable chap, and apparently, as we judged from his tackle, a real fisherman. It was evident, however, that he was not used to wading rivers such as ours for within a couple of hours he had laughingly pulled himself out of a hole and started back for dry clothes.

Werner was nearly redressed and ready to start out again when Dan Morgan appeared. Cupid introduced the pair, and Dan, sizing up Werner's outfit, invited him to finish the afternoon with him. Together they crossed the old bridge and started towards the little riffles from where it is an easy fish to the club. Through the patch of jack pine and across the broad flat they made their way, laughing and chatting together, to where the big elm marks the head of the bend. And there, upon Werner's insistence, Dan took the lead.

The afternoon was glorious, the fish were rising, and somehow Dan was more himself. Deliberately he cast short of choice spots only to point them out to his companion. Almost happily he bent on a tiny *(Continued on page 123)*

"What are you in?" asked Dan.

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Just Spring and Fishin'.

That Bait-Casting Rod

Under the title of The "Angler's Notebook" O. W. Smith, acknowledged to be one of the greatest fishing authors in America, will discuss the art of Angling

By O. WARREN SMITH

IF there is one question asked more often than another, it is regarding the proper bait-casting rod to select. Just how to help out is something of a problem, for there are so many men of many minds, no two agreeing as to the best. Suppose we say at once there is no absolutely best rod, but numerous good ones, and let it ride at that? For one man a 4 ft. is the thing, for another the 6 ft. 6 in. is the proper rig. Now why in the name of Father Izaak should the six-footer throw mud at the four-footer, or vice versa? One angling-writer, speaking of the short rod—and anything under 6 ft. was "short" to him—says he had "just as soon cast with an umbrella handle." Wonder if he ever handled a high-grade steel or split-bamboo of 5½ feet? Doubt it, for they sure can handle a fish in a resilient way that will bring the fisherman-owner's heart into his throat. Oh, I have nothing against long casters, they have their place, as I shall take trouble to show sometime, if not in this article.

Three materials are used in the construction of casting rods, even as is the case with fly-rods,—steel, solid-wood and split bamboo. Under solid woods are of course several materials, and when we come to that we will discuss briefly only the better known and more common.

If anyone thinks the steel caster is not a good rod he has but to take note of the number in use. While in the lower grades they are much cheaper than split-bamboo, say, you can lavish almost as much money as you desire. I honestly think, in lower priced casters, the steel rod offers the very best buy; which is not saying, understand, that the expensive steels are not real rods, for they are. The very material lends itself admirably to rod making, and the manufacturers have given so much attention to the needs of the fishermen, that today rods can be secured that will meet almost any demand. Think of the wonderful convenience of having a many-jointed casting-rod laid away in a long tackle-case, two rods if you want a share, together with reels and lures. Grab it up at any instant and you have everything right there in your hand which you can possibly need. Perhaps I am saying too much in favor of steel, but I can't see it that way.

In solid woods there are quite a few materials employed,—lance-wood, hickory, bethabara, greenheart, etc. Some of us, with a penchant for making things, have used other materials, like western yew, osage orange, iron-wood, etc.; the results not always being commensurate with our desires and, perhaps, expectations, but the experience being very valuable indeed. I do not like lance-wood, sets too quickly under strain, and do not use it save in heavy rods where one can attach double guides, using the rod in two directions. Hickory, too, has the same fault, though an ultra short rod can

be built from the material which will render good service. On the whole, in my experience at least, I have found hickory a better rod material than lance-wood. Bethabara and greenheart both make excellent rods, wonderfully beautiful, and wonderfully durable. I know of no more handsome rods than one firm puts out in greenheart. So much for solid woods.

Of course, in the minds of the great majority of casters split-bamboo takes first place, though there is a growing school which insists that steel is fully as good. I am not giving my preference in this article, if I have one. Honestly I am trying *not to* become wedded to any given material, length or weight, though in spite of my firm determination I find myself selecting a certain rod always for difficult work. Split-bamboo certainly offers a wonderful range of selection, both in style, workmanship and price. When one wants to get a perfect caster, not begrudging price, there is no question but that he should turn to high-grade split-bamboo. There is something about the action of a well-built split-bamboo that "gets" the lover of the short rod, and when it comes to beauty, is there a more handsome rod than a split-bamboo, wound expertly and in pleasantly contrasting colors? Somehow split-bamboo offers resiliency, back-bone and character as does no other material. In it, even the most particular of anglers can find the action to suit him.

"How stiff should a casting rod be?" asks one correspondent. I think I would put the question this way, "How actionable *can* a casting-rod be?" for it is action that gives any rod its throwing-power and fish-battling qualities. You know one of the stock arguments brought against the short rods by their opponents is that they all lack action. Much depends upon the length of the rod and the work to which it is to be put as to the action it is to have. Naturally any caster must have plenty of back-bone, for without it it is of about as much use as a spineless man. Which, of course, does not mean it should partake of the "umbrella-handle" characteristics mentioned in opening. That's not at all necessary. Neither should it verge upon whippiness, or the user will find difficulty in throwing plugs accurately.

This whole matter hinges upon the caster himself, his fishing and lures. I do not know but that it is better that a short caster verge on the stiff order, rather than the whippy, though the latter certainly gives great satisfaction in playing a fish. There would be no sport in playing a bass on an "umbrella handle." (Somehow I can't get away from that expression.) The action must not be confined to any particular part of the rod, but should be continuous from tip-top to hand-grasp, action quick to respond to the surge of fish, and as certain to fight against it. The angler can safely trust to the wisdom of makers in this, for they are producing rods for fishermen. Of course there is such a thing as having a rod "fit" the angler, if we let that word "fit" stand for several things, the angler, his fishing and tackle.

Has it ever happened to you? "O. W." himself, after (possibly) one of those tree climbing fish we hear about.

I remember some years ago purchasing a split-bamboo caster, 5½ ft. long, from a well-known maker, a man whose name is known wherever casting is indulged in. It weighed exactly 5½ ounces and was possessed of action plus. Later on that season, wishing to go into North Wisconsin after muskellunge, I wrote the maker and asked if I could use that rod on the gray wolf of cold lakes. His answer was, "We would not guarantee it, but we would our Florida bass rod, a more sturdy tool." So I purchased the heavier rod, as I wanted to be safe instead of sorry. It was considerably thicker in the waist as anyone could discover without the aid of callipers, but imagine my astonishment to find that it weighed a scant half ounce more, 6 ounces! Well, I used both rods for muskellunge and great pike, never paying any attention which I took out, and have continued to do so for fifteen years and both are today as good as ever. Either that dealer wanted to sell another rod, or perhaps made a mistake in the second rod he shipped me. Here is my conclusion: almost any rod can be safely employed by an angler who understands how to handle rods in casting and against fish. It isn't altogether the rod, it's you.

A word or two about length and we will bring this brief discussion to an end. All depends upon the use to which put as to whether or not the rod will be ultra short or ultra long. To my way of thinking, the ideal length for average lure-throwing is 5½ feet, though you can use the 4½ if you want to, or the 6½ and I will fish with you just the same. Seems to me the 4½ does not give requisite action and resiliency when it comes to playing the capture and that is what I fish for and not fish, though in hickory it is the better length. Upon the other hand, to my way of thinking, again the 6½ gives too much action unless it be sled-stake-like in construction, save for the lighter lures and live-bait fishing. I should add, probably, that one can handle bass-bugs and feather-minnows with such a rod, built slim and actionable, though those lures are primarily intended for fly-rod use. I want to tell you that in live-bait throwing and still-fishing the 6½ foot caster is ideal, and with it the angler must exercise considerable skill to avoid a smash.

As to the number of joints. In the wood rods I prefer two, long tip and short butt construction, as it gives better action of course. A little reflection will soon convince you of this. Of course when it comes to steel one can have many joints, though the one joint steels on the market give better action than the many jointed. This is true of split-bamboo also. If you desire the best action possible, by all means get a one joint rod. You must pay for the wonderful action in unhandiness in transportation, must be willing to have a deuce of a time on street-cars and in autos, but it is worth it when you hit old bass's trail, believe me. Naturally the one piece rod is the most perfect actioned of all. For convenience though, and when going light, we just must cut the rod up into joints, *(Continued on page 121)*

What Snow does for The Tree People

By EL COMANCHO

In this article, the fifth of his splendid series on trees, El Comancho states that snow, not rain, is the most important and lasting source of water supply

IN my article, "Why Is a Tree?" I told you how the Big Storm, originating in the North Pacific and following a well defined Eastbound track, brings the moisture inland from the ocean and deposits it in the form of rain or snow on the Western Slopes of all the mountain ranges as a future water supply to keep the big coniferous forests going.

Then in my next following story, "The Way of the Tree People," I told you how the storm, the mountains and the trees all work together.

In this present article I shall tell you of some strange things that occur two miles above the sea among the bald, barren rock spires of the mountain tops.

Strange as it may seem, rain is the least valuable form of the two principal first-hand water supplies for forest use. Snow is the really important and lasting source of water supply as I shall tell you and show you herewith.

We are 10,000 feet up in the air.

Rain falls and runs off. Snow falls and the wind puts it into cold storage for future use, thus there is very little waste of surplus over and above the amount needed for immediate use, while rain surplus is wasted by a quick run-off in flood water all at once to the detriment of country down stream.

To show you just how this works out, it will be necessary to deal with many things of various aspects from weather to chemistry and from pine trees to the original conservationist who, it happens, was the industrious beaver.

The big Pacific storm winds, blowing eastward, bring the moisture inland from the north Pacific Ocean in the form of clouds which condense into snow or rain on the Western slope of mountain ranges where the storm vapors are reached by the cooling influence of the mountain air.

Now the real *big* storm is a *winter proposition* for it travels inland over the eastbound track, running along the Canada-United States boundary, *entirely during the winter and shifts further Southward during the summer months, therefore the very large percentage of moisture brought to inland America by it is deposited between September and the following May.*

This means that it is probably 90% snow with not more than 10% rain which occurs at the extreme ends of the season, or in fall and spring.

This is a wise provision of Nature for it saves waste because snow, which is the great bulk of the water supply, has to melt into water to be used by the trees and it is stored in deep banks in the mountains to wait until it is wanted in the warm, dry summer weather, then it melts and is available.

It may surprise you to know that mountain snow has a set of decidedly fixed habits which are governed by natural laws and always work out the same way under the same sets of conditions.

Wind is the great agency of snow-control and is the motive power used by Nature to transport and put her snow into cold storage for future use.

Low temperature and gravitation both work hand in hand with the winds and gravitation works also with sun power, all these forces together thus helping the wind to do the lifting, hauling, storing and distributing of this water in dry crystalline form which we call "snow."

Now let's see what this all means in detail and how Nature goes about her task, a task by the way that requires millions of horsepower, one way and another, to do the work of shifting and storing, yet it all works so easily and so smoothly-sure, so completely and swiftly, that we pay little attention until we begin to ask "Why?" and dig into reasons; then we sit up and notice!

Snow, falling from the storm clouds in *calm weather*, is deposited as a *blanket of even depth over the entire surface covered by the storm.* In *windy weather* the distribution is *uneven* because the snow *drifts.*

This means that without a wind at the time of the storm, or immediately following it, this snow is a *level coat of crystallized water spread evenly over the land, thus exposing an immense surface to the air.*

You naturally think that direct sunshine is required to melt the snow but this is not necessarily so at all for the direct action of the sun is simply to raise the temperature

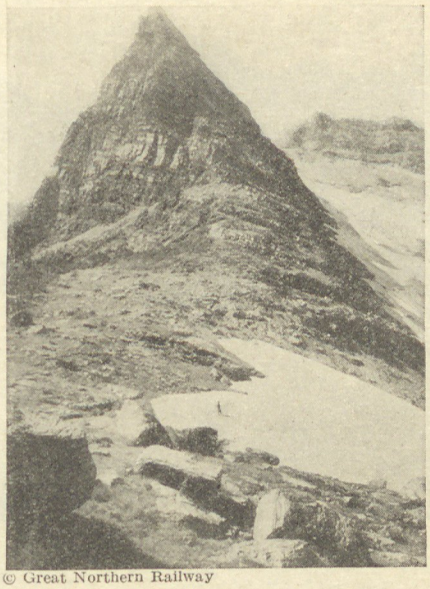
of the air—to warm it—and this may take place entirely above the earth or even above the cloud masses.

It is this sun-warmed dry air that really melts the snow. and direct sunshine on snow surface has nothing to do with it except to warm the air that comes in contact with the snow and thus creates the real agent that melts the snow into water.

Now, air has a great affinity for moisture (another wise provision of Nature), so it melts the snow by giving off its sun-generated heat and also it immediately absorbs that portion of the snow-water that evaporates, thus the air becomes cooler and at the same time takes on a burden of moisture that rises upward with the still warm air to float in suspension until it shall be chilled by a colder air strata and there condense and fall as snow, or rain, again.

The percentage of water that evaporates from melted snow is small, however, compared with the main product of the chemistry of melting which is water, and that is what vegetation wants and uses.

A blanket of snow, covering a vast area of surface, is melted just in the proportion of air contact with its *surface crystals. Snow does not melt under the surface at all until the top begins to melt and the water thus formed (which of course is warmer than a frozen snow crystal) begins to percolate downward through the snow mass, then the snow below the surface melts as fast as the warmer water can give off enough heat to break up the frost crystals.*



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At Gunsight Pass low temperature and gravitation work hand in hand with the winds.

The point I want to make clear is this: That snow is practically all melted *on the surface and only by actual contact with warm air* so the more surface there is exposed the greater will be the amount of water produced in any given time. Please keep this point clearly in mind for *in the action here described is where floods originate that erode the hillsides and overflow the lower stream reaches.*

Now, we all know that timber bodies *break up wind currents; therefore a blanket snow falling over a forest area forms a level covering of snow in that forest to the average depth of the whole amount of snowfall.*

There we have the *ideal flood situation,* namely, a blanket of loose snow evenly distributed in such a position that the wind cannot pick it up and drift it because the trees break up the wind currents and they are thus deprived of carrying power.

These same winds do, however, circulate over this snow surface, thus bringing heat in moving contact with the snow blanket so it will begin to melt at once.

If the warm winds continue to blow until all this snow melts in the forest, we may be sure of a flood in the low country because the snow water must seek a level and it runs off, leaving only such an amount as the ground can absorb for use by the tree roots.

There is no guesswork about it for it works out just as I've explained it above and deep snow in forests always means spring floods below the forest because the forest shades the *(Continued on page 117)*

© Great Northern Railway

There is snow here—acres and acres of it.

© Crandall

Sunset.

The Elk *of* Jackson Hole

A First Hand Story of Exact Conditions in Jackson Hole by a Man Who Lives There and Knows His Subject

By J. R. JONES

TO date, March first, has been an unusual winter in Jackson Hole. There has been very little snow or wind and this combined with many warm pleasant days, has made conditions ideal for the game. For some unexplainable reason, the severe storms which have swept the western states, did not pass our mountain barriers.

Except in certain localities, the snow was of sufficient depth in the mountains to drive the elk into the valley portions of this region quite early in the season. Indeed before the season closed on November fifteenth there were thousands of elk on the Izaak Walton League Refuge and the Biological Survey Refuge. This was an aggravation to many hunters who were compelled to go far back in the mountains for their legal game allowance. However, I am sure that each one was fully compensated for the additional effort by the keen stimulus of wilderness hunting.

No hay has been fed to elk this winter. The range grass was never better, and many wind-swept ridges and lowlands lightly covered with snow, have furnished food in abundance to these hardy animals. However, all preparations have been made for feeding on the refuge lands whenever the depth of snow makes it necessary.

The state of Wyoming, the Izaak Walton League and the Bureau of Biological Survey have on hand at this time nearly four thousand tons of hay for the elk. Some of this has been stacked for three years and undoubtedly two-thirds, perhaps all, of it will be carried over until next winter. This reserve supply is a fine thing as each few years a terrible winter clamps down on this region. Elk that are now forty miles back in the hills will crowd down on the refuge lands and owing to the increase of three good years, some will perish during the next severe winter. However, as the death loss is largely among the calves on the feed grounds, this surplus of hay will insure the survival of a splendid herd of breeding animals.

The Izaak Walton League lands in Jackson Hole have already proved their value. The amount of hay put up last summer, at local prices, equalled ten per cent on the original investment. Last fall bands of elk racing from mounted hunters, found that pursuit ended when they leaped the refuge fences. Whenever they left the confines of these lands they were turned back by rifle fire. Consequently it was only a matter of days until they did not attempt to leave. Indeed there were no reasons why they should, for there was an abundance of the choicest food and they were unmolested.

The land purchased by the League now enables the elk to travel unmolested from the Biological Refuge, which adjoins the town of Jackson, to the mountains that are east of the valley. The lower slopes of this range are covered with tall grass, for domestic stock are not allowed to graze upon them. All winter the elk have traveled back and forth across this strip of land. For countless generations it has been the route of their spring and fall migrations. But for thirty years prior to this winter they have been compelled to run a gauntlet of rifle fire, racing horsemen and fierce dogs. Each year hundreds of carcasses marked their line of travel, particularly during the spring months when they were weak and could not stand the strain of constant chasing. But now all is changed and they can graze or lie unmolested upon these lands. Indeed trouble quickly follows those who disturb them. Jim Chambers, the care taker, guards them with keen vigilance.

However, part of their line of travel is too narrow and they spread over the adjoining ranches. This causes much friction among the few remaining settlers in that district. If these places were purchased and turned over to the refuge it would give the elk a broad and unrestricted route of travel between summer and winter range. It is certainly a splendid opportunity for some wealthy *(Continued on page 115)*

Trouting Itch

This malady is particularly noticeable at this time of year. It differs from spring fever in that it paralyzes the right arm, rendering it useless for anything except Fly-casting. It seems that white water and waders are conducive to a perfect cure

By BERT L. BROWN

"THERE is something wrong with me, Doctor, my feet don't track just right on the sidewalks, and there is a peculiar twitch in my right arm from the elbow down."

"Have a seat and tell me a little more of your symptoms."

"Well, Doctor (by the way, he is a doctor of dentistry), for a week now I can't seem to take much interest in my business, and as I said, have a peculiar feeling in right arm. Do you think it might be from my teeth?"

"That is possible, but your teeth were all right last month when you were here. Now that twitching of lower right arm might mean you need to exercise it more. Try punching a bag or help your neighbor work his garden,—a little fresh earth under your feet might make them feel rested."

"Say, Doctor, you know what I would like to do for a week? Go fishing!"

"Well, now, come to think of it—that will be good for that trouble in your lower right arm."

"When can you go?"

"Well, I will call up Mrs. Jones and tell her that the tooth she is having treated will be in better shape if she will wait till next week, and if we can get away in the morning, it will be great."

So we called Fred and Bill—Would they like to go?

© Bert Brown

One of the beauties from the Cascade River.

That night four peaceful homes were in a turmoil. Fishing preparations always cause a bit of commotion. Three o'clock in the morning comes early, but that is our time to get out of the city; it gives us the jump on traffic.

We hit trail Number One north, at a fair clip, north bound always for trout. Rush Lake, Pine City, Moose Lake, Duluth, meant nothing to us. We were bound north. Two Harbors,—we need gas—and breakfast, too—two hundred miles before breakfast isn't bad. Bad news, forest fires are reported and the roads are closed to tourists. We begin to smell smoke and go to the newspaper office for the straight dope. Wardens and rangers report many small fires and woods dry but Number One safe. Anyway we are not tourists.

We are again on our way. About noon we pitch our camp on the beautiful Cascade, some five miles from Lake Superior, and about fifteen miles by the stream from the mouth, and at least a thousand feet above Lake Superior. Our camp site is in virgin timber of pine, cedar and balsam and there is music here too. The Cascade is always singing though not always smiling.

We inspect the ground and clear away a few stones and sticks. We cut balsam boughs for a bed

(Cont'd on page 110)

Spring Shooting

Do We Shoot in the Spring? I'll Say We Do! Here's a Great Idea for the Tired Nimrod

By L. F. PHILLIPS

DO we do any spring shooting? I'll say we do, in addition to our share of days in the field, along the marshes, and all the rest of it. However, don't get excited; we are not breaking the statutes as made and provided by Uncle Sam when we mention "spring shooting." As a matter of fact we could as well name it "winter" or "summer" shooting, except that it wouldn't have attracted your attention half as much. And so, if you have stayed with us to this point, we will disclose the secret with the hope that you will derive as much pleasure and profit out of it as the half dozen good sportsmen that compose "our gang."

Like thousands of others who follow the pointers or setters we realized some years ago that the work of the dogs deserved good shooting from their masters—such shooting that could come only with years of experience or much practice with the scattergun. We turned to the trap-shooting club for practice, since we couldn't lay claim to old age and the hunting experience that goes with grey hairs. Needless to say, our little, short barreled guns were decided de trop at the club, and as far as we could see, we would never find hunting grounds smooth enough to enable us to parade their length with gun at shoulder in the approved gun-club style. Added the several other little differences between hunting and "trap-shooting" conditions such as having the game flush conveniently at the word "pull," rise at precisely the same distance away each time, and within a prescribed angle of flight, and we decided that trap-shooting wasn't meant for us. In other words, trap-shooting is a fascinating sport, but we might as well have taken up archery or even boomerang throwing as far as giving us experience in field shooting was concerned.

And then, one day, we made the acquaintance of our first "slinger" or hand operated device for slinging out regulation clay birds—a mere handle furnished with a heavy wire holder for the clay (or tar) saucers. In this three dollar device we discovered the solution of our problem of getting experience in shooting under hunting conditions, and as a result, "spring" shooting is as much a real part of the year's outdoor activities as is shooting during the winter, summer, and any afternoon we can get two or three of the "gang" together. The very fact that their enthusiasm remains unabated through some three years of this sort of work is proof enough that it has accomplished the purpose we intended it for.

Now for a little explanation of what we do with that same "slinger." The best way will be to describe an afternoon with it; easy enough since we have just returned from a session with it and the saucers. If you had been at the curb when we drove off you would have seen us load the old bus with a suitcase (in which we had one hundred fifty "clays" tightly packed), the above mentioned "slinger," and our gun cases—the same old, scarred but beloved guns we use in the fields for grouse, quail and the ungainly pheasants. The only additional equipment was a much-worn book, ruled in cross sections, and a stub of a pencil. Not much equipment it is true, but sufficient for plenty of practice under actual hunting conditions. Our shells are the regulation loads we use in actual shooting, usually being the "three dram, one and an eighth ounce" load the shotgun shooter is familiar with. Since much of our hunting is for the elusive ruffed grouse, "sevens" are the usual size of shot. Did you ask why we don't use the usual trap load? Merely because we have little faith in it as a hunting load.

Arriving at the farm just outside the city, the guns are quickly assembled, the suitcase opened, shells stuffed in vest or coat pocket, and we're off. Stretched out in front of us is an open field, used once in a while by our farmer friend as a pasture lot, its wire fence framed in by a straggly hedge some eight feet high. At the bottom of the field is a small "wood lot" of straggling birches, an ideal woodcock "cover" and still visited by a straggler during the flight season of these birds. We mention the characteristics of this pasture lot, not that it differs in any essential from hundreds of others, but to show that our shooting field is totally different from the setting of the trap-shooting club. Nor do we believe that we must shoot on that particular field—any place with a few trees and such cover as we could expect to find birds in will do excellently.

But to resume our description of the afternoon; two of the shooters load both barrels of their guns, and begin a slow stroll about ten yards to one side of the hedge running along the fence. Concealed on the other side is the third member of the party, armed with a pocket full of "birds," the slinger and the note-book. Of course he keeps slightly in the rear of the two shooters, for safety's sake, and at unexpected moments, whenever he feels like it, he sails a "saucer" either angling across the hedge or skimming along the top. Shooter number one, i. e., the one nearest the hedge, takes a shot at the skimming clay and either connects, in which he yells out "dead," or misses, in which case, shooter number two takes a shot. If he misses, the bird can be brought down by either or both shooters. In any case the note- *(Continued on page 108)*

The Closed Season

By STODDARD KING

Of all the things that men deem fun,
By land or else by sea,
The sport of hunting with a gun
Appeals the least to me.

But do not deck my brow with bay,
Dear sentimental Jane—
The reason that I feel that way
Is not that I'm humane.

Right gladly would I slay a deer
And mount its antlered head,
If I were not obsessed with fear
That I'd be shot instead.

I might fare forth to shoot the bear
Upon the mountainside,
But there are other hunters there
Who'd perforate my hide.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands weep;
Others may bag what game they can
But I'll stay home and sleep.

When friends and kindred hold my wake,
They shan't have this excuse:
"His comrades shot him by mistake—
They thought he was a moose!"

—*Spokane Spokesman Review*

Old time fish ladder.

Fish Elevators for High Dams

There Are Only Two Ways to Bring Fish from the Lower Level of a River to the Modern High Dams—Teach Them to Fly or Carry Them Up. This Article Deals with a Plan for the Latter Thought

By J. H. F. KERNS

A FISH elevator that will automatically transfer living fish over dams of great height has been devised by Messrs. G. C. Leach and E. C. Fearnow of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, Department of Commerce. The elevator shaft will be located near the spillway with the entrance at the base of the dam where fish usually congregate in large numbers, exhausting themselves in futile efforts to surmount the falls. There will be waiting rooms and entrances to the elevator that will appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, who are high jumpers, as well as to the modest Mrs. Shad, who, figuratively speaking, wears long skirts and cannot step from one level to another. Both she and Mr. Shad will gracefully waltz into the elevator through a water-level tunnel, while the athletic salmon and steelhead with their flapper friends will do the Charleston through one or more jumping boxes against an intensified flow of water.

Now an elevator for fish should operate in water. As fish are aquatic creatures, to take them over a high dam in air would have about the same effect on them as it would on human beings to take them to the top of a ten-story building in a water-filled tank. A fish out of water is in a very uncongenial environment; so in the elevator there will be water all the way to the top of the dam and the fish will not be required to expose their gills to the air or even hold their breath for a second. In fact they will experience no unusual sensation, for when the elevator is full and ready to start, a gate or valve closes between it and the waiting room, the shaft begins filling with water, and the fish while performing their customary piscatorial pranks are gently floated to the water level above the dam and out into the stream without the slightest injury to them. They are then free to seek suitable spawning grounds and deposit their eggs.

When the progeny or even the adults desire to return to salt water, the water-filled shaft with the elevator at the top floor awaits them. The fish follow the current into the elevator for a predetermined time when the upper gate closes, a relief valve at the bottom opens and the water in the shaft gradually lowers until within a few feet of the bottom when the main valve or gate opens permitting the fish to continue their course toward the sea. *(Continued on page 114)*

HUNTIN' PARTRIDGE

By J. George O'Brien

DECORATION BY Raymond M. Hayden

HUNTIN' PARTRIDGE

I've been up in the woods for a week or two,
Say, but the weather's been fine,
And Lawsy, the wonders that we've been through,
Me and that dog of mine.
We've romped over hill, and into the glen,
Through thickets, both rollin' and flat,
Trampin' the country that God made for men,
Huntin' the wary old "pat."

We were out in the morning, when dawn in the east
Paints a picture too lovely for words,
When the red fox returns from an ill-gotten feast,
And the daylight awakens the birds.
And Laddie, my dog, would sniff that air,
So pure and sweet and cold,
Then all of a sudden, with instinct rare,
He would swing to a point, and hold.

My heart would thump and my cheeks would glow,
And I'd thrill from my head to my toes,
As a roarin' thunderbolt would go
From under his very nose.
The crack of my "twenty" would rend the air,
Lad's eyes would fairly flame,
I had missed again, but who would care?
It was all a part of the game.

It was all in the joy of that noble sport,
That is spiced with a tint of romance,
For you tremble a bit, and your breath comes short
As you long for another chance.
And so through the day, 'til the burnin'
Old sun sank into the hills,
Laddie and I were learnin'
The game of a thousand thrills.

We hadn't a bird to show the boys,
As back we came at night,
Our only bag was a million joys,
And a wonderful appetite.
I've tried to explain—oh, I know it's old,
But bear with me, if you will—
That there's heaps about huntin' that cannot be told,
By the number of birds you kill.

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Inch *for* Inch

This is the yarn of that first big bass—a large mouth, but a humdinger

By R. P. HARRISS

Author of "Gray Ghost," "The Art of Bait Casting," and others

"INCH for inch, pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims." That, according to the late Dr. James A. Henshall, author and noted authority on the ways of fishes, was what I had just caught. I stood over him, gripping his wet and heaving gills with trembling fingers. The largest bass I had ever landed! Almost the largest I had ever seen!

The capture had been made at Cottonmeade Lake, down in that neck o' the woods called Dixie. Cottonmeade Plantation, just bordering upon the real Carolina low country, includes in its expanse of fertile, black acres, and its miles of woods and swamps, many small lakes and streams. There are forest-bordered, secluded ponds, fed by innumerable tiny streams and springs, and abounding in bayous and sleepy lagoons. Of these lakes, Cottonmeade is the largest. And here it was that a sun-burnt, freckle-faced lad used to spend many a summer day, fishing for "blue-brims" and "jack-pike" and bass; in exploring the maze of small, black creeks; and in living in close contact with the many forms of wild life which were to be found in the swampy lowlands. Here it was that he caught an eight-and-one-half pound, mail-clad warrior, after a fight which must have lasted more than three-quarters of an hour.

The old Cove.

There have been larger bass caught at Cottonmeade. But the natives there consider anything above six pounds an unusually large fish, while the record stands at a fraction over twelve pounds. And the circumstances under which this particular bass was taken were such that the incident will always remain one of the high lights in my memory.

The strike came at a spot called Bat Cove, in the late afternoon of an early September day. In this cove, the hollow, rotted trunk of what had once been a giant pine tree rears itself out of the water. The interior of the old tree was once a bat rookery, inhabited by hundreds of these weird little devil-birds, and it was from them that the cove got its name. The cove itself is a sort of lagoon, a quiet little lake connected with the larger one by a deep channel. Near this channel, and at other places near the cove, several large springs pour their cold, almost icy water, into it. For this reason the water in Bat Cove is always cold, and the fish taken from it are remarkably lively. During the hot days of July and August, when the burning Carolina sun beats down unmercifully—"br'ilin' hot," as the Cottonmeade negroes would say—upon the lowlands, and when the surface of almost every pond throughout that section is tepid, the water of Bat Cove remains cool and enticing. Whether or not bass actually seek out this place, during the hot days, as a sort of summer resort for Cottonmeade bass, I cannot say definitely. But I do know that bass used to, and do still, strike there when they are striking nowhere else in the lake. I have seen many a one of these "tourist" bass breaking lustily, sometimes even at midday (a phenomenon in the lower South) when there was no sign of fish-life visible anywhere else on the lake.

I was alone in a small, flat bateau, near the cove channel, casting with a limber and rather worn little Jim Heddon rod which had seen many seasons of hard service. I was using what was at that time somewhat of a novelty both to fish and fishermen—a new wiggler minnow. Most anglers can easily recall the time when the lures in one's tackle box consisted chiefly of "straights," wooden minnows which were generally equipped with spinners fore and aft, and a few "bobs" and trolling spoons. The array of shimmy-wigglers, darters, hoppers, wobblers, and other modern killing baits is a comparatively new one. A stroke of the paddle sent the boat gliding silently past a partly submerged tree trunk. I gave a twitch of the wrist and the little rod sent the wiggler flying through the air, to drop neatly between some lily pads and the old bat tree. The minnow had scarcely a chance to show its smart, life-like action. Suddenly, the little rod bent double. The handle of my reel was jerked from my fingers and began to spin and whirr as if a speed boat were attached to my line. I stopped his first rush, but not until he had taken almost all of the sixty yards of rotten line from my reel.

From the moment he struck and headed for his favorite snag in deep water I knew he was a crafty old fighter. But when he broke water for the first time and shook his mail-clad head and snapped his great jaws I began to despair of capturing him. My line was one I had used all summer and would scarcely have tested ten pounds. I had no landing net, and as I was alone in the boat I could not hope to get the bateau away from snags and into the open water. One thing I was thankful for: the little five-foot bamboo was as limber and responsive as a young flapper. So, careful not to put more than the very slightest strain on my line, I settled down to the game of tiring the old boy out. I adopted the tactics of that cleverest of the old ring-generals, John L. Sullivan. And just as the clever and speedy boxer keeps out of the way of the jolting punches of a heavier opponent, just so did I let my fighter have his way while I sparred and danced away. When he made a frantic bull rush toward the bottom I let him go, trusting to luck and the god of fishermen that he would not find a snag. When he came to the surface and churned the water with bucking broncho tactics, I let him have the tip of my rod, which, waving like a willow wand *(Continued on page 120)*

© Bert Brown.

Don't Cast— Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes

By C. BLAIR COURSON

"*IT'S* a funny thing, this fishin' game," chuckled Bob. "seems like fishermen in general are such proverbial and persistent blamed liars that a truthful man can't spread a piece of real honest-to-gosh fishin' information without making his friends stick their tongues in their cheeks an' start tellin' a bigger one. Now take your own case here, Old Timer. Just now when I dwelt at some length upon the virtues of this glass minnow trap you just gave me one of those yeh-I've-heard-'em-rave-like-that-before looks and asked me if I tried it out or had merely read the advertisement. What's the use? If it's fishin' you're talkin' about, might just as well start out to lie and be done with it. You'll get the credit anyway."

I grinned and lit another cigarette. Dinner was over and we sat watching the sun slip down beyond the panorama of distant lakes. Hilltop Orchards look down upon a vast wooded valley with a dozen-odd lakes scattered at random like irregularly shaped mirrors among the green. Far to the west the bluffs of Lake Michigan glowed pink and golden under the rays of the sinking sun. Presently a whip-poorwill's plaintive notes wafted up from the valley and the rasping cry of a nighthawk sounded above us.

"Ever hear of what the dry fly purists call 'fishing the rise'?" asked Bob. "Well, how'd you like to try something of that sort with bass and pike?" I expressed a hearty desire to try anything pertaining to fishing, and made a supreme effort to hold back the doubting-Thomas look that I felt coming over my face. Fishing the rise for pike! Well, anything is possible in this day and age.

"All right, Old Timer," Bob promised, "I'll take you where you'll catch bass,—fightin', river-bred smallmouth bass,—and real great northern pike, and while you may not 'fish the rise' in the strictest sense of the word you won't wet a line or cast a lure to any fish until you see the whites of his eyes. Tomorrow we'll fish the Silver River."

We stopped the car beside an old logging road, pushed our way through a thick, matted growth of cedars, and looked out upon the rippling, silvery, swift-flowing surface of such a stream as poets try to write of and anglers dream of. A tangle of jagged stumps and half-submerged brush along either bank kept the over-hanging balsams and birches from encroaching too far, and at each bend a miniature log jam held forth the eternal promise of the unknown. Just the right depth for comfortable wading, just wide enough for the enjoyable manipulation of a fly rod, its natural crystal clearness enhanced by a white sand bottom, the Silver River indeed approached perfection.

"Man, what a trout stream!" I breathed. "Only no trout in it," added Bob, "except for an occasional old lunker of a Rainbow. Too warm. But a darn sight more bass and pike than most folks around here suppose."

We started out, up to our hips in water, minnow buckets tied to our belts, creels on our backs and fly rods in hand. The fishing was to be of a somewhat mongrel character. Fly rods were the tools and flies and spinners the lures if the fish wanted them, otherwise live chub minnows.

"Sometimes they'll take flies and bass bugs, but always they'll take these chubs. Funny too," Bob went on, "the river's alive with chubs and yet I've dropped my hook, baited with a chub, into a whole school of 'em and had a bass rush through the school and grab the minnow that was on my hook. Seems to be their instinct to go after a minnow that

is wounded or otherwise handicapped in any way. Mighty convenient instinct too, from the angler's point of view. Go easy, Old Timer, there's a pike." I looked and saw about twenty feet ahead of us a good sized fish half concealed under a partially submerged log but clearly visible against the white sandy bottom. The pike's head pointed up stream and it seemed quite motionless as it maintained its position in the swiftly flowing water. I raised the tip of my rod and dropped the fly—a red ibis on a small spinner—well above the log. As it was carried down by the current the pike made a lunge at it, missed, and seeing us, darted fifty feet up stream to the sanctuary of another log.

"Come on now," yelled Bob, "we'll get that pike. See 'im under that log? Here, put on a good lively chub and we'll see if pike nature is running true to form this morning." As we approached, the pike slipped back farther into the shadow of the log and we both advanced to within a dozen feet on either side of him. A squirming, wiggling chub was dropped into the water above him and drifted past without getting action. Another was tried with the same result. Then a fresh minnow, hooked lightly through the lips, was lowered gently into the water and dangled within fifteen inches of his face. The pike seemed to draw back a trifle and suddenly there was a lightning rush and the fight was on. Out into the current and down stream toward a tangle of submerged hemlock roots, the light rod and arc, the line cutting spray from the surface of the water, for the pike was as lively as a ten-inch trout.

Just to show he "knows his stuff" R. Fayerweather Babcock, the Artist who painted the May cover.

But the fight is of secondary importance. The remarkable fact is that this fish had seen us, was apparently frightened, and yet had been literally goaded into striking at the minnow. Call it reflex action, perhaps, but what is here described is essentially what happened eight times during that morning. In each case the pike was either frightened up stream before we saw it, or it struck at our lure, and missing, then ran up stream. And in each case we "chased the quarry to its lair" and then teased it with a live minnow until it struck. In several instances the chase continued from log to log until the pike finally took a stand and gave us a chance to approach near enough to offer the irresistible chub at close range. The whole performance was repeatedly observed in the clear water over the white stream-bed. Not every fish was landed, for a five- or six-pound pike on a fly rod in a brush-lined stream is not a sure thing, but every fish seen was literally forced into striking, and that after it had obviously seen us. As a matter of record it might be added that these fish were the true great northern pike, and not "stream pickerel."

The bass were far more cautious and an initial miss generally meant good-bye so far as that particular smallmouth was concerned. But it was a joy to be able to see one some distance up stream, to approach within reasonable casting distance, to drop the fly or minnow well above, and then to be able to actually watch the bass draw back, apparently gather itself and strike the lure. And such strikes, followed by the rushing, dashing *(Continued on page 103)*

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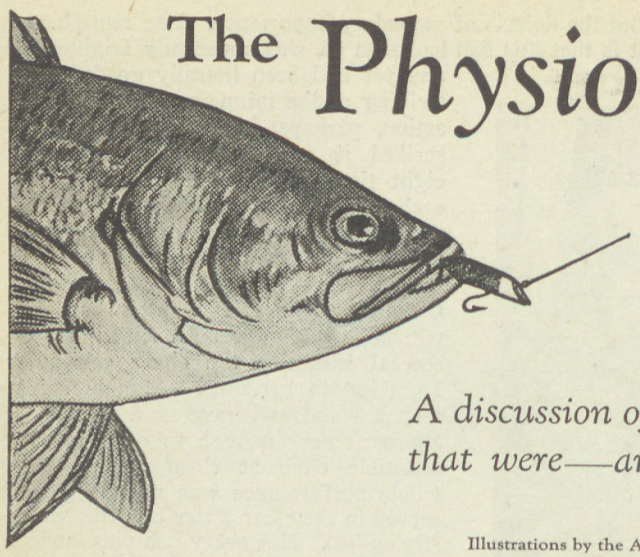
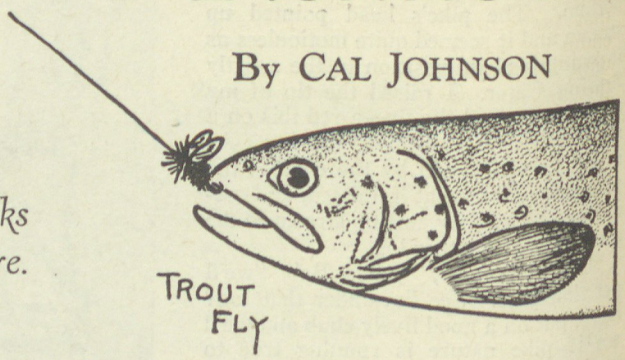
Bounding Waters.



The Physiology of the Fishhook

By CAL JOHNSON

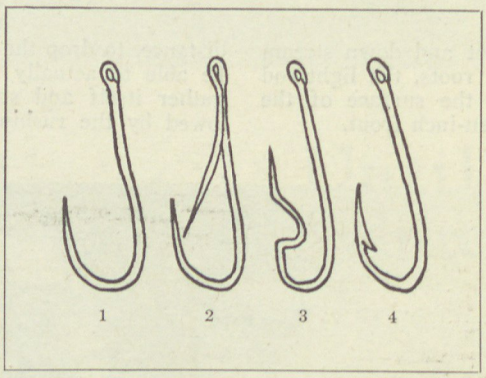


A discussion of hooks that were—and are.

Illustrations by the Author

WHETHER or not the ancient pioneer used a bent pin when angling for game fish I cannot say, but it seems that many anglers receive their first thrill of hooking a wiggly chub or lowly sucker when using a pin extracted from mother's pin cushion or a buttonless place on one's overalls. The bent pin experience is the real birth of the fishhook so far as the present generation is concerned, but I doubt very much that the prehistoric child ever enjoyed the exciting experience of catching the first fish of his life on a bent pin baited with a squirming angle worm.

It is said that bronze fishing hooks were found in the ruins of the ancient city of Pompeii, which was in existence during Bible times. That fact proves angling to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest, forms of recreation. Many years before the birth of Izaak Walton the use of a manufactured fishhook for angling was in vogue. While we may bestow the honor of "fathers of scientific angling" on the shoulders of our friends, Walton and Cotton, we are led to believe that others living in ancient times also enjoyed angling in their crude way.



1. Ancient barbless. 2. Barbless with tongue. 3. Modern barbless. 4. Barbed hook.

The present-day fishhook really originated in England along about the Eighteenth Century and was used by fisher-folks along the various rivers in England. No doubt the process of hammering out these hooks by hand must have been a slow, tedious occupation and to meet the demand, if there was such a thing, must also have been a hard matter. There is a question whether or not angling was very popular in ancient times. The old English patterns were named after the place of manufacture or in some instances where they were first used. The old names are still in use to distinguish the various types of hooks. The Kendall, Aberdeen, Limerick, Carlisle, etc., are well known to the experienced fisherman. Hooks of American design have, of course, been added to the line and today finds hundreds of different patterns and styles on the market, each style designed for a specific method of angling.

The modern fishhook is used almost entirely for pleasure angling and, with the exception of a few patterns used by commercial fishermen, is designed to attach to various types of lures that are now used in connection with bait and fly casting outfits. Hooks are attached single, double, and treble to wooden and feathered lures built for attracting game fish when casting.

No doubt, the ancient angler did very little fishing for pleasure but, instead, fished for the food obtained from the fish caught. They were, in reality, commercial fishermen and spent very little time along a stream for the pleasure derived from angling. Nets and set lines caused no excitement when seen distributed throughout the waters, as is experienced nowadays. Food was the main thought and to capture the fish in large quantities seemed to be the main idea. How different the feeling towards the conservation of game fish is among anglers of today.

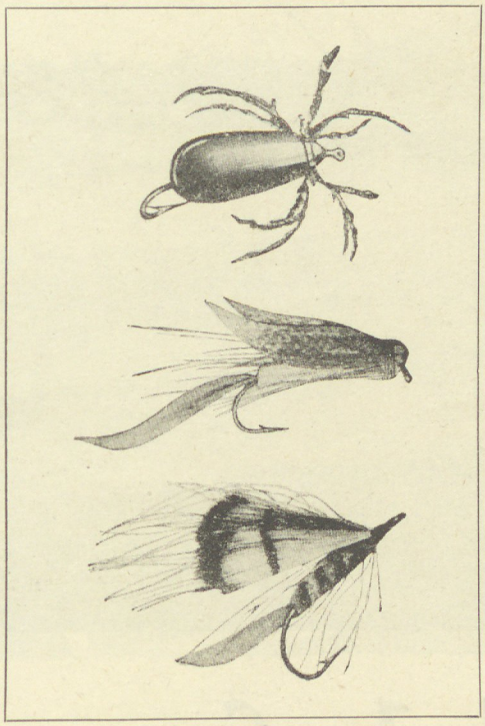
The invention of the fishhook, itself, was a starter in conservation, as game fish could not be captured in as large a number within a given time as the huge nets brought in. 'Tis true, we have witnessed the killing of a tremendous amount of game fish with fishhooks, but catching them one at a time, as is done with a casting outfit, certainly helped to decrease the number of fish taken from the world's waters.

The many patterns of fishhooks now on the market cause much discussion and study on the part of the average angler. One fisherman will select a certain type hook with claims that prove it is the best type for a certain method of angling. Another man will select an entirely different pattern for the same method of angling and give his claims why the type he selected was absolutely the hook for the same method of fishing to be practiced by his angling friend, that selected another pattern hook. Each angler for his favorite type and shape hook. And so it goes. However, the holding qualities of the fishhooks manufactured today, of standard repute, vary little in actual holding power. Ninety-five per cent of all hooks on the market are built satisfactorily and will successfully hold a hooked fish, providing the angler knows enough about handling his rod and reel. Many game fish that become extracted from the hook before landing cannot thank the poor type hook they were caught on, in all cases. Much depends upon the method used by the angler when fishing. The reasons are many what the fisherman should NOT do, but as for blaming the hook for the loss of a fish—well, I'll leave it to you.

Hooks of barbed and barbless type were in use during early times, both patterns proving successful. The barbed hooks being of two distinct types; the hollow point and the spear point. The first named is the type used on all modern lures, as it is judged the best. A curve is filed out on the inside of the point of the hook, between the point of hook and barb, and the hook is shaped below the barb by grinding. The spear point hook is merely a machined hook, usually of cheap construction. One can easily distinguish the better grade hook as they are usually bronzed or blued, while the spear point is invariably japanned black. Of the present-day fishhooks it might be said that the O'Shaughnessy pattern is the strongest, being hand forged, and the Aberdeen, a thin, round wire hook is considered the weakest.

Barbless type hooks have been on the market for many years and are preferred by some anglers to the barbed type. That matter is a personal decision and the angler wishing his lures equipped with barbless hooks can purchase such types today. However, the barbed hooks are far the favorite among anglers throughout the world and will undoubtedly continue so for some time to come. Each type hook has certain points that favor them and the barbless enthusiast can argue from morning until night with a barbed hook enthusiast and most undoubtedly the decision would be called a tie when the controversy was over. Either type hook will hold game fish securely, the one and main contention of the barbless hook enthusiast being that the possibility of liberating undersize fish without destroying them is greater when using a barbless hook than when using a barbed type. That point is all well and good and no one can argue against it. So much for the barbless.

There are different type barbless hooks to be had by the angler, most of which are English products. One type has a peculiar bend in its construction that helps to prevent the fish from shaking off. Others are built with a tongue that prevents the fish from freeing itself. Then we find the real and original barbless hook without any crook, bend or tongue to prevent the fish from freeing itself. A hook of such nature is more on the order of the bent pin proposition, which makes most of us barbless hook users when first beginning to fish. If there is a barbless hook that requires more skill and patience than the bent pin type I have yet to see it. My experience has been varied and the days of my boyhood are still fresh in my memory when I wandered down to the little creek below the dam of the mill pond and dangled my baited bent pin hook, many times it consisted of a safety pin type, down into the foamy waters in quest of black suckers and chubs. Trout and bass were still out of my class and I doubt very much whether or not the great thrills and contentment I derive from angling with my fly rod today are equal to the joys of my bent pin days spent in northern Wisconsin.

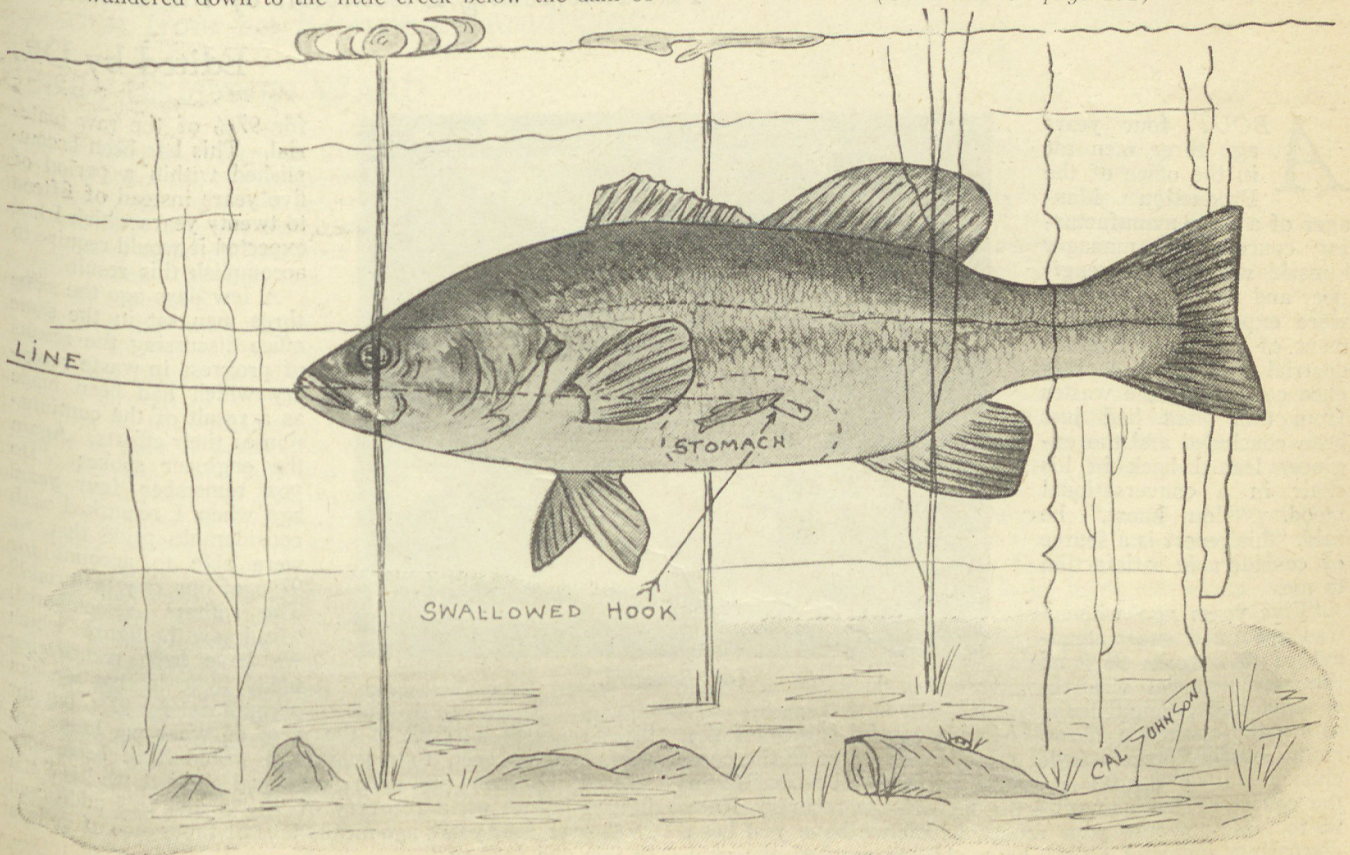


The pioneer fishhook dressed in modern clothes.

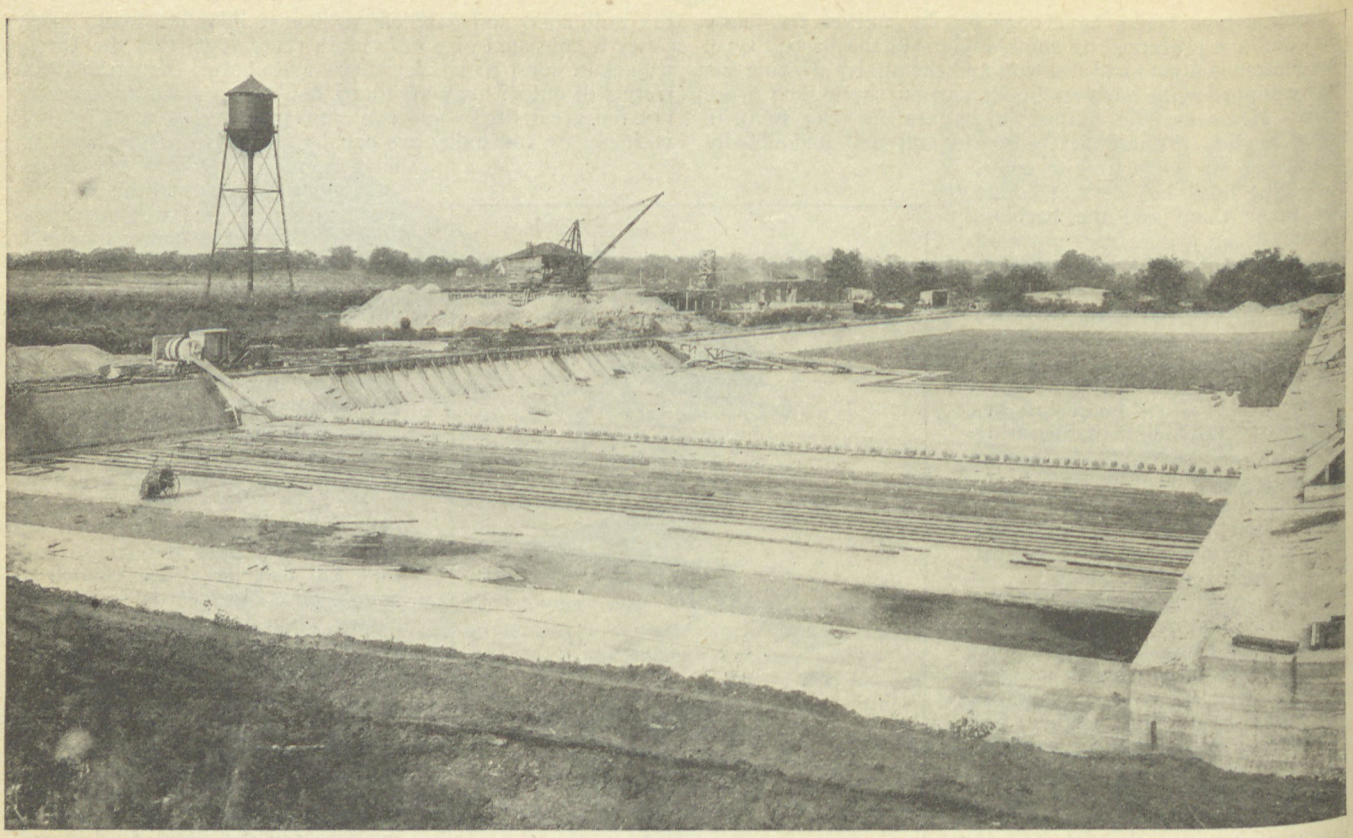
When the pioneer traveled westward in his covered wagon he discovered the Indian using fishhooks made of bone. Hooks of this type were made at first without barbs, but time taught the Indian how to use a file, which in some cases may have been a piece of flint, and barbs were filed into the bone hooks, several being visible in some instances.

The Eskimo of the far north still uses bone hooks made from whale and seal bone. Hooks of such type rarely have a barb attached and the little folks of the Arctic region flip the trout out onto the ice so fast that the fish has little chance to wiggle off. No barb is really necessary when following the method of angling they pursue. The Eskimo does not fish for pleasure and sees little joy in capturing game fish. Being one of their main means of procuring a supply of food, fishing means work and the people of the north must catch fish faster than is possible with hook and line. Dogs must be fed and extra food stored, so out comes the nets and under the ice they go, then out comes a loaded net with hundreds of squirming trout. The trout of the Arctic region will rise to a fly and can be taken readily on the modern feather bedecked fishhooks of these modern times. Commander Donald B. McMillan, the famous Arctic explorer, related to me recently that he had witnessed the

(Continued on page 101)



The angler has little chance of extracting a hook from the stomach of a fish without killing the fish.



Sewage treatment plant

Gold from the

An Interesting Discussion of the Pollution

Edited by DR.

ABOUT four years ago three men sat in the office of the Production Manager of a large manufacturing concern, the manager himself who was an engineer and two chemists who were experts in the treatment of municipal and industrial wastes. A conference concerning the wastes from this plant had just been concluded and the engineer leaned back in his chair in a conversational mood. "You know," he said, "this report is a source of considerable satisfaction to me.

"Five years ago when I was appointed superintendent of this works 95% of the raw material was recovered and accounted for as a manufactured product. After a careful survey of the manufacturing process under my charge I came to the conclusion that by careful supervision it *might* be possible in the course of years to raise this percentage recovery from 95 to 97%, and now your report, which we have just been discussing, indicates that I have already reached the goal and I am now able to operate my factory so as to account for 97% of the raw material. This has been accomplished within a period of five years instead of fifteen to twenty years which I had expected it would require to accomplish this result."

The "Boneyard."

A few days ago the same three men sat in the same office discussing the results of progress in waste recovery which had been made as a result of the continuation of their efforts. Again the engineer spoke: "Do you remember four years ago when I remarked with considerable pride that we were able to account for 97% of our raw material?" The others remembered. "And now the figures which we have been considering today indicate that we can account not for 97% but for 99.7%. Such a result in the view of what we knew ten years ago or even four years ago would have been considered impossible and even fantastical and yet we have the figures before us, a recovery of 99.7% and this additional 2.7% over four years ago means tens of thousands of dollars in this one factory."

The above story is not an idle dream nor is it a prophetic

at Decatur, Illinois.

Sewers

Question from an Economic Standpoint

By Elmer G. White

HENRY BALDWIN WARD

vision of what may occur in Utopia; it is a true story absolutely without the slightest embellishment. What is more the recovery of the wastes referred to resulted in not only considerable gain to the manufacturer himself, but relieved a very heavy pollution load upon one of our large fish producing streams. Certainly this is a result well worth striving for by all concerned.

Why is it that more manufacturers do not follow similar courses? In the writer's opinion it is because many of them do not realize that their process is throwing away so large an amount of valuable material and in the second place they do not realize that this material which is really valuable to them is harmful to the water courses in which it is discharged. The only way this condition can be remedied is by a continued campaign of education.

As a beginning in a campaign to educate manufacturers we would submit the following classifications of trade wastes. These are based on current publications in various technical magazines. In the first place we may classify industrial wastes as to their animal, vegetable or mineral origin. Wastes of animal origin are discharged by dairies, fertilizer industry, glue industry, leather board industry, packing houses, soap industry, tanneries, wool scouring plants and woolen textile mills. Wastes of vegetable origin from beet sugar industry, canning industry, corn products industry, cotton textile mills, distilleries, paper industry, pulp industry, rubber industry, saw mills, straw board industry and wood distillation industry. And wastes of mineral origin from bleacheries, chemical industry, dye works, gas plants, metal industries, mines (coal mine drainage, coal washing, etc.), munitions factories, oil refineries, oil wells, salt works, and water purification plants.

The polluting effect of trade effluents may be due to the presence of:

(a) An excessive quantity of suspended solids.
(b) Substances capable of fermentation or putrefaction and consequent production of nuisance.
(c) Coloring matters such as natural or artificial dyestuffs.
(d) Substances poisonous to aquatic vegetation or fish life.
(e) Oily matters, fat and soap.

Space will not permit the discussion of the various trade wastes produced or of the undesirable results mentioned above. Classes "b" and "d" are of so much importance to Waltonians that we shall devote a little space to further describing them.

Practically all of the substances of animal and vegetable origin are capable of putrefaction and fermentation in the stream. This may go on so slowly and gradually that if the bottom of the stream is large there will be no noticeable effect, but in this fermentation dissolved oxygen in the water upon which the fish must rely is used up to a greater or less extent. If this consumption of oxygen goes far enough it will result in the complete suffocation of all animal life. In one case it has been reported that the waste liquors from a cannery, discharged into a small stream, so completely used up all of the oxygen that no animal life of any sort was left alive for several miles.

Fortunately the substances belonging to Class "d" are less common. In most chemical manufacturing plants the materials are so valuable that the manufacturer cannot afford to allow any considerable portion to escape. Occasionally, however, cyanide from electroplating *(Cont'd on page 101)*

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Along in the Evening When the Trout Rise.

Memory's Storehouse

Remember That Lone Trout—The Big Boy—That Old Rascal Who Knows the Book of Feathers Backward

By H. R. AIKEN

PROBABLY no angling experience brings a keener thrill and more pleasurable enjoyment than the successful culmination of a long campaign against some particular fish—either large or shy, or perhaps both—and when such an event falls as the closing chapter of an already wonderful day's fishing, then, indeed, have the Red Gods smiled and memory's storehouse is enriched with untold treasures.

This, then, is the chronicle of such a day—a solitary day spent with the rainbow trout on one of the lovely little streams of Western North Carolina, with the peaks of the Blue Ridge wrapped in that azure haze from which it takes its name, and the golden mantle of the warm May sunshine occasionally broken by drifting masses of fleecy white clouds casting welcome shadows across quiet pools. And with it all a gentle southwest breeze, bearing on its perfumed breath the mingled fragrance of pine and balsam and of myriads of wild flowers of early Spring.

It was nine o'clock when I reached the stream after a brisk five-mile hike from the little hotel in the head of the valley below. Much of that five miles had been a steady climb, but the view from the tops of the ridges traversed more than repaid one for the effort. Off in the purple distance old Grandfather peak lifted his rugged profile toward the sky as if grateful for the golden sunshine on his brow, while away in the opposite direction the sheer walls of Lost Cove Cliff jutted out from the mountainside and marked the headwaters of another well-loved stream. Far below in a winding blue gash the laughing waters of Rock House Creek shone like silver thread. Tender new foliage in a thousand different shades of green clothed the slopes all round and emphasized the snowy whiteness of the dogwood clusters and the creamy petals of the wild cucumber trees. Along the trail masses of fragrant sweet shrubs were bursting into bloom and a tiny rivulet that wandered vagrant-like across the trail wove its way here and there through solid beds of tiny, star-pointed, pale blue forget-me-nots.

I found my stream clear and low, almost as low, in fact, as in midsummer; and, early in the day as it was, already several varieties of flies were over the water. Conditions indicated the dry fly and it was for the floaters I rigged, bending on for my initial cast a tiny whirling dun. From where the trail crosses my stream to the falls some three miles below I was familiar with every pool and riffle, but I had never fished above the trail. On this particular morning I determined to give the upper waters a trial and accordingly

I waded across and followed the trail upstream several hundred yards to a likely looking pool. Casting from below, I dropped the fly just above and a foot to one side of a rock that jutted up out of the surface near the middle of the pool. Hardly had the little dun settled on the surface when there came a silvery flash from underneath the rock. There was practically no slack out, and it was necessary only to raise the rod tip to hook the fish. Too late I saw he was only a fingerling, and I gave him plenty of slack and opportunity to throw the hook. Game little fighter that he was he did his best to accommodate me, leaping valiantly several times, but the tiny hook held and I drew him gently in, wetted my palm, carefully unhooked him and returned him to the stream unharmed. The next cast, near the head of the pool, brought a rise from a similar fish which I did not attempt to hook. For perhaps a quarter of a mile up the stream practically every cast brought a rise from a six or seven-inch rainbow. Few of them were hooked, for when I saw how small they were running I made no attempt to set the barb. Several times for the sake of experiment I tried to snatch the fly away after I saw the flash as the fish started the rise, but except in one instance this resulted only in hooking the little fellows. Others hooked themselves at times even on a slack line. All of them were brought in as gently as possible and given their liberty.

I soon tired of such fishing and leaving the stream I made my way down to where the trail crossed. From here one may follow the bed of an old logging road downstream for nearly two miles and this I did, since I wanted to save the intervening water for upstream work in the afternoon.

Twenty minutes later found me wading again, working my way down toward the falls. I fished most of the pools, however, by leaving the water above them, working my way carefully around and casting over them from below. The first one I tried yielded a nice ten-inch rainbow from a patch of dark water between two submerged stones in the lower middle portion of the pool. He was led smartly downstream and netted, and after he had been placed on a bed of dampened ferns in the creel I rested the water a few minutes and then resumed casting. The eddy water just below the head of the pool rewarded me with an eleven-inch fish before I made my way downstream well satisfied with results thus far.

From there on down nearly every pool gave one or two fish; none of them was under eight inches and I kept none under nine. Just as an experiment, after I had used four whirling duns until they were so mauled and soaked they would no longer float, I tried a pale evening dun. The fish rose equally well to this fly, as they did also to a Wickham's fancy and a Cahill, both of which I tried out during the morning.

It was 12:30 when I came to the falls with fourteen nice fish in my creel. Two of them were around twelve inches and the largest just missed fourteen. This fish, by the way, was the only one I took on a submerged fly the entire day. The pool from which he was caught could usually be counted on for at least one good trout, and when careful casting with the dry fly over all the water where it could be made to float failed to produce a rise, I went around to the head where the water poured in through a narrow rocky chute. Dropping the fly in this churning white water I let it start down with the current. Hardly had it drifted a foot when there came a sharp tug and a smart lift of the rod tip set the hook in the nicest fish of the morning. At the prick of the hook he raced with the current into the deep water below, carrying out some fifteen yards of line, and then resorted to aerial tactics, clearing the surface a foot or more in three different leaps. I played him against an easy bend of the rod until he turned over on his side, and then led him into the net.

Just above the falls a clear, cold spring gushed out of the mountainside and poured its crystal waters over the rocks into the stream below. Here I ate my lunch with all the keen relish born of the morning's wholesome exercise and the tonic of the wonderful invigorating mountain air.

After lunch I arranged the best of my morning's catch on a pole and hung them against the base of a hoary old chestnut stump and photographed them. Afterwards I stretched out on the moss and leaves and whiled away an hour or more. I was in no hurry to start back upstream, for I wanted to save for late afternoon the water I had skipped coming down. One pool in particular near the upper end

The "Old Master" takes one. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Waltonian, writer, educator and master fisherman.

of this unfished stretch of water was the principal objective of my afternoon's fishing, for it was in this pool that one of the large fish of this stream made his home. I had first made the acquaintance of this fish the previous summer, when he rose to a tiny black gnat fished dry, and his size and the vicious way in which he took the fly excited me into striking too hard with the result that I left my fly with him. On several occasions since that time I had seen him, but only once had I succeeded in getting him to rise and that time he was short and I failed to connect. In the meantime, several wet fly anglers reported hooking him but had lost him through the leader breaking or the hook cutting out. Ever since my first adventure with him I had looked on him with something of a proprietary interest; so with conditions as ideal as they were on this day I felt fairly confident of another chance at him.

On my way back up, over the water fished in the morning, I took six more fish, returning all but one of them to the stream, for I felt sure of getting more than I cared to carry out. Natural flies were beginning to swarm over the water and on several of the pools I marked down and cast over rising fish.

It was well after three o'clock when I reached the pool from which I had taken my first fish in the morning, and from here on upstream one or more trout were landed from nearly every pool. From one pool I took four in less than twenty minutes, the largest over ten inches and the smallest not over eight. All of these were returned as were most of the others, for by now my creel was about as heavy as I wanted it to be.

I tried out several other fly patterns and a Greenwell's Glory, a yellow dun and a pink lady all seemed just as taking as those used during the morning. However, a black gnat, cast faithfully over the whole of a likely bit of water, failed to bring a single rise. I rested it for ten minutes and the first cast with a silver sedge found me fast in a thirteen-inch rainbow which put up one of the most spectacular fights of the whole day. I tried the black gnat again on the next pool, but the most careful casting of which I was capable failed to coax a rise. I went back to the pink lady and on the third cast rose an eight or nine-inch fish which succeeded in throwing the hook when I gave him plenty of slack. Of all the flies tried that day the black gnat was the only one which failed to take a fish; yet there have been days on this same stream when it seemed that I could rise fish to nothing but the gnat.

Several hundred yards below the pool upon which I had planned to end the day's fishing I waded ashore and sat down to change flies and leaders and to wait for the sun to drop lower behind the mountains. I put on a new and carefully tested leader and the fly I selected for the hoped-for encounter was a No. 14 double-hackled Half Stone with a pale yellow body and a black and white badger hackle at both the eye and bend of the hook. It is one of my own variations of a well-known English pattern and I have found it to be extremely taking on the rainbows of the Carolina waters. The "Fore and Aft" hackles make it a splendid floater and it also has the advantage of being easily seen in almost any kind of light or shadow.

It was 5:45 when I made my way upstream along the bank and paused well below the tail of the pool to survey the situation. The fish I was after sometimes frequented the water around a pair of boulders near the lower right hand side of the pool, but my guess was that at this time of day he would be in or near the deep eddy just below and to one side of the narrow, rocky chute through which the water poured into the pool. Ten minutes' careful study of the water revealed no sign of a fish in the lower or middle portions of the pool, so, keeping near the right hand bank, I waded carefully into the shallow water at the lower end and took up my position where I would have the partial protection of one of the boulders in front of me, and from which, by careful casting, I could drop my fly so that it would drift around the eddy current without a drag. For some minutes I stood there motionless, watching the eddy. Flies were plentiful over the water and presently a little grayish dun alighted on the water and began to drift around in a half circle with the current of the backwash. I watched intently but, perhaps, because I had been looking so steadily at the shadowed water, I failed to see clearly what happened. There was no splashing rise or visible break of the surface; in fact, so far as I could tell, there was no rise at all. But one moment the little dun was floating there before my eyes, the next it was gone and only a tell-tale bubble remained to mark for a moment where it had last been seen. I had seen nothing of my fish, but I was morally certain that he had been responsible for the sudden and silent disappearance of that little gray dun, and I waited no longer. Four false casts off to the right to get out the necessary length for the cast, then I whipped the fly around into line, shot it back and forward once more and with a prayer that the currents be kind, dropped it just inside the eddy. It was a beautiful cast and all that I could have desired. The little fly dropped so lightly that the eye could hardly tell just when it came to rest on the surface, seemed to pause there momentarily and then slowly swung out on the semi-circular path of the backwater current. Tensely I followed its every movement, keyed for a prompt response to what I felt sure would come. Nor was I disappointed. Hardly had the fly started on its journey when from out in the center of the eddy water came a gleam of color and there, poised within a foot of the surface, motionless and apparently calmly awaiting the approaching lure, was my fish.

Photograph by N. Jerlaw

Frank J. French (right), famous angler, landed this 72½ lb. sailfish on a regular six thread line, 3½ oz. tip and 2½ oz. butt, George M. Seaman, National Director, is the man on the left.

What a picture he made! Memory's galleries hold for me many a treasured reproduction of some vivid moment by mirrored lake, limpid stream or crashing, creaming surf, but in all the group no other one limns its lines quite so clearly on recollection's screen as does the vibrant beauty represented in that crimson-painted warrior of the stream, poised there in the shadowed waters waiting for his prey.

Twelve more inches the tiny fly drifted and crimsonsides slid lazily upward and calmly sucked it in. Simultaneously my left hand went back to take up the slack, while the little rod whipped smartly upward and drove the barb home.

Action followed, instantaneous and abrupt. A broad tail broke the surface and lashed the water into foam as the fish upended and dived for the bottom; from a nearby tree a kingfisher rattled a loud alarm and flashed away upstream. Hurriedly I waded across the stream to the left hand bank from which vantage point a fighting fish could best be kept away from the sharp edged boulders on the other side. Fortunately, the big fellow had sulked as I executed this maneuver, but as I came up opposite the deepest part of the pool where he lay and let him feel more of the strain of the little rod, he went back into action with a rush that carried him several feet into the air in a beautiful arching leap. Back in the water, he *(Continued on page 95)*

Big Heads and Big Bass

Did You Ever Sit in a Poker Game With a Friend Who Had Never Played Before—Or Have You Taken a Man Who Knows Nothing About Fishing to Your Favorite Bass Grounds?

By KENNETH D. PHILLIPS

"OH, yes! Oh, my, yes! Little Willie is going to go out and catch a fish—going to grow up and be a big man in the league. Seems like you'd be a little ashamed after all the knocks you've handed me on being gone two or three times a week, to catch a few fish to feed you and some more heavy loafers." This from me.

"Now, flea, keep off my back and don't get sarcastic, or I'll do some real knocking." This from my wife's big brother.

He is the worst pest in seven states, and I would gladly feed him if he'd keep his mouth shut. He laughs at my dog—he jeers at my gun, and derides my other hobbies. He tells my wife she's a martyr to live with a selfish man that thinks all day about fishing and such lazy pursuits; and I can't kick him out without admitting that I am selfish. I have to tolerate the big, ignorant lummox or start a fight with the best wife in town, or maybe in many towns, I haven't been in all of 'em.

But to resume the tragedy—I promised to take the big hound fishing. We set a date for Saturday afternoon, and after lunch I started to gather up the stuff while Willie sat in the shade and kept the dog away from our lunch. I got out my second best fly-rod, my best automatic reel with a new Halford level line on it, my new box of heavy leaders, and my fly book. I put in a stringer, but I had to laugh when I did it because I intended to land a dozen fish and turn them loose just to hear the big boy squawk. Then I filled the water bottle, loaded the car, and away we went. We stopped to see the gasoline merchant at the corner and I bought the gas. I also paid for the boat, some apples, cigars, etc., and I asked the big boob if he thought it was Christmas.

"Never mind," he says, "you tend to the little things, then call on me in the emergencies."

"Oh boy," thinks I, "some little ace in the hole you are—about as much good as a wooden shoe on a tennis player."

But we got the boat loaded and got away from the dock with him at the oars. He wanted to show how good he was, and I was to show him how to cast a bucktail in weedy waters, and how to catch fish where the moss was bad.

I directed him to row up the open water so I could cast the points and pockets of the moss, as it was mid-afternoon and the dragon flies were thick. I put on a brown bucktail, all nicely oiled, and went after them. I cast long, and I cast short—I tried the points in deep water and the points of the shallow bars. I even tried the holes back in the heavy weeds. I wore out a leader and two flies and just about put a permanent kink in my arm.

I sat and I stood, casting to the sun, and away from it—but I never got a rise but once, and that was from my little playmate. After about two hours of useless work on my part and a little aimless rowing by the dummy, he looked up and said, "I guess I can see how you cast now. It looks easy. Let's go down the other way where the fish are and see if we can't catch one."

"You big cheese head," I said, "do you think I'm out here casting at the wind?"

"Well," he springs on me, "you haven't caught anything else except a few weeds and a little willow stick, and anyway anybody with good eyes can see that the fish are down in the other end of the lake."

"You're crazy as a bug," I shouted, "whoever led you to believe you knew anything about this lake or any other?"

We had fished the best part of the lake for two hours without a rise, and he wanted to go down to the shallow end in the heat of the day, where there had never been more than two fish in a day anytime. But I agreed to go down there if he'd row, and he said that was O. K. if he could fish after we got there.

Well, I had to let the big ham fish sometime and the best place to teach him was down where he wouldn't spoil any fishing for someone else.

We got down where he said the fish were and I handed him the rod while I sat down to row him around. I got him in front of me so I could help him with timely advice, and could watch his casts. I also wanted him to hit me on the back and not in the eye with his low casts and it was a cinch he'd hurry a little and have plenty of low ones.

I rowed a few yards down the moss and he got his line all set about twenty feet out behind and a handful of loose stuff like he had seen me do it. Then he said, "Pull easy around that point. There's a big one back in there."

"Why," I said, "there's only eight inches of water back there. You aren't after pollywogs."

"Never mind," came back the fat-head, "I saw one in there that suits me before we left the middle of the lake."

Then he threw his line out about thirty feet and back with a snap like he was whipping a horse. Back again came his line, and I pushed him in a little.

"Can't you go a little slower like I showed you?" I asked.

"Say, who's catching this fish?" was his comeback.

"You haven't done anything yet but—" And out there in a handful of water it looked like some guy tipped the lake over. The water boiled and the moss swirled as a grandpa bass took the bucktail.

The greenhorn yanked on my 5-oz. rod like he was roping a steer and I could almost hear the bamboo snap. Then he threw the rod back, grabbed the line, and pulled his fish in hand over hand like it was a carp. *(Continued on page 94)*

No, this is not Ken—nor is it the bass he refers to. It happens to be a sea bass, weighing 532 pounds, caught by Eli J. Dessery at Redondo Beach, California.

Buzz Gibbs and his pal fishing.

Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and

Edited by BEN EAST

I WANT to talk for just a few minutes this month to some of you boys who wrote me, maybe way back early in 1925, and whose letters haven't appeared yet in our department. Some of you probably think the editor is rather a poor sport. Well, maybe he is, but honest, fellows, I've done the best I could. As you know this shack of ours has grown pretty fast since we built it. We've added a corner here, a lean-to there, and built a bigger and bigger fire every month, until now the boys (and girls) who are sitting in our fireside circle, if they could be counted would run way up into the thousands. And of course the most of you have a story to tell us. Well, just believe me I'm glad to get those stories, every one of them! But if we had a whole magazine to ourselves, I couldn't print them as fast as they come in.

So every month I go through and try to pick out the best ones—and that's no easy task, for I hardly ever get a letter that doesn't have a dandy outdoor story in it—and I use as many of them as we can find room for. So if your letter has never been printed, please don't feel badly, and please don't think I wasn't glad to get it. It was just one of several hundred that there wasn't room for. I enjoyed it anyway, and I'll do my best to answer every one of you, as your letters come.

Douglas Weaver.

Remember I'm always glad to hear from you again, whether your first letter was printed or not. Maybe the next one you write will be among the lucky few. And there is one thing we really need, and that is more of your pictures. So let's keep coming, fellows, and know you are all welcome.

Greensfield, Ohio.

Dear Editor: I am a sixty-seven year old Waltonian boy, and would like to relate to the other boys, whose letters interest me very much, a story about a coon dog I possessed when I was a boy eleven years of age.

In March, 1870, our family traded for, and moved to, a farm in Ross county, Ohio, which at that time was pretty well covered with timber. We moved into a fine old two-story log house, with woods and ponds all around. There lived about one mile from our

home an old bachelor known by all as Dutch John. He lived alone and had for his companion a white dog, and for some cause the dog came to our home and could not be persuaded to go back. I cannot account for his staying with us, unless it was on account of having a good playmate in the rollicking eleven year old boy I was at that time.

When Dutch John found out that his dog had taken up his abode with us he came over and took him home, but it was only a few days until old Frank was back with me again, and a happier dog, or boy either, would have been hard to find. But this did not last long, for in a few days here came Dutch John and collared old Frank and started home with him again. The old dog, as he was being led away, looked back at me and then up at Dutch John, as if to say, "You might just as well let me stay, for I can't stay where there are no boys," and I guess Dutch John thought the same, for he said to me, "I will keep Frank shut up for a week, and then if he comes back you can keep him."

So after a long lonesome week for me, and for old Frank too, I think, Dutch John turned him loose. I think it was but a very few minutes then, until he was back with his old pal. Bounding around like a rubber ball, and licking my hands and face, and I have no doubt that he thought as well as I knew that nothing should part us again but death, and that proved true.

He went with me wherever I went, through the woods and fields, and the tree had to be very large, or the hole in the earth very deep if he and I didn't get the game from it, and many a ground-hog, coon and skunk we made short work of! I shall never forget one battle the old fellow had that I thought would be his last fight, but he came out victorious, although the battle left him venomous toward all snakes! This day we were out in the woods strolling around, when Frank barked, and I ran towards him, but before I got quite to him I saw a large black-snake raised up, and striking at him. This was the first large snake I had seen, and it looked to me to be about twelve feet long. I was sure Frank could be no match for it, and yet I was too badly frightened to go to his assistance. I was sure one or the other had to die, for Frank would not give up, I felt sure. At it they went, the snake lying in a dry ravine, and every time the dog moved it would raise and strike. This happened several times, and at last as the snake arose old Frank jumped across and caught it about the middle, and to say that there was snake flying in the air for a few minutes would be putting it mildly.

Then I fished up courage to venture nearer, and at last went to him, after being convinced that the old blacksnake had all the fight shook out of him. I found everything shook out of him but the bones, so I tied a string around his tail and dragged him home to show what Frank had killed. There I found that he was five feet and eight inches long.

Well, here is where the coon story comes in. We had, in our rambles, killed some coon, but any boy and dog could do that, so this story was really our climax. One of our neighbors came over to our house one day and said that he feared the coons were about to take a piece of corn he had over near the woods, and he wanted to know if I would come over that evening and bring Frank along to give the coons a chase. Of course I said sure! So that evening, a little after sundown, away we went. We just got to the cornfield when we heard Frank bark. Proof to me that there was going to be some sport, so around the corn we went to get between the coon and the timber. There was one little oak tree standing out from the woods a few yards, and just in the edge of the standing corn. Here Frank treed the coon. We could see him up on a limb, so at the tree Mr. Watts went with an ax, and as it was a small tree it did not take many minutes to fell it. I held Frank back until the tree hit the ground, and then let him go.

Into the tree top he went and had Mr. Coon in short order! I thought it took him longer than usual to kill that coon so we went around where he was and found that he had killed two, and was coming out on the trail of another. He caught it before it got to the timber, making three coons killed in about five minutes.

Six years later my father concluded to build a frame house, and accordingly commenced to fell trees for frame timber. About this time old Frank disappeared. We all grieved over the loss of him, although we had no idea what had become of him for about six months. Then my father told us that he had accidentally fallen a tree on him. Poor old Frank! I think to this day that he died watching for coon.

I have had many fine dogs since, well bred, intelligent dogs, but none that impresses my mind as old Frank, the companion and friend of a boy! Oh, how I loved him! Such are the memories and love for a good and faithful friend, even if it is a dog!

Hoping I get a seat with the I. W. L. A. boys,

Granville Reed.

(Continued on page 58)

The Optimist

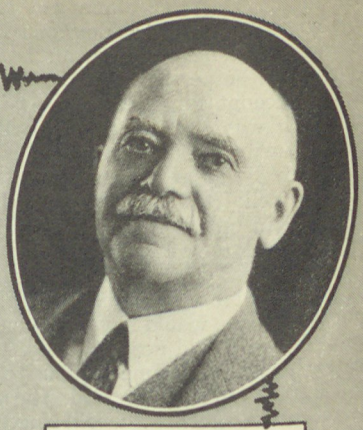
He has hope IF Dad'll come through.

George Huntzicker.

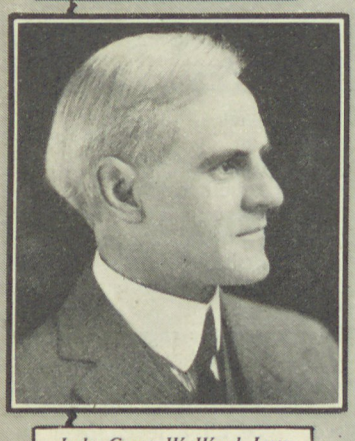
Jim Gilbert, son of James Clyde Gilbert, of Dearborn Independent fame.

Thornhill Broome, Illinois
National Treasurer

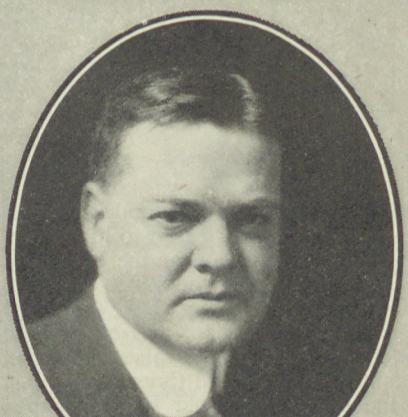
Senator L. G. Bradford, Indiana
Executive Committee



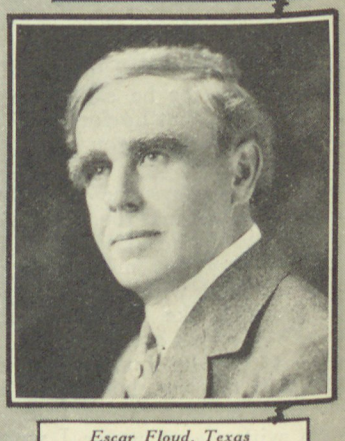
Thomas Ambrose, Illinois
5th Vice-President



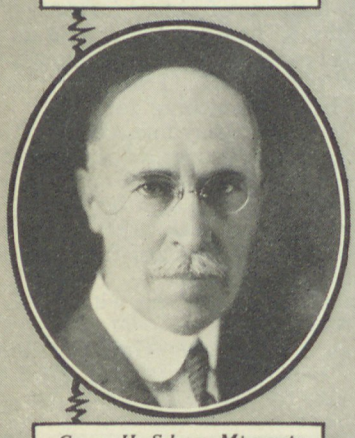
Judge George W. Wood, Iowa
1st Vice-President



Secretary of Commerce, Herbert
Hoover, Honorary President



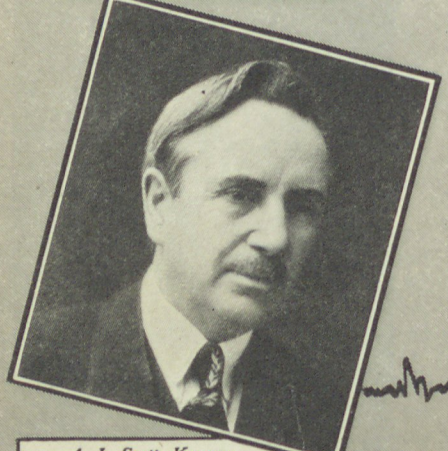
Escar Floyd, Texas
Executive Committee



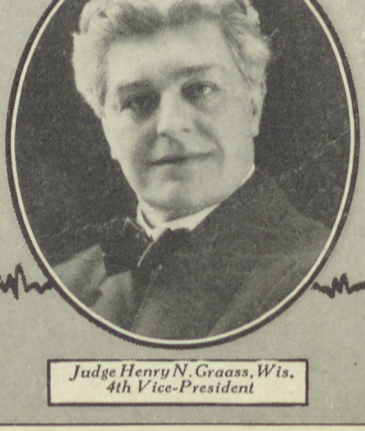
George H. Selover, Minnesota
Chairman Executive Committee

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Ill.
Executive Committee

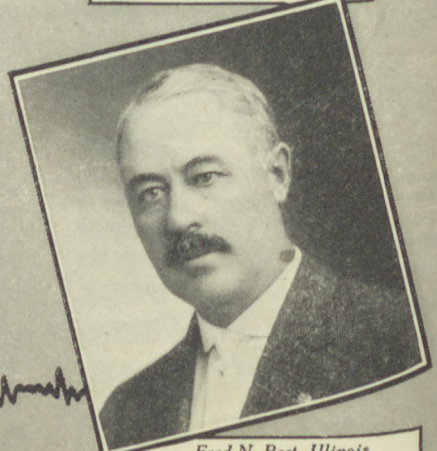
Jack R. Cunningham, Missouri
Executive Committee



A. L. Scott, Kansas
Executive Committee



Judge Henry N. Graass, Wis.
4th Vice-President



Fred N. Peet, Illinois
National Secretary

The Fourth National Convention

The Largest Gathering of Sportsmen Ever Assembled in the History of the Country Makes Plans for Great Future Activities in Conservation

THE fourth national convention of the Izaak Walton League of America closed its three-day session with resounding cheers at the banquet held in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, April 10, and manifested a spirit of splendid enthusiasm over the possibilities for the coming year.

It was a great convention, perhaps the largest gathering of sportsmen and sportswomen ever witnessed in the history of the country. Its business sessions were dramatic in their intensity, clearly indicating the deep interest now being taken in preserving and replenishing our depleted natural resources.

There were differences of opinion — but these differences arose only from a desire to plan a constructive program that will definitely establish the true purposes of this organization in the country's future policy pertaining to our out-of-doors. The program was drafted and it embodies the best ideas of the leading conservationists of America.

It would be impossible, in the rush of going to press, to go into detail concerning this program and this is an wholly inadequate sketch of what took place. For the information of delegates attending and Chapter officers, a complete printed report of the convention proceedings may be purchased from the National Executive Secretary.

Will H. Dilg, Past President, called the convention to order on the morning of April 8. The Rev. Devoe, of Illinois, offered a prayer.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, of the University of Illinois, was elected temporary chairman of the convention.

El Comancho, writer, and noted authority on America's out-of-doors, gave an interesting address on trees and unique methods of reforestation.

Clarke Venable, of Chicago, former national executive secretary of the League, was elected permanent chairman of the convention following the report of the Committees on Rules and Credentials.

Mayor William E. Dever, of Chicago, made a splendid address of welcome preceding the president's message, given by Mr. Dilg. In his message Mr. Dilg pointed out the achievements of the League and outlined the great possibilities for further accomplishments.

A smoker in the evening, presided over by Dr. Preston Bradley, of Chicago, concluded the first day.

This smoker was indeed a feature event and the convention hall was filled to capacity to enjoy the program consisting of two vaudeville acts and short, witty addresses by several leading churchmen. We sincerely regret that a complete report of the convention is not available at the time of going to press so that we could give full credit to these men whose assistance in this program was invaluable.

A. L. Osborn, of Chicago, opened the second day with an address on reforestation.

In his address Mr. Osborn pointed out the possibility of greater results in reforestation by a greater co-operation and better understanding between the lumberman and the conservationist, and offered suggestions for ways and means to obtain this co-operation for the general betterment of this cause.

Charles W. Folds, newly elected President, then read the treasurer's report for the past year. With the application of sound business principles to the administration of League national headquarters, it is believed by the newly elected officers that the report for 1927 will show a material betterment. Briefly, the treasurer's report for the League to December 21, 1925, as read to the Convention, shows a deficit for the year of $29,009.16.

The report brought down to April 3rd, 1926, shows:

Cash in Bank	$ 1,814.63
Accounts Receivable	17,304.90
Total	$19,119.53
Accounts Payable	43,618.59
Show Cash Deficit, April 3rd	$24,499.00

In addition to the above assets the League has a legacy of $25,000 from the estate of the late Findlay Barrell, which is deferred.

A round table discussion of Chapter activities and proposed plans for the furtherance of organization ideas by leaders from various states.

C. R. Hallowell, of Waterloo, Iowa, the man who purchased the land in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for the establishment of an Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge, opened the afternoon session by describing the country in detail and told of the value of this refuge in feeding the elk during severe winters.

ADMINISTRATION PROGRAM

It will be the aim of the newly elected officers, and the staff at National Headquarters of the League during the coming year, to carry the Waltonian message throughout the land. It is hoped, with the assistance of those Divisions and Chapters now well organized, effective work may be done in adding new chapters and members to the League, both by active campaigns for membership, and as a natural result of greater activity in the cause of conservation.

The policy at National Headquarters, which is in accord with our by-laws, will be to recognize only such chapters or members-at-large who report from a state where a Division has been organized, that are in good standing with their home division. By the closest co-operation with the State Divisions, we hope the best results will be obtained.

A definite and vigorous policy is to be defined in OUTDOOR AMERICA, which will emphasize the ideals of the Izaak Walton League, and, we hope, will act as a leader in the conservation movement.

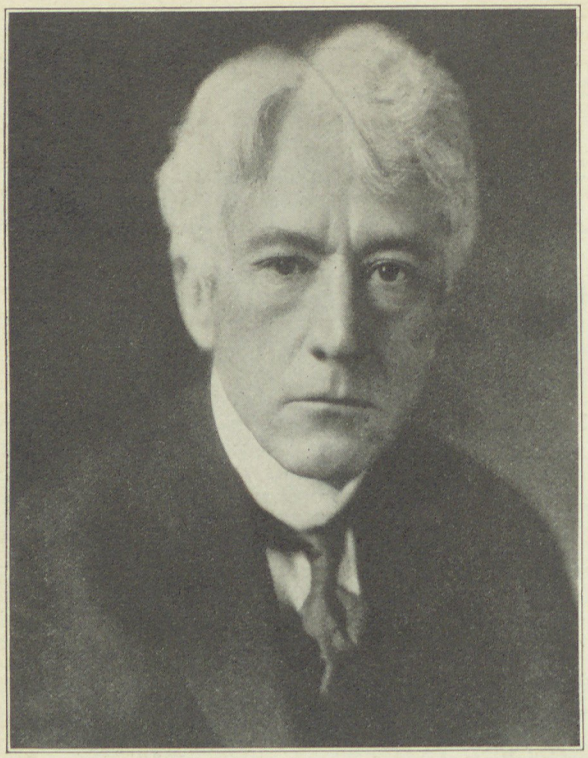
I appeal to the State Divisions, to the Chapters and to the Membership to whole-heartedly support this work, which is greater than the individual, grand in its purposes, and successful only when all of us are unselfish, and give of our best.

CHARLES W. FOLDS, President.

ELK REFUGE FUND

Treasurer's Report to the Convention:

Receipts		$41,082.91
Cost of Land	$37,320.08	
Haying, Taxes, Labor, Etc.	3,556.33	
Balance on Hand	206.50	
		$41,082.91



Judge K. M. Landis, Banquet Chairman.

The report of the Nominating Committee was read immediately after Mr. Hallowell's address.

Charles W. Folds, National Treasurer, was elected National President, and the retiring President, Will H. Dilg, was given an adequate annuity for his services, by a vote of the convention.

Other officers and directors elected were:

OFFICERS

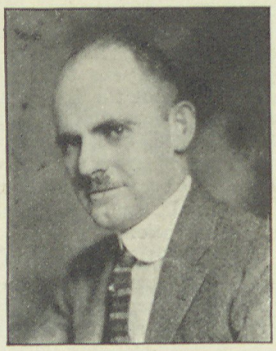
Thornhill Broome, Chicago, Ill., treasurer; Fred N. Peet, Chicago, Ill., secretary; Hon. Herbert Hoover, Washington, D. C., Honorary President; Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa, First Vice President; J. B. A. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla., Second Vice President; George H. Selover, Minneapolis, Minn., Third Vice President; Judge Henry Graass, Green Bay, Wis., Fourth Vice President; Thomas Ambrose, Chicago, Ill., Fifth Vice President.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman, George H. Selover, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.; Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Ia.; Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Urbana, Ill.; Senator L. G. Bradford, South Bend, Ind.; Judge Escar Floyd, Dallas, Texas; Dr. H. J. Donaldson, Williamsport, Pa.; A. L. Scott, Judge, Pittsburg, Kan.

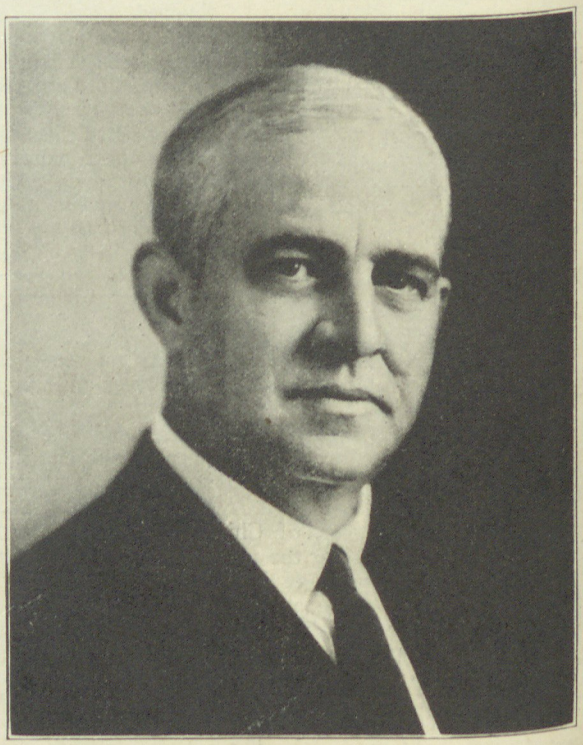
DIRECTORS

Thomas Ambrose, Chicago, Ill.; L. G. Bradford, South Bend, Ind.; F. J. Brady, Atchison, Nebr.; Judge Fred C. Becker, Lima, O.; W. L. Brann, New York, N. Y.; Dr. Ferdinand Brown, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Dr. Karl T. Brown, Muncie, Ind.; Irvin S. Cobb, Ossining, N. Y.; Harry A. Collins, St. Louis, Mo.; Jack R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.; Mark W. Cresap, Chicago, Ill.; Robert H. Davis, New York, N. Y.; Dall DeWeese, Canon City, Colo.; Will H. Dilg, Chicago, Ill.; Fred H. Doellner, Winona, Minn.; Dr. H. J. Donaldson, Williamsport, Pa.; Ben East, Flint, Mich.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; H. F. Endsley, Texarkana, Ark.; A. J. Faerber, Davenport, Ia.; Judge Escar Floyd, Dallas, Tex.; Charles W. Folds, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. Stephen A. Forbes, Champaign, Ill.; Alexander Friend, Chicago, Ill.; Murdo Gibson, Duluth, Minn.; M. L. Gochenour, Warsaw, Ind.; Harry W. Goodwin, Rochester, N. Y.; Judge Henry Graass, Green Bay, Wis.; Zane Grey, Altadena, Calif.; Glenn Griswold, Chicago, Ill.; Donald Hough, St. Paul, Minn.; Turner E. Hubby, Waco, Tex.; Dr. Burris A. Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.; Wm. V. Kelley, Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Kemper, Washington, D. C.; Stafford S. King, St. Paul, Minn.; A. F. Knotts, Inglis, Fla.; Fred J. Lane, Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Learned, Natchez, Miss.; Burr Lichty, Waterloo, Ia.; Adolph F. Long, Springfield, Ohio; Fred E. Lovell, St. Paul, Minn.; Fred Luenning, Milwaukee, Wis.; D. R. McLennan, Chicago, Ill.; M. W. Medill, Rock Springs, Wyo.; Samuel W. Morley, MacAllister, Okla.; John P. Naas, Dayton, O.; R. E. Nesmith, Dallas, Tex.; J. L. Nottingham, Norfolk, Va.; Haskell Noyes, Milwaukee, Wis.; Fred N. Peet, Chicago, Ill.; Kenneth D. Phillips, Omaha, Neb.; Louis F. Phillipps, Columbus, Neb.; Harold T. Pulsifer, New York, N. Y.; Frank K. Reilly, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. F. W. Samuell, Louisville, Ky.; Robert W. Scholes, Peoria, Ill.; Henry A. Schuil, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Anderson Lee Scott, Pittsburg, Kan.; George E. Scott, Chicago, Ill.; George M. Seaman, Chicago, Ill.; George H. Selover, Minneapolis, Minn.; Prof. B. Shimek, Iowa City, Ia.; Geo. R. Skinner, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Stick, Asbury Park, N. J.; W. A. Strong, Boise City, Okla.; J. B. Thompson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Harold Titus, Traverse City, Mich.; M. E. Towner, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. Royden E. Tull, Rockford, Ill.; Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Urbana, Ill.; Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Webster City, Ia.; Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Ia.; Harold Bell Wright, Tuscon, Ariz.

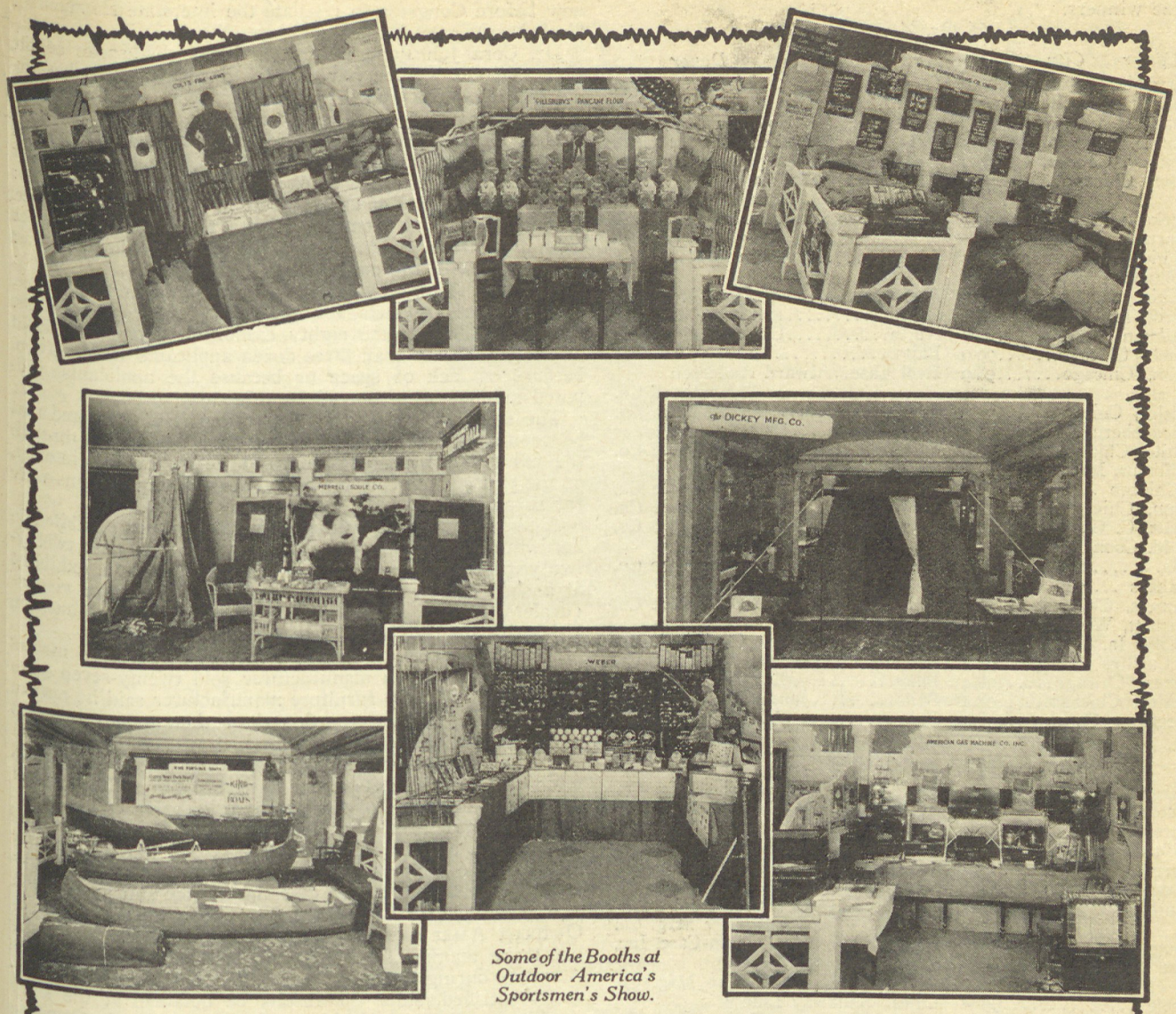


Clarke Venable, Convention Chairman.

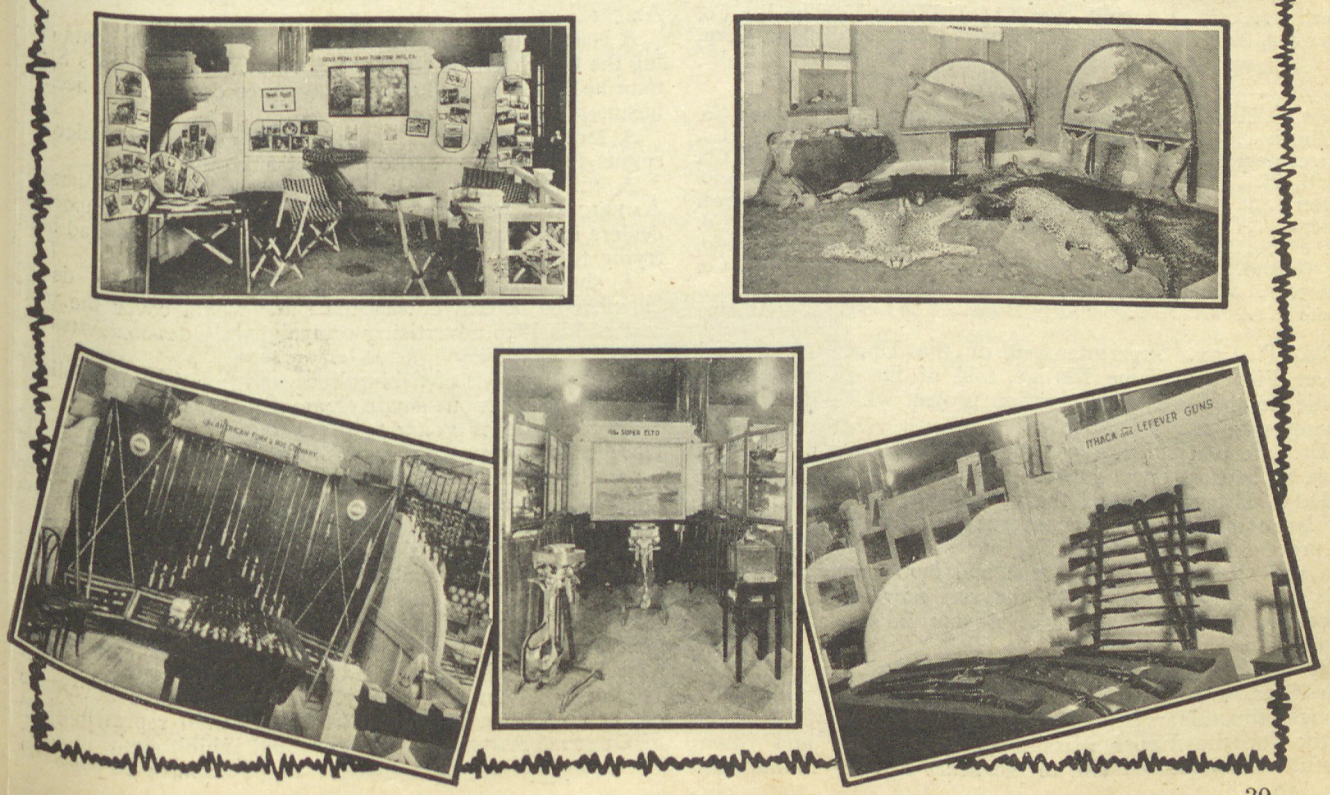
Delegates and visitors were entertained Friday evening by a bait and fly casting contest and there has never been a more interested group of spectators at any casting gathering, not even at a National Tournament. It was most gratifying and encouraging to the casters and to the local officials of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs that the visitors stayed throughout the contest which lasted until almost midnight. An even more successful Tournament will be held at the next convention. The interest shown on this occasion will encourage the officials to bring other than local casters to the event. The casters listed from outside of Chicago were delegates to the convention.



Congressman Harry B. Hawes, Speaker at the Convention Banquet.



Some of the Booths at Outdoor America's Sportsmen's Show.



Over 42 entries were in the plug event. Below are the prize winners.

⅝ Oz. Accuracy

Caster	*City*	*Score*	*Prize*	*Donor*
Bornholt,	Chicago	99.7	Gun	Ithaca Gun Co.
Burlingame,	Chicago	99.6	Rod	American Fork & Hoe Co.
Chatt, H.,	Chicago	99.3	Lamp	Coleman Lamp Co.
Naugle,	Chicago	99.3	Reel	A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Kinnear,	Geneva, O.	99.2	Knife	Remington Arms Co.
Olsen,	Chicago	99.2	Cot	Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
Clarkson,	Chicago	99.1	Tackle Box	Green-Case, Inc.
Eberman, H. B.,	Chicago	99.1	Lines	Wm. Mills & Son
Willman, Mrs.,	Chicago	99.1	Reel	Graham Reel Co.
Nordholm,	Chicago	99.1	Stove	Hugo Mfg. Co.
Willman,	Chicago	99.0	Knife	Union Cutlery Co.
Leach,	Chicago	99.0	Baits	Al Foss
Rahn,	Chicago	98.9	Reel Case	Alward Anderson Southard Co.
Zeisler,	Chicago	98.9	Tackle Box	Outing Mfg. Co.
Friedenberg,	Chicago	98.9	Baits	Lou J. Eppinger
White,	Chicago	98.8	Wafers	Merrell Soule Co.
Williams, Mrs.,	Chicago	98.8	Wafers	Merrell Soule Co.
Lynn,	Chicago	98.8	Wafers	Merrell Soule Co.
Chatt, G. G.,	Chicago	98.6	Preservo	Robeson Preservo Co.
Ladd, Coon Rapids,	Ia.	98.6	Preservo	Robeson Preservo Co.
Walters		98.6	I. W. L. A. Belt	
Sturges,	Chicago	98.5	Baits	South Bend Bait Co.
Marnett, Webster	City, Ia.	98.5	Baits	Creek Chub Bait Co.
McCarthy,	Chicago	98.4	Biscuits	Battle Creek Dog Food Co.
James,	Chicago	98.4	Baits	Fenner Bait Co.
DeVry,	Chicago	98.4	Baits	James Heddon's Sons
Eberman,	Chicago	98.4	Baits	W. J. Jamison Co.

Dry Fly—Accuracy

Sturges	99 3/15	Reel	Enterprise Mfg. Co.
Kretchmeyer	99 6/15	Reel	A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Sutter	99 6/15	Rod	Horton Mfg. Co.
Willman	99 6/15	Reel	A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Olsen	99 6/15	Stove	American Gas Machine Co.
Chatt, H.	99 7/15	Moccasins	G. H. Bass & Co.
Chatt, Geo.	99 3/15	Chair	Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
Vong	99 3/15	Fly Book	Green-Case, Inc.
Case	99 3/15	Lines	Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Steele	99 3/15	Lines	Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Leach	99 3/15	Leader	Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Eberman, H. B.	99 1/15	Cushion	Airubber Corp.

Dry Fly—Unknown Distance

Chatt, G.	99.8	Tent	Wenzel Tent & Duck Co.
Willman	99.7	Basket	Burlington Basket Co.
Kretchmeyer	99.5	Cot	Goldwyn Mfg. Co.
Chatt, H.	99.4	Table	McGrew Machine Works
Sutter	99.3	Inkwell	Jonas Bros.
Peters	99.2	Baits	Enterprise Mfg. Co.
Olsen	99.0	Boots	Converse Rubber Co.
De Garmo	98.8	Tackle Box	Kennedy Mfg. Co.
Sturges	98.2	I. W. L. A. Belt	
Leach	98.2	Fly Book	Von Lengerke & Antoine

W. T. Cox, Superintendent of the Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge, told of the splendid possibilities in this great conservation project which the League Chapters caused to be created.

Dr. Stephen A. Forbes, of the University of Illinois, gave an address on pollution.

D. C. Everest told of the methods now being employed by large manufacturing concerns throughout the country to prevent further pollution of our streams by paper mills. He spoke of the thought, time and money being given to this investigation and of the interest now taken by manufacturers in the cleanliness of our inland and coastal waters.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, National Baseball Commissioner, presided as chairman of the closing banquet. Congressman Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, whose great work for the Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge has endeared him to the heart of every Waltonian (not to mention his splendid efforts in behalf of the bill now before Congress to regulate the interstate shipment of black bass), gave a splendid address.

Dr. Cora Johnstone Best, of Minneapolis, spoke of the great support women have given to conservation, bearing out the resolution passed by the Third National Convention lauding this support and co-operation.

Herbert E. Bradley, internationally known as a big game hunter, concluded the program with a splendid exhibition of motion pictures and a description of his trips.

American and Canadian manufacturers, advertisers in OUTDOOR AMERICA, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, came to exhibit at OUTDOOR AMERICA's Sportsmen's Show, held in connection with the convention.

OUTDOOR AMERICA's show was strictly an exhibition of manufactured products for sportsmen and lovers of the outdoors. There were eighty exhibitors and every booth was taken. More than three dozen applicants were refused because of lack of space or because the applicants' proposed exhibits were not of manufactured products.

The show was widely advertised and it is estimated that between eight and ten thousand people a day passed through the exhibition halls. In point of active buying interest, on the part of both consumers and dealers, expectations were far surpassed.

A manufacturer of fishing rods said he had exhibited in hardware and sporting goods shows for the past twenty-two years and never in all his experience had he exhibited at a show that was so well conducted and where visitors (dealers, jobbers and consumers) showed such enthusiasm and active interest.

A manufacturer of outboard motors sold eleven motors in one day. A gun manufacturer sold twenty-seven guns in one day. A camp furniture manufacturer said he opened more jobbing accounts at this show than at any other at which he had exhibited.

A bait manufacturer, selling a specialty bait at $2.00 each, sold seven hundred baits in one day and from each purchaser he secured the name of the purchaser's dealer.

The manufacturer of a food product, that is largely used by campers, sold an initial order of two hundred and fifty cases to one concern, and he confidently anticipates this order will total a thousand cases before the summer is over.

A manufacturer of tackle boxes told a representative of OUTDOOR AMERICA's advertising department that if he did not make another sale from his advertising in OUTDOOR AMERICA during the remainder of the year he would be perfectly satisfied, since the results he obtained at the show would more than justify his total appropriation in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

A boat manufacturer said that he had sold more boats during the three days of OUTDOOR AMERICA's Sportsmen's Show than he had ever sold during any three days he has been in business.

A tent manufacturer opened many more new dealer accounts than he ever had opened at any other show.

A manufacturer of a dog food secured, at OUTDOOR AMERICA's Sportsmen's Show, two of the most important dealers in the country, whom, for a long period, he had been trying to sell.

A shoe manufacturer said that the profit from dealer business be booked during the show would cover the total cost of his 1926 advertising campaign in OUTDOOR AMERICA several times over.

A manufacturer of fishing lines sold two thousand dollars' worth of lines in one single day.

At the time of going to press, only two days after the close of the show, many enthusiastic and commendatory letters have been received from exhibitors and more, probably, will be received later. They will be published in the near future.

On Saturday night, the final night of the convention, exhibitors and their friends, totaling more than one hundred, were guests of the Advertising Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA at the closing banquet of the convention. All were generous in their praise for OUTDOOR AMERICA's show and manner in which it was conducted, and all expressed satisfaction that they had foresight enough to take advantage of their opportunity to exhibit and assured representatives of OUTDOOR AMERICA that they would exhibit again in 1927.

(Continued on page 96)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

HAVE a nice newsy letter from one of our live members-at-large, Dr. J. R. Wainwright, written at Millen, Georgia. He writes: "This section is much in need of the good influence that a local chapter would be sure to exert. I intend to try, when I am better acquainted here, to help organize one. The fishing in the Ogeechee River, near here, is said to be excellent. I haven't yet had a chance to wet a line therein, however, and can only report from hearsay. If it proves as good as the natives say, needless to say you sportsmen will be told so, and invited to participate. They still do some shooting of fish and some dynamiting down here, I regret to state, due principally to lack of proper fines for offenders. I've already told the Judge, that if, on one of my trips, I catch a dynamiter, I shall "bring him in with me." I'm glad to know the I. W. L. A. is behind the Game Refuge Bill. The Game Refuge Bill may not be perfect. Seldom anything ever is at the start, but time and public sentiment are great seasoners. So let's show the public we have at heart the interests of our game, lest the public do as Ohio did to quail, and deprive us of the sport which, being American citizens, is our heritage."

KEOKUK SENDS SCHOOL BOY TO CONVENTION

Keokuk (Iowa) Chapter has advanced the Junior membership idea one step farther by inducing the schools of that city to appoint a boy from a Senior High School to attend the National Convention in Chicago, April 8th, 9th, and 10th. He will make a formal report on what he has observed. The members of the Keokuk Chapter have

Three Rocksprings Wyoming Waltonians

guaranteed his expenses and in the future they will appropriate a permanent fund to continue this representation. The method of selection this year was by appointment on the part of the school authorities, but next year this school representative will be the boy or girl of the Senior High School who writes the best essay pertaining to the program of the Izaak Walton League. Dr. E. G. Wollenweber, president, continues in his letter: "The sending of a representative from the schools is a part of a plan, of general public education of the plans and purposes of the Izaak Walton League, which has been adopted by the local Chapter. The boy appointed for this year is Burdette Dunn, 20 North 15th Street, Keokuk, Iowa."

A game reserve is being promoted by the Burlington, Kansas, Chapter. H. F. Pilcher, President of this Chapter, writes: "This reserve comprises 640 acres 3 miles south of Gridley, Kansas. One section is all that can be included in a reserve under the present law of Kansas. This reserve has around 75 to 85 acres of timber and nearly 2 miles of South Big Creek, 100 acres of farm land; balance is prairie with numerous ravines. This land is owned by W. M. Pilcher of Burlington, Kansas, who is taking an active interest in the plan."

Lenora (Kansas) Chapter reports a special delegation sent to Logan recently to promote a site for a State Lake.

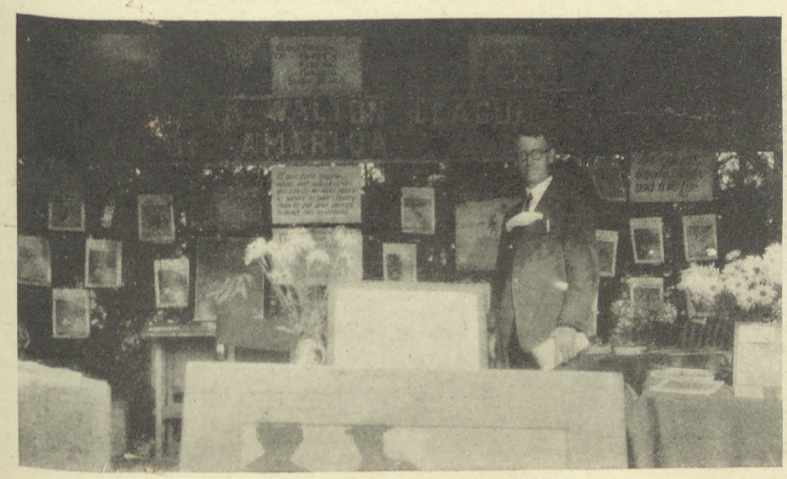
Seward (Nebr.) Chapter, recently organized, has adopted the name "Martin Hulshizer Chapter" as a tribute to the late Martin Hulshizer, "A worthy all round sportsman." The Seward Chapter has 54 as its initial membership and a drive for more members is under way. Pheasants for restocking purposes have been shipped into the County.

About 150 attended the second annual banquet of the Hamilton, Ohio, Chapter, held a few weeks ago. State President A. F. Long was one of the principal speakers, outlining the Ohio plan for the planting of 100,000 trees this spring.

Muskogee, Oklahoma, Chapter, with its 150 members, held its annual banquet a few weeks ago at which time Secretary F. J. Hill reminded his brother Ikes of the fact that Oklahoma ranks second in the country with 187 chapters in the State. He described the close cooperation the State Fish and Game Commission is giving the Oklahoma Division of the League, and the proposed fish and game preserve in which hundreds of quail and pheasants will also be stocked. Frank Kelly, President of the Chapter, advised that the preserve would consist of several thousand acres of timber land.

Belle Plaine, Minnesota, Chapter had James F. Gould, state game and fish commissioner, to address its recent meeting. The members of the Chapter were given a better understanding of the fish and game department's activities.

Canon City, Colorado, at its recent annual meeting and smoker, had as the piece de resistance a surprise in the form of a large rainbow trout. These were the product of a private fish preserve in the mountains and were the gift of Dall De Weese, who acted as toastmaster for the occasion.



Seattle, Washington Chapter

Lancaster, Pa., Chapter had its start a few weeks ago of nearly one hundred members, representing the city's and county's most influential sportsmen. Among the State officers present was State Secretary A. O. Vorse. Dr. William H. Moore informed the new members of the work being done in the State. C. F. Blakeman, Secretary of the Tiffin, Ohio, Chapter, sends me an account of the live meeting of his chapter a few weeks ago, closing with the remark that "another such affair and the Tiffin Chapter will be about where we want it." Former Senator Thomas W. Latham was the principal speaker.

Lincoln, Nebr., Chapter is active in restocking pheasants throughout Lancaster County.

"Members of the Clearwater Chapter have organized two teams and are engaging in a combined pest-killing contest and membership drive, the losing team to banquet the winners," says G. E. Mead, Secretary-Treasurer of the Clearwater, Nebraska, Chapter.

Norfolk, Virginia, Chapter at a recent meeting listened to Henry O'Malley, Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, who told them

North Baltimore, Ohio Chapter's Booth.

Columbus, Neb., Chapter defeated the St. Edward Chapter in the recent trapshoot. Columbus won by a margin of 19 targets, breaking a total of 367 against St. Edward's 348.

Reports from Clermont, Florida, Chapter, recently organized, indicate a live membership and sustained interest.

Nashua Iowa Chapter holds a special meeting.

that the department of Commerce would back to the limit Virginia's effort to increase its stock of fresh water game fish, and would furnish its best men and the equipment needed. By special arrangement with the state of North Carolina, the Bureau of Fisheries will be permitted to remove from that state black bass to be used for breeding purposes. A shipment of about a thousand bass will be sent from a Government hatchery in the Carolina Sounds, N. C., to Norfolk to be placed in the Lake Bradford hatchery.

J. W. Cluett, President of the Lake Andes, S. Dakota, Chapter, writes me: "We are stirring things up a little out here to restock Lake Andes with black bass," which, according to his statement, has not been done for the past 30 years. A resolution was passed soliciting the aid of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries for a liberal supply of black bass.

Secretary John C. Lochner says "Clermont has 17 fresh water lakes within her corporate limits and the County Lake has 1,400 lakes. Plenty of opportunity to get your line wet."

At a recent lively meeting of the Baltimore, Md., Chapter, new officers were elected as recorded in another column of this department. The new President, C. Clemson Brown, deserves much credit for the constructive work done while in his former capacity, Secretary of this Chapter. The new Vice-President, George R. Babylon, is responsible for the successful casting tournament put out last year. Deputy Commissioner, Dr. Lewis Radcliffe, of the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington; Glenn C. Leach, chief of the distribution department of the Bureau of Fisheries; Chas. A. Burmeister, President of the Washington Chapter, I. W. L. A., and T. E. McKinney, vice-president of the same organization, Ray E. Steele, deputy U. S. game warden, Portland, Ore., and Talbot Denmead, acting chief United States game warden, were present. Baltimore is on its toes with a membership drive.

Valparaiso, Indiana, Chapter celebrated its Fourth Anniversary at a banquet a few weeks ago. State President L. R. Bradford, the able general in charge of recruiting forces, under whose leadership Indiana is making notable headway, was present. Among the speakers of the evening were Pierce L. Thatcher, Secretary of the Valparaiso Chapter, and Rev. William H. Beachler, of South Bend, who is, by this time, well known to Indiana Ikes.

I am indebted to George W. Taylor, of Lake Charles, La., for a very interesting letter. He writes: "Our Chap-

The "Daddy" of This Will Know This Sign. It's a good one.

ter, a year old, has 225 members; Shreveport 500, Alexandria 250 and Monroe 175." A membership drive was put on at Monroe and the committee reports good results.

Napoleon, Ohio, Chapter recently passed the following resolution:

Whereas—It has pleased The Great Spirit to call to his last reward in the happy hunting ground our fellow Waltonian, Dayl E. Mann, and,

Whereas—The Izaak Walton League of America and Napoleon Chapter No. 6 have lost a loyal member who was ever true to the precepts and teachings of our Patron Saint, Sir Izaak Walton, and

Whereas—We have hunted, fished and tramped the trail with him and it has made us better sportsmen and truer Waltonians.

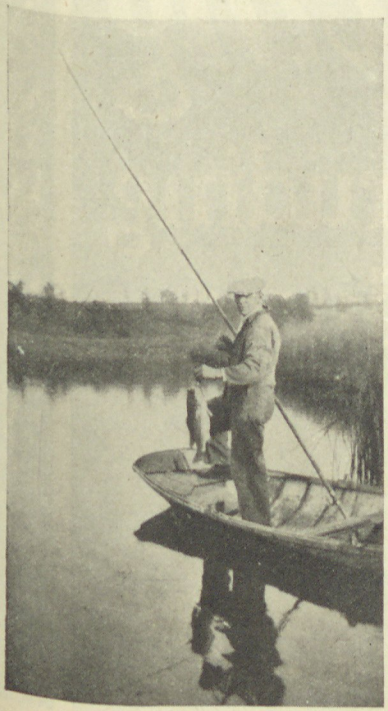
Be it therefore resolved—That this chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, extend to the bereaved family its deepest sympathy.

Resolved—That our Charter be draped in mourning for a period of ninety days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, Outdoor America and each local paper.

Rapid City, South Dakota, Chapter has passed a resolution endorsing Senate Bill 1141, for the establishment of Mena National Park.

Oklahoma State Secretary F. J. Hill is putting on several whirlwind drives in Guthrie, Okmulgee, Haskell and Sapulpa. At Guthrie a plan for a miniature fish hatchery was put over and $336 raised in one day. A game preserve and hatchery was also put over at Kingfisher in one day.

THE Olathe (Kansas) Chapter, at its recent meeting, staged a big fish dinner, following which new officers were elected for the coming year. A full attendance was reported. This chapter received a crate of quail from New Mexico, which was distributed throughout the county.



C. E. Newcomer

* * *

Streator (Illinois) Chapter has adopted a new slogan: "KEEP THE DOOR OPEN TO OUTDOOR AMERICA."

* * *

North Shore (Chicago) Chapter has gone on record to take the Game and Fish Department out of politics in the State of Illinois, and to secure enactment of legislation patterned after Pennsylvania State Laws.

Tom Ambrose, Floyd Young, Wallace Evans, Judge Carpenter have been suggested to form the commission to take this matter up actively with representatives at Springfield.

* * *

The St. Maries (Idaho) Chapter, at a recent meeting, decided to circulate a petition to close Rochat and Streit creeks to fishermen. This chapter is beginning activity towards the destruction of predatory birds, animals and rodents.

* * *

Beatrice (Nebraska) Chapter has received from the State Fish and Game Commission several crates of pheasants for restocking.

* * *

C. E. Newcomer, member of the Dayton (Ohio) Chapter, shown above with a small mouthed black bass weighing 5½ lbs., has to his credit the signing of 140 new members within two months' time. According to C. Guyton, Secretary of the Dayton Chapter, Brother "Ike" Newcomer was second highest man in Dayton's recent membership contest.

* * *

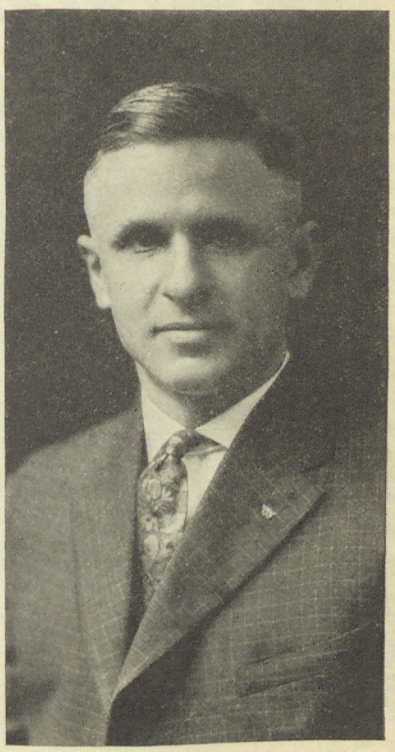
Corry (Pennsylvania) Chapter, at a recent smoker, discussed the subject, "Pennsylvania's increasing deer population and methods of control," dividing the subject into two parts, namely: "How to control sections where there is too much deer," and "Does doe killing solve the problem." Other chapters in the state are also discussing this problem. Corry Chapter, organized last November, has secured an allotment of birds and rabbits for release in Erie County; has secured permission under direction of State Fisheries Commission to use Lovell's pond for a bass breeding pond; has cooperated with its State Fish Commission toward keeping Erie Harbor and the Fisheries dock usable; and has secured Trout for stocking streams near Corry. Secretary C. L. Pitchford reports a live and active membership.

Bill Maxwell's catch (M. M. Please note)

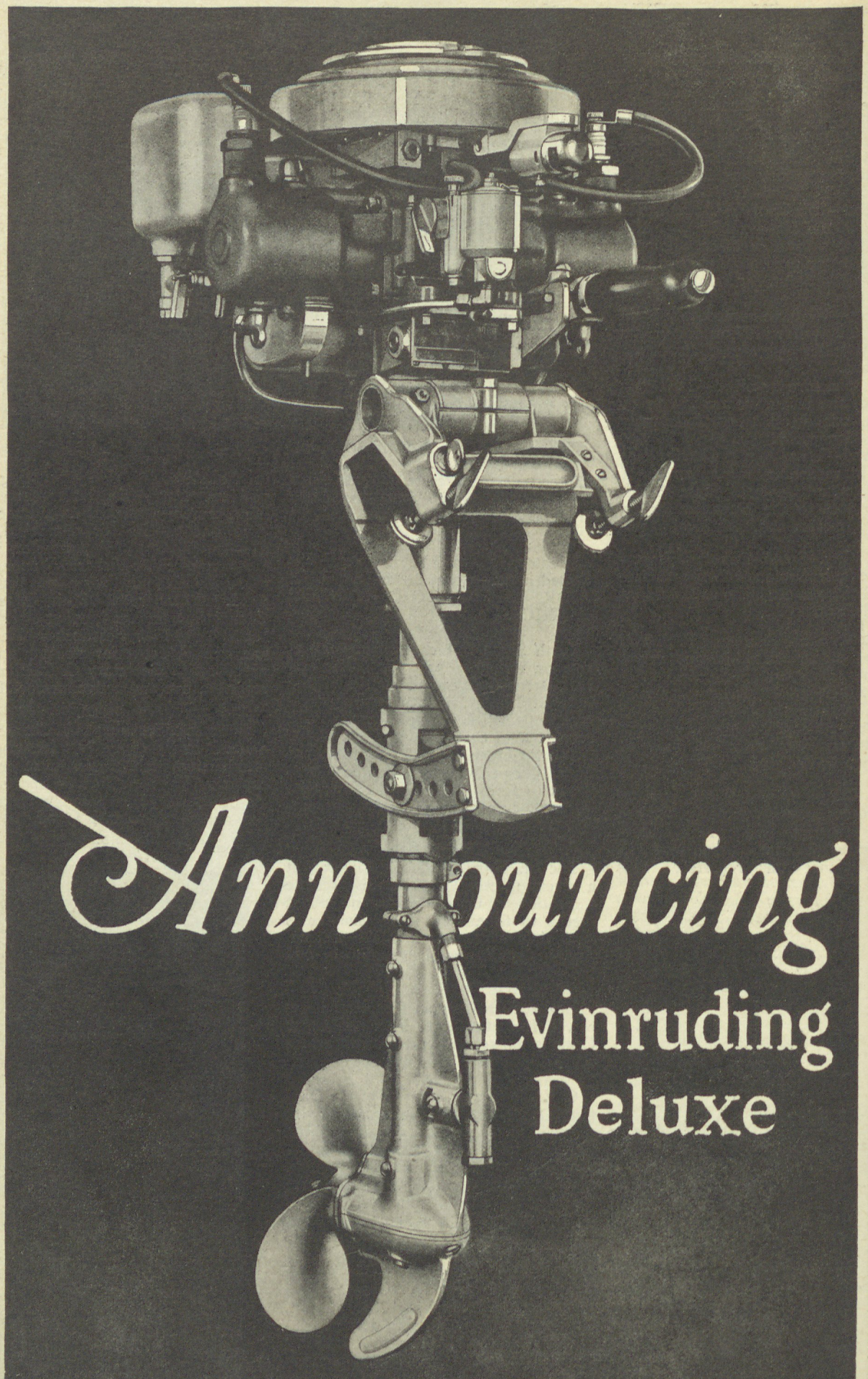
* * *

Spokane (Washington) Chapter organized in February, has increased its membership with 81 new members. It has taken over the former Sportsmen's Association and is actively promoting the annual Sportsmen's and Tourists'

(*Continued on page 46*)

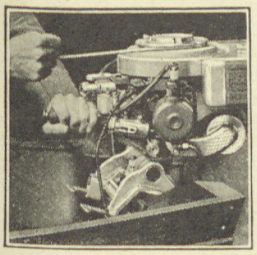


O. H. Peters, Pres. Buffalo, N. Y. Chapter

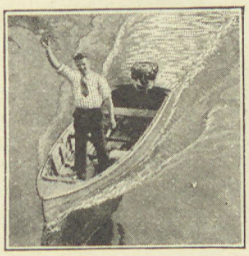

Announcing
Evinruding
Deluxe

Here are the Features that make it a Fact

THE New 1926 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin. Valveless, practically vibrationless, twin cylinder motor. Light weight of only 44 pounds. Two to ten miles per hour. And introducing startling improvements overshadowing all previous conceptions of what an ideal outboard motor could be.

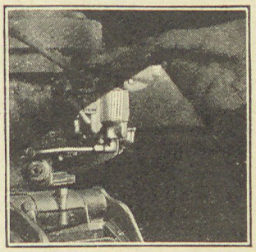


Dual Ignition—Quick starting on battery or magneto—as sure as your car. Ford type ignition—high tension jump spark. Transforms battery current into sure-firing secondary current of 13,000 volts.

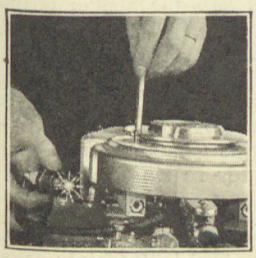


Self Steering—Simple clamp-screw adjustment. Keeps boat on fixed course. Both hands free—you're ready for the first cast the moment you reach the fishing grounds. Wonderful trolling convenience.

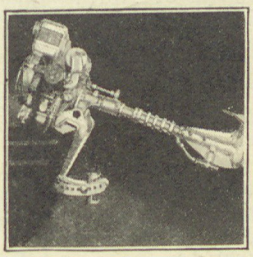
Extra Power—Power increased 30% without increasing size of cylinders or adding weight. Gained by new discoveries in intake and exhaust-port construction. Conserved by ball-bearing Power Focus Drive.



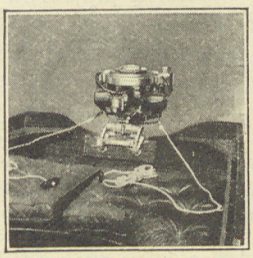
Electric Light—Brilliant 6-volt light with thumb switch same as on your car. Illuminates motor and boat. Magneto supplies current when motor is running; battery when motor is stopped.



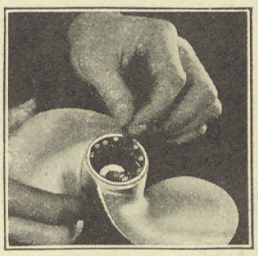
30% Hotter Spark—Spark jumps ¼" gap when magneto is turned by hand at 36 R. P. M. This is 14 times slower than Easy (rope) Starter produces, and 60 times slower than normal running speed.



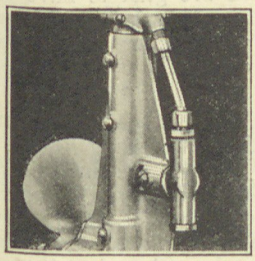
Improved Tilt-Up—Motor tilts entirely out of water. Weight over center holds motor in position. Propeller safely clears for beaching. Tilts with easy downward push on tiller handle.



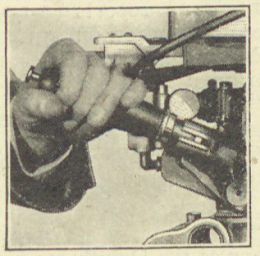
Tiller and Rope Steering—Steer with tiller or from anywhere in boat. Complete Rope Steering equipment furnished—snaps, guides, 32 feet of rope and two ebonized handles. Installed in 10 minutes.



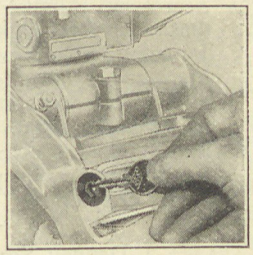
Shear-off Pin Compartment—Ingenious magazine in propeller hub houses extra pins. As handy as leads in an automatic pencil. Instantly withdrawn. Always ready—never lost or left ashore.



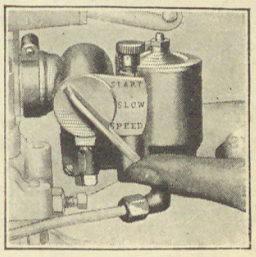
Improved Cooling—No-Clog Pump and enlarged intake and outlet parts produce a complete change of water every 5 seconds. No overheating. The same perfect cooling in reverse as in forward.



Leather Tiller Handle—Waterproof, leather handle. Easy grip, smarter looking. Controls steering, tilt-up, automatic reverse and tilt-up lock—ten minutes' driving and you master it all.



Now Motor Locked to Boat—Standard, tumbler type, rust-proof lock same as used on auto transmissions. Plunger engages groove in thumb screw, making it impossible to unclamp motor. Two keys furnished.



Anti-Flood Carburetor—New! Can't flood, load up, foul or drip. Special mixture for starting, trolling or speeding. Speed range widened 20%. 150 R. P. M. slower throttling; 200 R. P. M. faster running.

Advance showings of the new EVINRUDE Sport Twin have created such a sensation that our production capacity is being taxed to the limit. See your EVINRUDE dealer at once to make sure of delivery. Write for the Evinrude Year Book describing "Evinruding De Luxe" in detail.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 504 Evinrude Bldg., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Any other use of this name is a deliberate attempt to confuse.

Also makers of the world famous Evinrude Single and Big Twin (4 h. p., 10 to 15 miles per hour) and Evinrude Camp Stoves.

The New 1926 Champion

EVINRUDE Sport Twin

Fair in conjunction with the Second Annual Outdoor Life Conference to be held on June 24th. A meeting was held a few weeks ago which, President Harry Tomlinson reports, was one of the best meetings held so far.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Chapter was held on March 22nd. New officers were elected as recorded in another column and this was followed by the exhibition of motion picture films. A full attendance was reported.

* * *

At the recent meeting of the Buffalo (New York) Chapter the committees on the following important Waltonian Activities were appointed:

Forestry—Charles L. Couch, Chairman.

Enforcement—Edwin L. Thomas, Chairman.

Anti-Pollution—Dr. Theodore E. Flemming, Chairman.

Propagation, Fish—William C. Bailer, Chairman.

Birds-Animals—William Z. Beier, Chairman.

Educational—Prof. W. P. Alexander, Chairman.

Legislative—C. G. Babcock, Chairman.

Membership Committee—W. Laurence Morley, Chairman.

Publicity—G. Stuart Berrill, Chairman.

By-Laws—Chester B. Smith, Chairman.

Buffalo Chapter is doing some good work and we are reproducing a picture of its able president, O. H. Peters, in this issue.

* * *

Rock Springs (Wyoming) Chapter held an enthusiastic meeting recently at which State President M. W. Medill, State Secretary J. S. Preece, and M. J. Dankowski, president of Rock Springs Chapter, were the principal speakers. Rock Springs Chapter has been active in planting streams with trout as well as stocking ranches with pheasants. It is active in seeking bird and game refuges.

* * *

Atoka (Oklahoma) Chapter claims credit for being the first one in the State of Oklahoma to prepare and use a miniature hatchery of its own. Last year the output from this hatchery was 40,000 fingerlings from three to five inches in length. The ponds have been enlarged this year and the Chapter expects to put out around 500,000 bass this year. Atoka has recently leased about 7,000 acres of land and this has been accepted by the State Game & Fish Commission as a preserve. The Chapter hopes to make this one of the best preserves in the State and gives full credit to the State Fish & Game Department and Warden Al Reeves for the help given it. The accompanying picture is of O. P. Flack, President of the Atoka Chapter, with two of his boys, holding bass weighing from 5 to 7 lbs. taken from the Chapter's lake for the purpose of placing in the miniature hatchery prepared in connection with the lake.

J. A. Cushman, State Secretary Kansas Division.

Devils Lake (N. Dak.) Chapter is actively behind the Missouri River Diversion project in the state of North Dakota. Burt Cunningham reports progress among the membership of his Chapter.

* * *

At a recent banquet given by the Chicago (Illinois) Chapter at the Hotel LaSalle, plans for a great new lake covering 50,000 square miles, capable of maintaining the original level of the Great Lakes and providing an income of more than $15,000,000 from water power alone, were described by C. Lorne Campbell, Canadian engineer.

* * *

Brandon (S. Dak.) Chapter, through Secretary August Anderson, reports that since the Chapter's organization on January 20th, its membership has been increased from the original 12 to a total of 68, and states "when you figure that the population of Brandon is less than 200, we claim that we have a larger membership per capita than most of the chapters."

* * *

H. J. Denney, Secretary of the Duluth (Minn.) Chapter, broadcasted over WEBC, Duluth-Superior radio station, a strong plea for the preservation of the Superior national forests. He pointed out that only two-thirds of the land inside the present boundaries is owned by Uncle Sam, urging that the Government acquire all the land possible within the boundaries, that the present irregular boundaries should be straightened out by purchase of additional lands and that the barren cutover lands should be under the supervision of the United States Forest Service. He emphasized the fact that if the Government and state lands were combined, Minnesota would have the finest state forest in the country.

O. P. Slack, President Atoka, Oklahoma Chapter and his boys.

* * *

Paul R. Pinet, Executive Secretary of the Topeka (Kansas) Chapter, sends me this photo of Bill Maxwell and his catch of crappie, large mouth black bass, caught with silver minnow, while in a canoe, to prove that there are still some fish in Kansas. Bill Maxwell is sixteen years old and a member of the Topeka Chapter.

* * *

Utica (New York) Chapter has adopted the slogan: "1000 new members by Christmas." New officers were elected at a recent meeting as recorded in another column. President W. B. Edwards tells me a plan is under way to consolidate Utica Chapter with the Utica Fish & Game Protective Association and a committee has been appointed for promoting this plan. A lecture was the feature of a meeting held some time ago by this Chapter and the profit will be used for rearing pools.

* * *

This is Kansas State Secretary J. A. Cushman, also Chief State organizer of the Kansas Division, who has been doing some mighty good work organizing new chapters in Kansas. He has organized 73 new chapters since January, 1925. We are glad to have the other Waltonians see what our friend looks like by reproducing his photograph in another column.

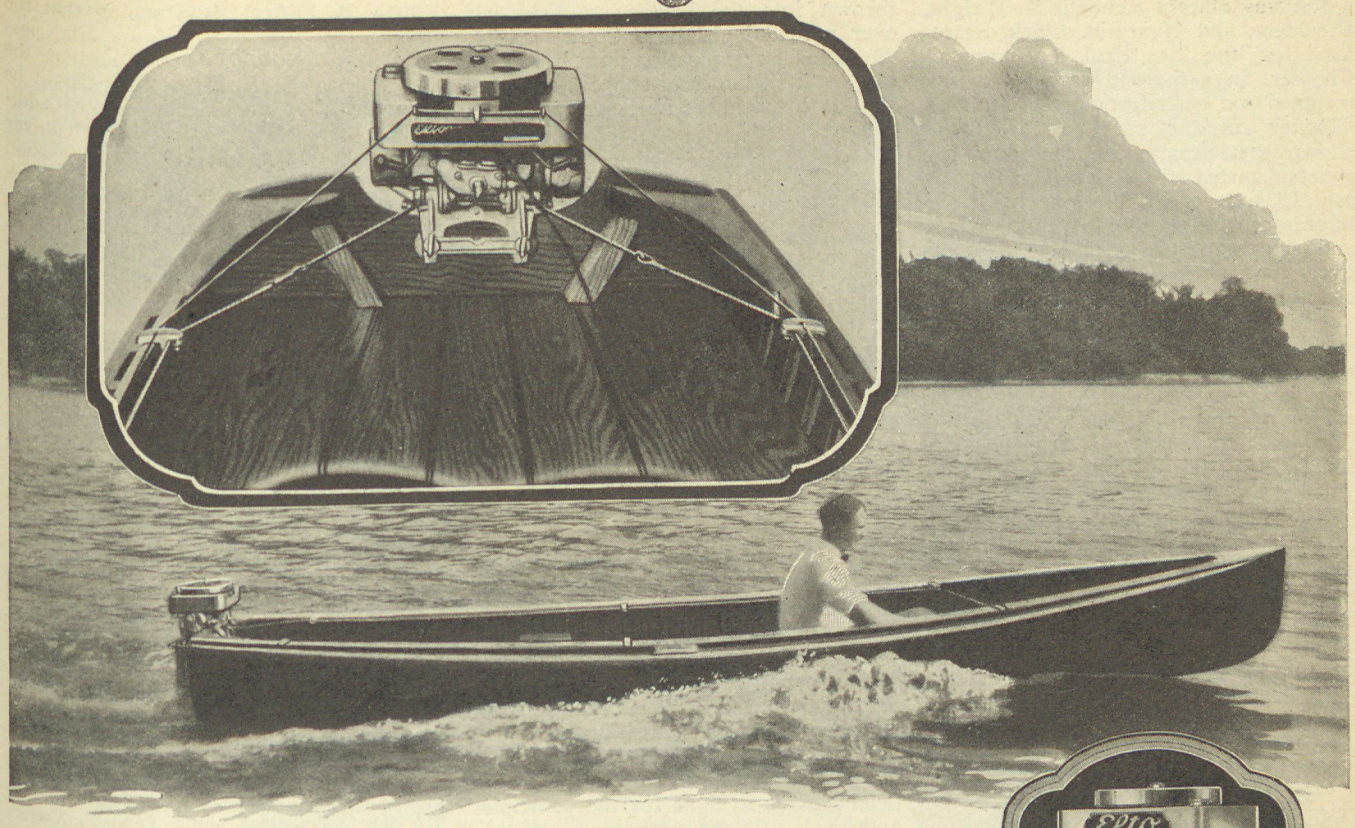
* * *

Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Chapter recently staged an interesting lecture presenting Dr. John W. Ruskin with his travel pictures covering seven expeditions into the little known parts of the world. This chapter also made arrangements to share in the sale of tickets for the showing of Dr. Ruskin's pictures in the local picture theatre in Cedar Rapids.

Baldwin (Wis.) Chapter recently staged a Minstrel performance and the duties of producer, director, business manager, stage manager, etc., were taken over by the live members of this Chapter in addition to assuming the roles of blackface talent. This chapter reports a decidedly salutary effect on its treasury as a result of this presentation.

* * *

Terre Haute Chapter, representing membership in Vigo County, Indiana, at a recent meeting adopted a resolution protesting against the pollution of the waters of Indiana and especially directed this protest against the pollution of the Wabash River. Secretary Harry Forbes was directed to notify the State Conservation Department of the condition of the Wabash River and that every effort will be made to fight present conditions.



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"Starts with a quarter turn"

The Super Elto

"Turns the Rowboat into a Launch"

Retiring officers Kenneth M. Wright, President, and Henry B. Clark, Secretary, of the St. Paul (Minnesota) Chapter, in a bulletin recently issued, resumed the activities of the St. Paul Chapter for the past year. It was shown that despite the fact that this chapter started with a deficit in December, 1924, it ended the year with the figures on the right side of the ledger and showing a gain of 109 members over that period. A review of the chapter activities for the past year develops the fact that a number of unusual and interesting entertainment features were presented as well as considerable great headway made in the matter of promoting necessary legislation and correcting of local adverse conditions.

* * *

According to plans reported under way by Secretary Campbell of the Lincoln (Nebr.) Chapter, 3,500 acres of wooded land bordering the Missouri River, northwest of Nebraska City, will be set aside as a state game preserve and bird refuge.

LaFayette (Ind.) Chapter recently held a live meeting, according to Secretary Cleveland. The occasion was a dinner at which State President Senator L. G. Bradford and Major R. A. P. Holderby, state organizer, were present. C. C. Pike, President of the Chapter, presided. Motion pictures were shown and an enjoyable and financially successful meeting resulted.

WALTONIAN QUESTION BOX

1. *Q. Does the increase in subscription price of* OUTDOOR AMERICA *affect Chapter members?*

A. The increase to $3.00 applies only to subscriptions to OUTDOOR AMERICA where membership in the League is not taken. This change in price affects in no way the price for memberships, these remaining the same as heretofore.

2. *Q. What is the meaning of "Members-at-Large"—What men are eligible for this class of membership?*

A. Memberships-at-Large may be obtained only where there is no local chapter. It is intended to provide for admission of members to the League in such cases where the absence of a chapter in that immediate community would otherwise make it impossible.

3. *Q. Is it essential that our chapter join the State Division?*

A. All chapters should affiliate themselves with the State Division. This is provided for in the Constitution and By-Laws. It is essentially one of the underlying features of the national organization, namely: that numerically the total number of chapters in a State represents the strength of that State Division, and the total number of State Divisions in turn constitute the National body. The theory works both ways, namely, that where a problem presents itself in a certain community, the nearby chapters or its members are immediately affected, requiring the weight of authority on the part of the national organization to be thrown into the balance to help put over needed legislation. Controversely, the national organization must have contact through the local support of every chapter to wield the necessary authority locally.

4. *Q. How does it benefit the chapter to become affiliated with the State Division?*

A. The answer above partly covers this question, and after all, it is the old story of the bundle of sticks. Aside from the Constitutional requirement, a local chapter standing alone trying to fight some cruel situation, would obviously be confronted with insurmountable obstacles if it did not have the national organization back of it.

5. *Q. Is it necessary for every member to take the magazine, or can we accept members who do not wish to subscribe to* OUTDOOR AMERICA?

A. The local dues paid by a member to his chapter includes a subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA, as provided for in the Constitution and By-Laws. Membership in the League means that the man, woman, or boy subscribes to the principles of the Izaak Walton League by paying his membership fee which includes local and national headquarters per capita for the maintenance of sufficient funds to fight for the principles and ideals of the League, and a certain proportion of this membership fee goes toward supplying each member with a copy of OUTDOOR AMERICA, which in itself is one of the important factors in the fight we are making for the conservation of the great outdoors.

6. *Q. If there are two men in one family who are members of a chapter, is it necessary for both of them to take* OUTDOOR AMERICA?

A. It is not necessary for two members of one family, both members of the same chapter, to be on the list to receive OUTDOOR AMERICA. In such case a special provision is made whereby the $1.00 portion of one member's fee is deducted so that only one copy of the magazine goes into that particular family.

7. *Q. Can you give us some information on the subject of how other chapters are handling the forming of Gun Clubs?—W. F. B.*

A. We have no detailed information on this at headquarters. Will some chapter secretary who has organized a gun club please send any information he may have on this subject to W. F. B. care of "Waltonian Activities?"

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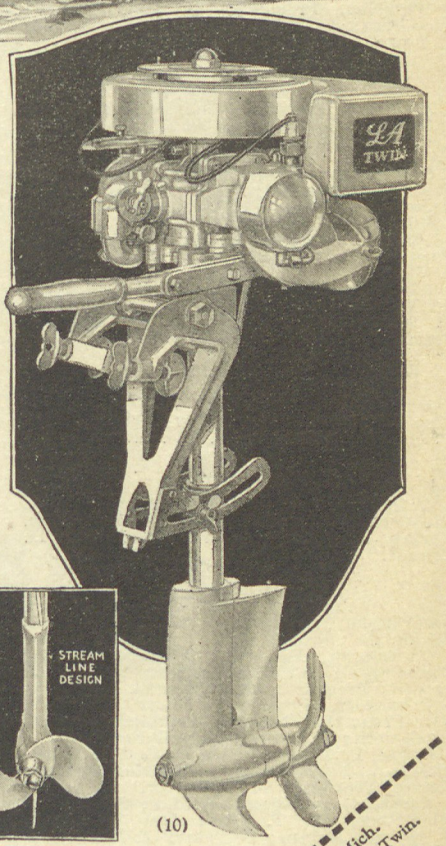
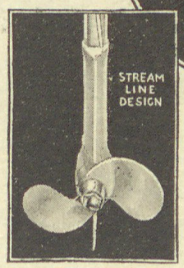
At Valley Park, Missouri, on March 3rd, the New L-A Twin set 7 remarkable speed records over an accurately-measured, one-fifth mile course. The distance was checked four times, buoys were anchored at each end, time was taken by stop watch, checked running up stream and again down stream, and the resulting speed averaged.

The Motor was a Standard L-A Twin Motor—not in full racing trim. No special effort was made to speed it up, or to give it any advantage. And here's the result on four popular types of boats built by the St. Louis Meramec Canoe Co.:

Meraco Cruiser:	Carrying three men	11.58 Miles per Hour
	Carrying two men	12.63 Miles per Hour
Meraco Speedster:	Carrying two men	12.52 Miles per Hour
	Carrying one man	13.86 Miles per Hour
Meraco Racer:	Carrying two men	13.00 Miles per Hour
	Carrying one man	14.55 Miles per Hour
Neosho Hunter:	Carrying two men	11.55 Miles per Hour

All of these boats were "in the rough"—not finished and smoothed with the usual coats of varnish. Think of it! An average speed of 14.55 Miles per Hour in a raging current with a little Motor that weighs, complete with ignition, less than 55 lbs. No wonder the L-A Twin is proving to be "the Dark Horse of the 1926 season." Already orders booked far exceed last year's total production.





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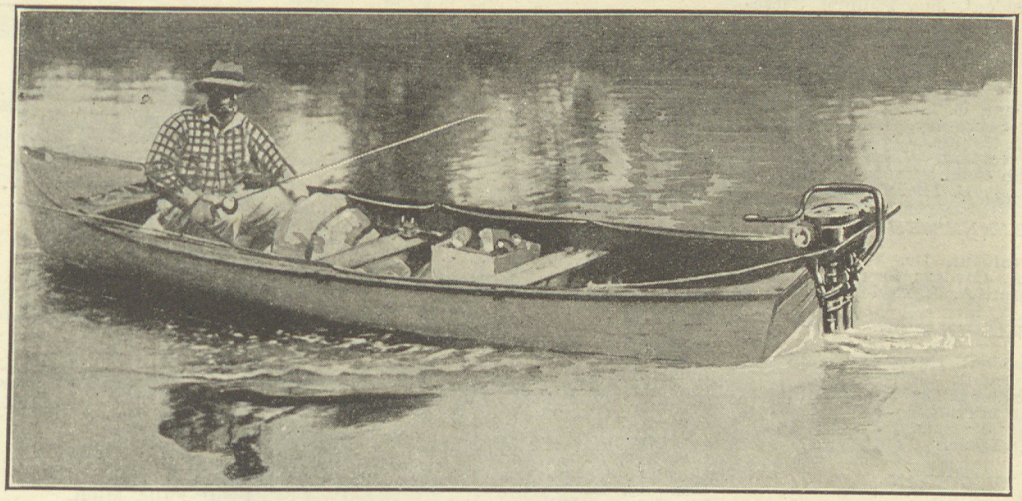

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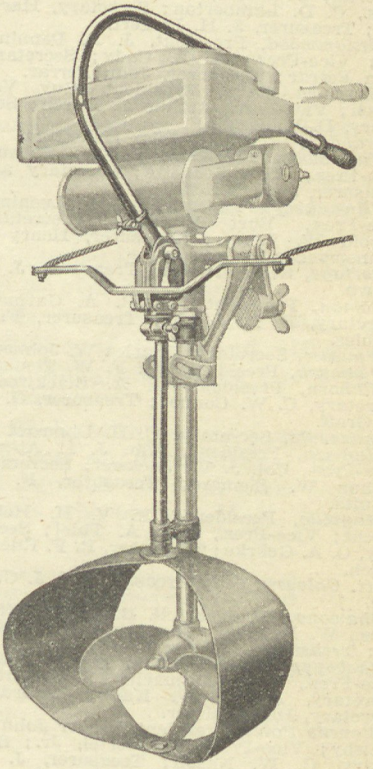

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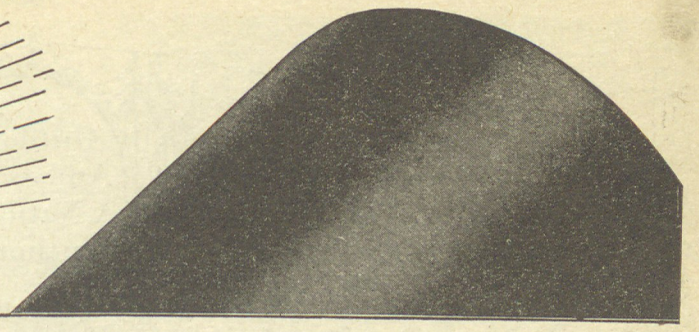
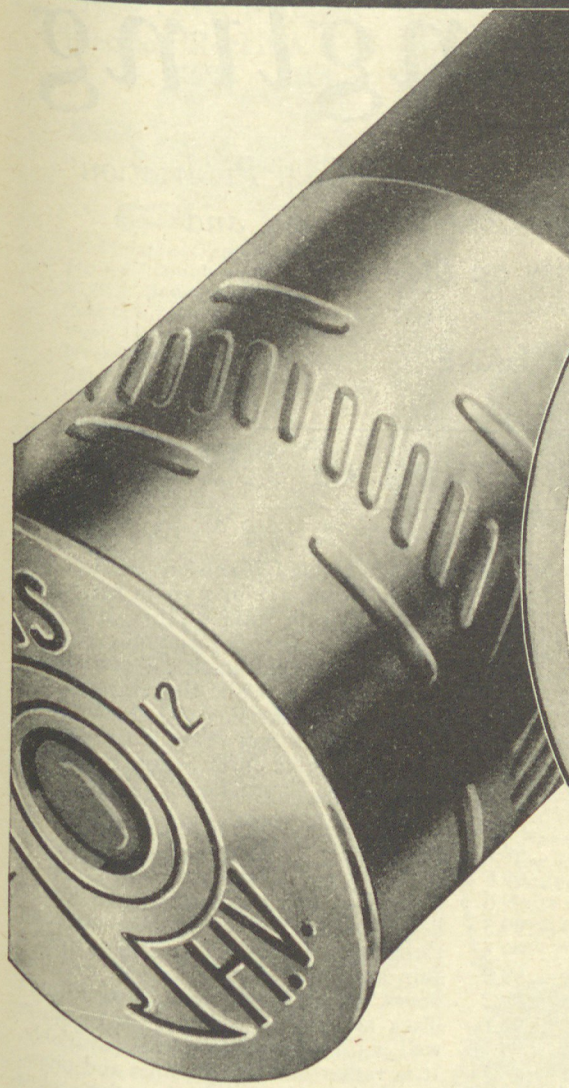


The best shell of them all!



The famous H. V. shell is entering its second year of outstanding shooting success. In a single season it has become the talk of sportsmen and hunters wherever they meet. Its record for exceptional shooting and phenomenal long-range kills has lead man after man to "try-'em-out," with the result that Peters High Velocity Shells are at the top of the popularity list all over the country.

Peters H. V. Shells are made in all regular load combinations, including 10-gauge and .410 gauge, and every shell has that game-getting *extra* H. V. range and hitting-power.

Take these H. V. Shells with you on your trip. A try-out will show you an improvement in your shooting that will astonish you and make you another of the boosters who acclaim H. V. "the best shell of them all."

Don't forget to take along your "22" for small game and target shooting, and a supply of Peters world-renowned Tack-Hole Cartridges — the choice of the crack shots at the rifle matches.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Dept. A-42 NEW YORK
CINCINNATI, OHIO LOS ANGELES

The success of Peters H. V. shell is due to the fact that it is specially and correctly designed step by step in every point of loading and construction to produce a superior high velocity long-range, hard-hitting load. It is the only shell on the market specially designed to produce the maximum efficiency of progressive burning powder. Peters Target is the shell for the hunter or trap-shooter who prefers a bulk or dense powder load. Victor is the lower-priced smokeless shell of Peters quality, and Referee the clean-shooting, Semi-Smokeless shell at black powder prices. In rifle ammunition Peters Tack-Hole and Peters H. V. Big Game Cartridges are names ace-high with marksmen and hunters everywhere.

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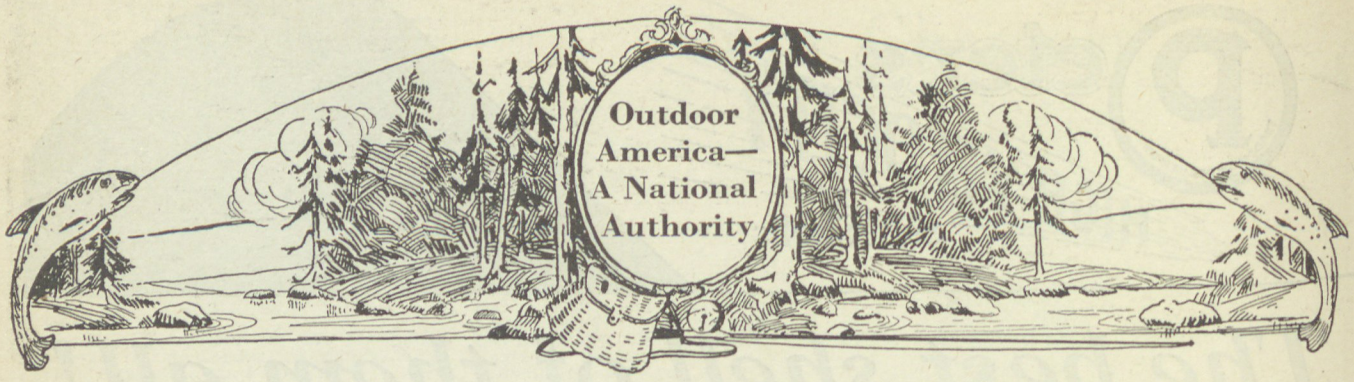


Scientific Angling

Angling is an Art, a Science. Outdoor America is the Official Publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, and Consequently a National Authority on the Subject

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Colorado Holds First Tournament of 1926

TO the Englewood Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, belongs the honor of holding the first Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting this year. Over three hundred people were in attendance at Englewood's first fly casting and target shooting tournament, March 4th. There were over one hundred entries, a number coming from Denver and Littleton, in addition to those from the local chapter.

Allen of Denver, took first honors in the plug accuracy event with a score of 99.8, which establishes a record for Colorado and ties the National record. Other casters from Denver gave exhibitions, among whom were Miss Edna Walker, distance fly champion among the ladies; E. L. Graham, accuracy fly champion of Colorado; J. Pender, dry fly champion of Colorado, who tied with P. William Arend, national champion in the dry fly—unknown distance—in the famous dry fly event at the Denver National Tournament in 1923.

Mr. Arend was in charge of the casting events, so, although holding a national championship, was not able to take part in any of the events.

The scores of the two events follow:

⅝ oz. Accuracy

Allen	99.8
Johnson	99.4
Granger	99.3
Arps	98.8
Graham	98.7
Rasp	98.3
Tedmon	98.0
Crawford	97.2
Hickey	97.1
Harris	96.8

Accuracy Fly

Granger	99.11
Allen	99.11
Hickey	99.11
Johnson	99.9
Newlon	99.8
Graham	99.7
Pender, C.	99.7
Lininger	99.6
McDougall	99.6
Pender, J. A.	99.5
Salesbury	99.5
Dakan	99.5
Tedmon	99.2
Ericson	99.1
Slager	98.11
Toothaker	98.7
Waggie	98.5
McCord	97.5

Granger, Graham and Allen are the Colorado champions in the Distance Fly, ⅝ oz. Accuracy and Accuracy Fly events respectively.

NOTES OF THE CLUBS

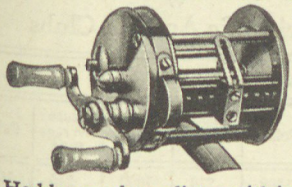
The Tournament of the Western Association will be held at San Francisco this August, but the exact dates will depend upon the dates of the National at Philadelphia. The San Francisco Club held its usual mid-winter contest on February 22 with thirty contestants from that club. With eight clubs on the Pacific Coast, the interest in casting is greater than in former years, and, as a consequence, the Association's Annual Tournament will break all attendance records to date. The Secretary of the local club is Mr. F. A. Corbusier, 444 Market Street, San Francisco, who will be glad to give information regarding the Western Tournament.

The Casters Club of the Geneva Fish and Game Protective Association of Ohio, reports a very interested group of casters of about thirty members, who have practiced every Monday evening throughout the winter. It has secured a fair sized hall and is able to cast indoors, using sheet metal targets painted black and white, which show up quite well with lighting facilities available. It is rather hard on the lines and plugs, but the opportunity for practice makes up for the loss incurred. D. H. Waite is President of the club, and J. R. Kinnear the Secretary-Treasurer.

The committee for the National Tournament at Philadelphia during the month of August, has not reported any more details beyond those published in the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, but Jack Schwinn and Art Neu write that the local members in charge are working on the platform arrangements, the prize list and accommodations for the visitors. Write either one for hotel accommodations well in advance so that the most satisfactory may be obtained.

The Box with the Red Edge
— seen and recognized more often than any other feature in the fishing tackle world.

New Level Winding Heddon Reel No. 3-25

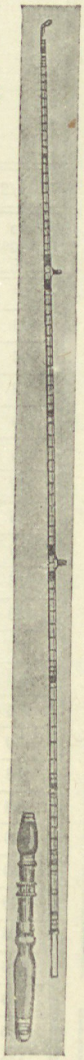


Heddon-made quality—with improved "double steady bar," relieving line-carrier and spiral gear of all damaging strain and wear. Fully hardened materials; level-winding mechanism rust proof. A marvelous value at a moderate price $25.00

Tempered Brown tone Split Bamboo

The new quality that Heddon has put into

THIS exclusive process of season-tempering adds amazing strength, spring-like life and back-bone and increases casting force without "weave," kick-back or tiresomeness. Rich brown tone is not a stain but a *new character* running through and through every fibre of the toughened bamboo. In all Heddon Bait Casting and Fly Rods from No. 6 up. See these super-values at your dealer's. Heddon Rods all lengths and weights, $8.00 to $35.00



One-Piece Rod Detachable Handle

The ease of automobile carrying has rapidly popularized the "one sticker" type of rod so greatly favored by the real bait casting fan. This special Heddon model with convenient detachable butt, is a dream of lithe, eager casting power and delicacy. In the famous Brown Tone Tempered Bamboo. All standard weights and lengths $15.00 and $25.00

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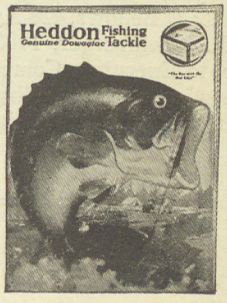
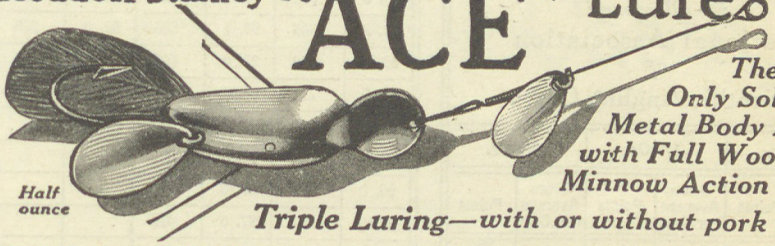
YOU'LL prize it—24 big pages in wonderful colors—game fish and correct tackle. A mine of information—backed by Heddon's twenty-five years of authority. When you've read it you'll feel nearer to better sport—you'll be surer of yourself in your tackle store. FREE

Ask your dealer to see



Heddon-Stanley "ACE" Lure



The Only Solid Metal Body Bait with Full Wooden Minnow Action

Triple Luring—with or without pork rind

Most amazing combination ever concentrated in a single bait — violent swimming, wabbling forward movement besides intense body action emphasizing triple lure of polished metal body, brilliant feather fly and flashing spoons. Casts like a bullet with any rod—even against the wind. Goes deep as you please. Weedless and snag-proof. The nearest approach to 100% in every quality a bait should have — without the drawbacks. Attracts them — hooks them and holds them.

Bodies in nickel or copper finish; red, red-and-white, yellow or black fly; weedless . . . $1.00

Mark this, Mr. Angler

Year after year, in the only nation-wide test of public record, Heddon tackle has overwhelmingly dominated—far outshining in every class with which it can be fairly compared. The proof—and its message to you—are two-fold. Heddon tackle gets the big ones—and Heddon tackle is the most wide-spread choice of anglers.

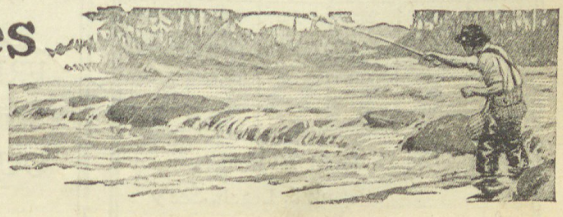
In 15 Years of Field & Stream's Fishing Contests MORE PRIZE BASS on Heddon Baits than all other makes of wooden lures combined

Mrs. Rose E. Whitcomb, Mahnomen, Minn., with her prize entry in the Detroit, Minn. contest. Heddon "Ace" bait.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Genuine Dowagiac Tackle

Heddon Fly Rods *and* Lures



Fly fishing for Trout and Bass is on the high wave of popularity— and as might be expected, Heddon equipment for this sportiest of fishing is of topmost excellence—in beauty, practical utility and super-quality. Heddon Fly Rods, Reels, Lures described in NEW 1926 FREE BOOK.

The financial arrangements are assured and everything is being done toward furthering the national event.

The officers for 1926 of the Lincoln Park Fly and Bait Casting Club in accordance with a recent election are as follows: Pres., Dr. G. G. Davis, 208 So. LaSalle Street; 1st Vice-Pres., C. R. Sigwalt, 1126 N. Dearborn Street; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. Lambert, 4420 Artesian Street; 3rd Vice-Pres., A. J. Naugle, 820 Addison Street; Sec'y and Treas., F. R. Steel, 622 Stratford Place; Ass't Sec'y, A. G. Wickland, 3220 Osgood Street; members of Executive Committee: John M. Klein, 325 Wisconsin Street; J. Bellows, 428 Arlington Street; O. R. Muehlberger, 1103 Grace Street; Rep. to Executive Committee: Chas. H. Kretschmar, 629 Wellington. Captain: Wm. J. Rohn, 2024 Sedgwick Street.

1926 ACCURACY BAITS

Schedule of Points
for all around
National Association
of
Scientific Angling Clubs

1/4 Oz.		1/2 Oz.		5/8 Oz.	
Score Average Per Cent	Points	Score Average Per Cent	Points	Score Average Per Cent	Points
100	1000	99.8	1000	99.8	1000
99.9	980	99.7	980	99.7	980
99.8	960	99.6	960	99.6	960
99.7	940	99.5	940	99.5	940
99.6	920	99.4	920	99.4	920
99.5	900	99.3	900	99.3	900
99.4	880	99.2	880	99.2	880
99.3	860	99.1	860	99.1	860
99.2	840	99.0	840	99.0	840
99.1	820	98.9	820	98.9	820
99.0	800	98.8	800	98.8	800
98.9	780	98.7	780	98.7	780
98.8	760	98.6	760	98.6	760
98.7	740	98.5	740	98.5	740
98.6	720	98.4	720	98.4	720
98.5	700	98.3	700	98.3	700
98.4	680	98.2	680	98.2	680
98.3	660	98.1	660	98.1	660
98.2	640	98.0	640	98.0	640
98.1	620	97.5	540	97.5	540
98.0	600	97.0	440	97.0	440
97.5	500	96.5	340	96.5	340
97.0	400	96.0	240	96.0	240
96.5	300	95.5	140	95.5	140
96.0	200	95.0	40	95.0	40
95.5	100				

One Demerit 20 Points
Frank S. Leach, *Sec'y*

1926 ACCURACY FLYS

Schedule of Points
for all around
National Association
of
Scientific Angling Clubs

Acc'y Fly		Dry Fly		D. F. Unknown Dist.	
Score Average Per Cent	Points	Score Average Per Cent	Points	Score Average Per Cent	Points
100	1000	99.14	1000	99. 6	1000
99.14	985	99.13	985	99. 5	980
99.13	970	99.12	970	99. 4	960
99.12	955	99.11	955	99. 3	940
99.11	940	99.10	940	99. 2	920
99.10	925	99. 9	925	99. 1	900
99. 9	910	99. 8	910	99. 0	880
99. 8	895	99. 7	895		
99. 7	880	99. 6	880	98. 5	780
99. 6	865	99. 5	865	98. 0	680
99. 5	850	99. 4	850	97. 5	580
99. 4	835	99. 3	835	97. 0	480
99. 3	820	99. 2	820	96. 5	380
99. 2	805	99. 1	805	96. 0	280
99. 1	790	99. 0	790	95. 5	180
99. 0	775	98.10	775	95. 0	80
98.10	700	98. 5	700		
98. 5	625	98. 0	625		
98. 0	550	97.10	550		
97.10	475	97. 5	475		
97. 5	400	97. 0	400		
97. 0	325	96.10	325		
96.10	250	96. 5	250		
96. 5	175	96. 0	175		
96. 0	100	95.10	100		
95.10	25	95. 5	25		

Acc'y Dry Fly One Demerit
15 Points
Unknown Distance One Demerit
20 Points
Frank S. Leach, *Sec'y*

Any Questions
Pertaining
to
Scientific Angling
will be answered
by
FRED J. LANE, *Editor*
SCIENTIFIC ANGLING DEPT.
OUTDOOR AMERICA

NEW SCHEDULE OF POINTS ADOPTED FOR CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS

Secretary Leach of the National Association has compiled the new schedule of points with the 1,000 mark based on the records in each event. A study of this schedule will be of great help not only to active bait and fly casters, but also to all Walton League Chapters who contemplate casting events during the summer.

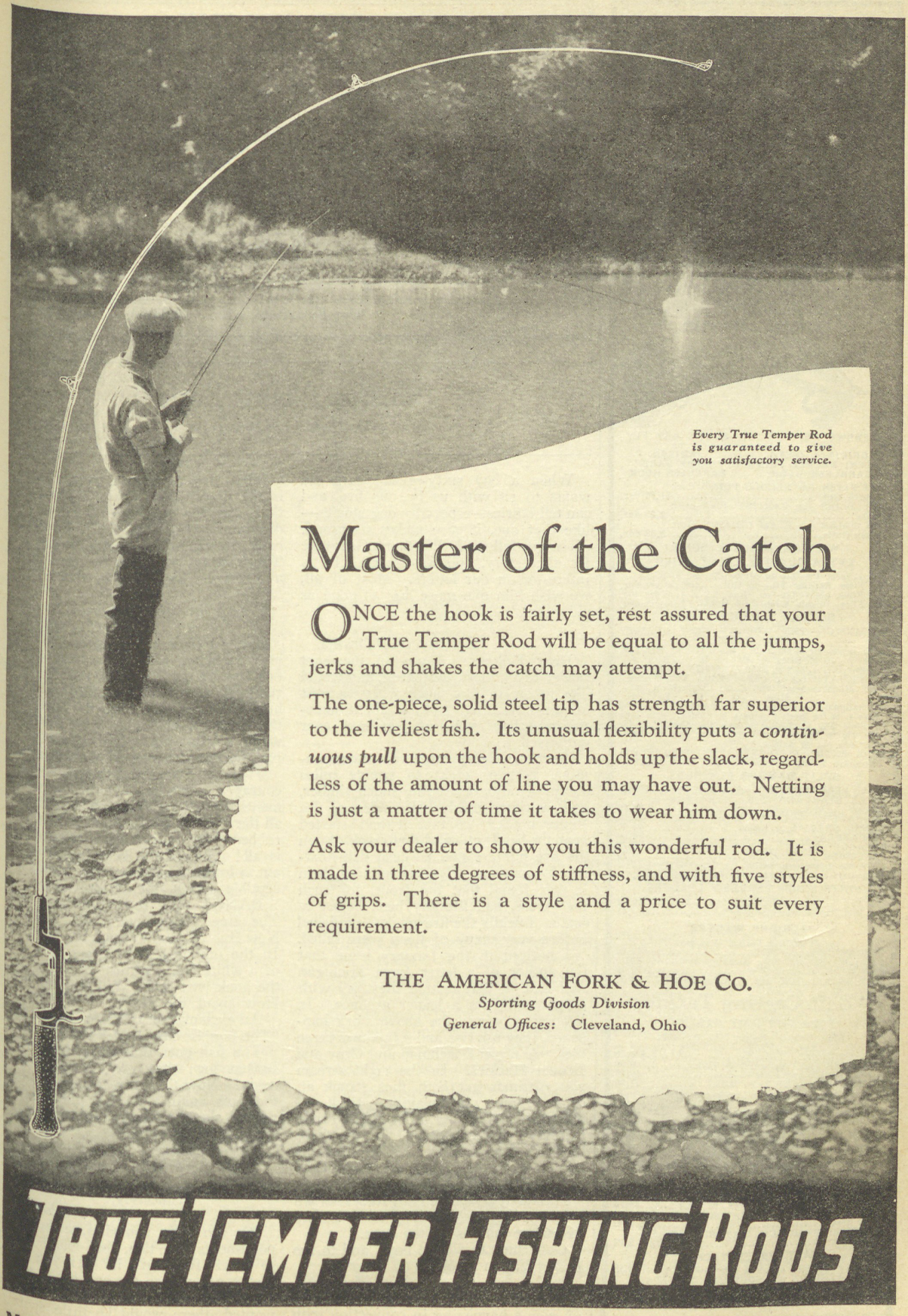
1926 DISTANCE BAITS

Schedule of Points
for all around
National Association
of
Scientific Angling Clubs

1/2 Oz.		1/4 Oz.		5/8 Oz.	
Score Average Feet	Points	Score Average Feet	Points	Score Average Feet	Points
268	1000	216	1000	245	1000
266	988	214	988	240	970
264	976	212	976	235	940
262	964	210	964	230	910
260	952	208	952	225	880
255	922	205	934	220	850
250	892	200	904	215	820
245	862	195	874	210	790
240	832	190	844	205	760
235	802	185	814	200	730
230	772	180	784	195	700
225	742	175	754	190	670
220	712	170	724	185	640
215	682	165	694	180	610
210	652	160	664	175	580
205	622	155	634	170	550
200	592	150	604	165	520
195	562	145	574	160	490
190	532	140	544	155	460
185	502	135	514	150	430
180	472	130	484	145	400
175	442	125	454	140	370
170	412	120	424	135	340
165	382	115	394	130	310
160	352	110	364	125	280
155	322	105	334	120	250
150	292	100	304	115	220
145	262	95	274	110	190
140	232	90	244	105	160
135	202	85	214	100	130
130	172	80	184	95	100
125	142	75	154	90	70
120	112	70	124	85	40
115	82	65	94	80	10
110	52	60	64	75	
105	22	55	34		

One Foot Average 6 Points
Frank S. Leach, *Sec'y*

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.



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Wet Flies, Regular Tie—on Gut.....$1.50 per doz.
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Dark Brown or Green. For Dry Fly and Wet Fly.

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Intrinsic .....30 yds.	$12.75	$10.75	$9.25	$8.75

INTERNATIONAL. Soft Finish. Dark Brown
Made to Meet (and Beat) Competition

Sizes	C	D	E	F
International ....30 yds.	$4.50	$4.00	$3.75	$3.50

Size C is for Rods 8 ounces in weight. Size D is for Rods 5½ to 8 oz. in weight. Size E is for Rods 4½ to 5½ oz. in weight. Size F is for Rods under 4½ oz. in weight.
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MILLS' STANDARD (Better than Others' Best)..... 31.00
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TUSCARORA..... 10.00
PARAGON..... 7.75
EXCELSIOR..... 5.75
All made in patterns suited for Trout Fishing (Wet or Dry) and for Bass and Western Steelhead.

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ALL HAVE EXTRA TIPS
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MANCO No. J314, Jeweled Nickel Plated..... 6.75
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J. VOM HOFE B'OCEAN REELS

1926 DISTANCE FLYS

Schedule of Points for all around National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Salmon		5 3/4 Oz.		4 3/4 Oz.	
Score Average Feet	Points	Score Average Feet	Points	Score Average Feet	Points
151	1000	123	1000	125	1000
150	988	120	964	120	940
145	928	115	904	115	880
140	868	110	844	110	820
135	808	105	784	105	760
130	748	100	724	100	700
125	688	95	664	95	640
120	628	90	604	90	580
115	568	85	544	85	520
110	508	80	484	80	460
105	448	75	424	75	400
100	388	70	364	70	340
95	328	65	304	65	280
90	268	60	244	60	220
85	208	55	184	55	160
80	148	50	124	50	100
75	88	45	64	45	40
70	28				

One Foot Average 12 Points, Frank S. Leach, *Sec'y*

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 35)

When a boy sixty-seven years old wants to sit with us by our fire, and can tell stories—especially dog stories—like that one, it sure makes us proud, doesn't it, fellows? We thank Granville for that story, and we are glad he is interested in our letters. Most of all, we wish him one more dog as good as old Frank!

Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

Dear Fellows: I am an incessant reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA, and would like to sit in the shack with the rest of you boys. My story is about something perhaps none of you have ever witnessed.

There was a big fire across the mountains, perhaps eight to twelve miles away. It was destroying much timber, and working down both sides of La Bonte creek. In fact it had started near the headwaters of that creek. Soon the fire fighters noticed dead fish floating downstream. Upon examining them it was found that the trout, for such they were, had literally been boiled to death. Luckily the fire was extinguished before very many of them were killed.

I noticed in the January issue that the author of a letter from Michigan said that in that section they fish with only one fly on a leader at once. In Wyoming, where the above story happened, they use two and sometimes three flies. A Royal Coachman and Gray and Brown Hackles. In the right stream you ofttimes get both flies struck at, or sometimes while playing a trout another will strike your other fly, and then you have your hands full. Of the three kinds of trout in this locality the rainbows are thickest, then the Loch Levonds and then the brookies.

Although my home is in Nebraska we have a cabin in Wyoming in which we live three months of the year.

Good luck to all the boys, and to the Izaak Walton League.

Ross McCain.

Even the editor never saw or heard of such a happening in connection with a forest fire, as you describe, Ross. It is the descriptions of experiences like that, and the exchange of ideas from different sections of the country that helps to make our circle interesting. There seems no limit to the damage a forest fire can do, does there?

3106 Fullerton Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Fellows: Imagine the soft breeze ruffling the blue water; the reflections of the last rays of a glorious red-gold sun, that is slowly hiding behind the trees that edge the little bay; the lily pads entangled with moss and water weeds; the splash-splash of the piscal tribe, the hum of myriad insects.

Then see a small boat; two boys discouraged after a day of disappointments; time to go in; no luck through all the long day; hands blistered, thumbs rubbed to the quick; one more cast, that is all! Slowly the line goes out, out, out, a long graceful arc. A barely perceptible splash, then a dull retrieving.

BANG! The rod bends and loops. The line whips, pulls and threatens. Now this way, now that. Set the hook! In the dimming light there is a flash of a white belly, a form in the air! Is the hook well set? Will the line hold? How about the rod?

An exclamation from one of the boys, "The biggest bass I ever saw!"

The fish goes that way, toward that sunken log; that way, between those reeds! Now this way, toward the boat, then off again. At last the frenzied rushes slow. The gallant fish slowly approaches his nemesis.

"A ten pounder!" cries the boy.

"Yes," agrees the other, "a ten pound dog fish."

Sincerely,
C. B. Hankel, Jr.

It's the little comedies, even disappointments like this, that make fishing so much fun, isn't it? If you knew that you could go out and get a certain fish every time, or as many as you wanted, there would be little sport to

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it. A well told story, and better luck to you two boys next time.

1228 Elizabeth St.,
Madison, Wis.

Dear Editor and all the Regular Fellers:

I belong to the Izaak Walton League and I want to try to tell you about a few of my experiences.

When I was six years old I went fishing one day with father on Lake Wingra. I could not swim then, so father tied a rope around my body with a loop on the other end, which he kept in his arm. He threw out a line baited with a live frog harnessed to the hook. After a short time I felt a hard tug on my line. I told father, who replied, "Hold a tight line and pull in." This was hard to do, but father kept on telling me to pull hard. After a while I pulled in the fish, a three pound pickerel—the only fish we caught that day. Since that time I have caught many different kinds of fish, including black bass which have given me many thrills and a lot of fun.

Our hikes in the country to watch bird life have always been real fun. One day we found over 25 different kinds of wild flowers and saw over 20 different kinds of birds. It is real sport to study their habits. During one of our hikes last spring we found quite a lot of quail, and this fall in the same place we flushed a number of large coveys. I wonder if they will be there next spring to answer my call "Bob White!" I know quite a bit about their habits, and their hardships in keeping alive during the cold winter. I can't see why sportsmen want to shoot Bob Whites.

A few years ago my father gave me a Daisy air gun, with which I soon learned to shoot sparrows and one day I dropped one while on the wing. Father has since given me a Savage, bolt action 22 caliber repeating rifle, and I am now being taught to use it with safety.

We had a prize membership drive here last year, and each one was to get as many members as he could. My father was very busy, so I asked him to give me some application blanks so that I might help. Daddy at first felt that it would be too hard for me, but explained what I would have to do. The following evening after school I got two new members, and by the end of the tenth day dad and I had 37 new members and their fees. I got the second prize which was a casting rod and reel. I attend some of the chapter meetings, but the most interesting one was when Jack Miner showed us pictures of Canada Geese, and how he makes wild birds his friends.

I live near a city park. This park is between two lakes through which the Yahara River flows. This is a small stream. Lake Mendota is about three feet higher than Monona, which allowed them to extend a 24 inch pipe line to the lagoons in the park. Spawning beds were made and now they have about 5,000 and 10,000 fingerling black

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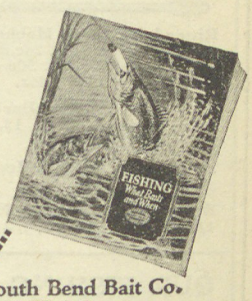

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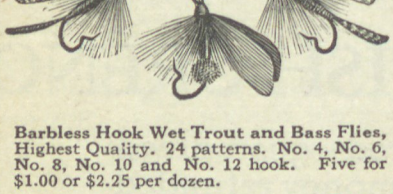

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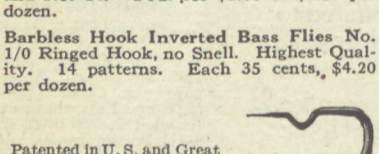

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Ringed Barbless Hooks (cut shows No. 1/0). Nos. 8 and 6, 20c doz. Nos. 4 and 2, 25c dozen. No. 1/0, 30c doz. No. 3/0, 35c doz. No. 4/0, 40c doz. No. 5/0, 50c doz.

Turned-Down-Eye Barbless Hooks, for fly tying, Nos. 8, 10, 12, and 14, 25c doz. $1.75 per 100.

Single Gut Barbless Hooks Nos. 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12—doz. 75c.

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Dept. W
739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

bass in these lagoons, ready to be planted in the lakes. There are five lakes close by. Many times we watched large schools of young black bass playing, and I have seen mother and father bass make their nest by fanning with their tails until sandy bottom appeared. I have also seen them defend their spawn and young against rough fish. This gave me even more thrills and fun than catching them with my casting rod.

Wishing every true sportsman good luck, and a happy new year,

FRANKLIN KING, age 12 years.

You are a real Waltonian, Franklin, and a real outdoor man besides. We are proud to have you come in and join our circle around the fire. That new membership record gives the other fellows something to aim at when their own chapters are staging drives. Fine work. It is for you boys that this League is fighting, and we like to see you willing to help.

Schuyler, Nebraska.

Dear Boys:

While our old campfire is dying let us gather new sticks and logs so we will have a bigger and better campfire this coming year.

I don't know as I belong to this corner, because I'm a girl, but I have a dog, a gun, and a nickname, anyway. I hunt and fish with dad, for we are regular pals.

Last fall we had one hunting trip, the last of the season, together. We rolled out about 4:00 A. M. We were at our blind and had our decoys out by daylight. Soon dad said, "Here comes some ducks. Get down!" They came all right. I confess I was rather excited to see them circle and come towards us. Dad said, "Let them have it," and we both shot. Seeing mine hit the sandbar I rushed out of the blind and got it, not even waiting to shoot again. It was a widgeon.

Dad and I always set our limit at eight ducks so when we had eight birds we pulled up our decoys and went to the shack. I killed two crows on the way. You may be sure I did justice to the slap-jacks mother put before me. Pardon my honesty, but I only ate a dozen.

An enthusiast for the Izaac Walton League, and the corner for Mostly About Boys, I am,

LUELLA HASHBERGER,
Just Hashee.

Any girl that has a dog, a gun, and a nickname, and can drop a widgeon on the wing, and will set her limit on ducks far below the legal bag, is regular fellow enough for this shack, isn't she, boys? She can come in any time she likes, and we'll always have a place for her by the fire.

Ponchatoula, La.

Dear Editor and Gang:

Fellows, I have a story to tell. Wednesday before Thanksgiving I went hunting, and stayed until Friday morning. Wednesday evening as I was paddling up a small bayou, I saw my first deer, a small buck. He was looking at me, and the minute I saw him, Zip! he was gone.

The next morning I shot six squirrels. This being as many as we could eat I came back to camp. Talk about a good meal, dinner was that meal! We had a dish which is known in the camps as "Hush-puppy-stew." That evening I got within some twenty yards of a large doe. She was feeding and did not notice me until I had a good look at her.

Well fellows, I had to go back to school, and am still waiting for a chance to look down my gun barrel at a buck, although the men in our party killed two nice ones.

Just a Boy,
PAT RICHARDSON.

A boy who can go hunting and not get his buck, but still had fun enough that he wants to tell us other fellows about it, is the sort of a sportsman we want in this gang. Better luck next time, Pat.

Bricelyn, Minn.

Dear Editor:

Have been reading the stories from the boys in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and I think they are fine. And I think the Izaac Walton League is the best thing in the whole world. My father talks about it to everybody.

Will tell you about my trapping trip that my pal, Robert, and I took last winter. He is older than I. I was nine years old last July. We took my five traps and went out in the country and set them under a culvert. The next morning we went back to see what we had caught, and sure we had a catch. I thought it was the biggest skunk there was. We pulled it out of the culvert and killed it with a stick, and carried it home, smell and all. We paid a boy ten cents to skin it. But when we wanted to sell the skin we were told it was only a civet cat, so our catch wasn't worth much.

ROLFE HANSON.

Never mind, Rolfe. You had the fun anyway, and the smell too. Next time use a long stick, and carry the skunk or civet cat home in the trap, on the end of a pole, and the smell won't be so bad.

633 Summit Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

I have never had much experience in trapping or hunting, but I have fished quite a bit. I want to tell about my only trapping experience.

I was invited out to Lake Beulah for the week-end last winter, so I took the interurban for East Troy, a small town near there. Then came a hike that took an hour or so, through deep snow. I arrived with an empty stomach. It was just about dinner time, so I didn't have to wait very long. Oh, boys, you can't imagine how good that dinner tasted. Potatoes, eggs, bacon and hot coffee! After dinner I went

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out to the woodshed and got some sticks to make a figure four box trap, and a tip-up fishing device.

About four o'clock I went out on the ice, and chopped a hole for my tip-up, and set it. Then I set my box trap for rabbits on a rabbit run, and set my steel trap for muskrats down in the channel, and then I returned for supper.

Next morning I woke up at five, wondering if I had anything. I went first to my tip-up, and imagine my surprise when I pulled up a good sized pickerel. Next I went to my steel trap. No luck. Then I trudged back up the hill, wondering whether I had a rabbit. As I came in sight I saw the box was down, and you can imagine how excited I was. I ran all the way to the trap. I then carefully pulled a top board off, and looked in. There was my first rabbit.

I returned home that night with my trophies and thought I had had the most sport that had come my way for a long time!

CHARLES H. STODDARD, JR.

A happy week-end all right, Charles. A fellow has to get out into the woods and fields to have them, doesn't he, and the winter is a pretty good time for sport, isn't it?

Panta-Loon

By ESTELLE J. GULE

In the heart of the pine woods of northern Wisconsin there are two beautiful lakes. The larger one with its irregular shores and tiny islands thickly wooded, attracts many sportsmen each year. The smaller is nothing more nor less than a large pool that sparkles in the sunlight like a wonderful gem set deep in the heart of the forest. In perfect harmony with its surroundings it is inspiringly called "Lake Harmony"—Too small to attract the ambitious fisherman its peace and quiet are seldom disturbed—On its banks browse unmolested the prickly porcupine and the deer.

On a narrow ridge between these two lakes has been built a log bungalow. Surrounded by wide screened porches it suggests the lazy joys of vacation time, and is called by its owner, Palshak—so named because only those are invited who are really pals, congenial spirits loving to shed the restrictions of civilization and hie themselves far from the maddening crowd. Guests come and go during the summer months, each enthusiastic over the life and the country. One and all feeling the fascination of that tiny gem, Lake Harmony.

It was on a quiet evening in early July that the subject of my sketch first came to our notice. We were at dinner, served on the screened porch overlooking "Harmony." Suddenly some one exclaimed; "Look at that Loon family!" The wag of the party immediately added; "Well, well, Ma Loon, Pa Loon, and Panta-Loon." And so they remained to us throughout the summer Ma Loon, Pa Loon, and Panta-Loon.

SHAKESPEARE KALAMAZOO CASTING ROD
A beautiful two-piece, hand-made bait casting rod. Honor-built from butt to tip of split bamboo.

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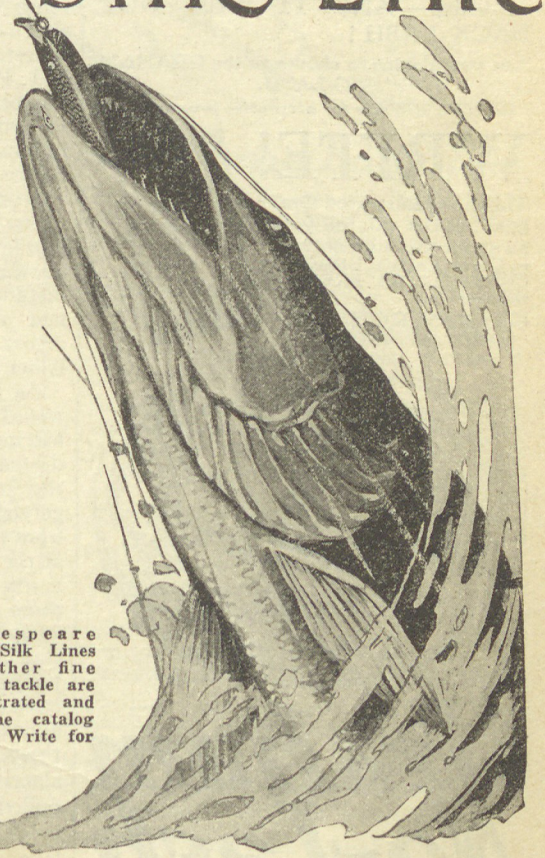

Shakespeare Super-Silk Lines and other fine fishing tackle are completely illustrated and described in the catalog pictured below. Write for a copy.

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So positive, so constant, is the *governor control* of the GRAHAM NO-LASH Reel that it is never necessary to thumb it during the cast, even though the distance is great. *It's the reel that can not back-lash!*

In fact, the GRAHAM NO-LASH is designed to function best without thumbing, except for the slight touch to slow the bait as it nears the water. This superior new reel will give you distance—anything any other reel provides—AND IT WILL NOT BACK-LASH!

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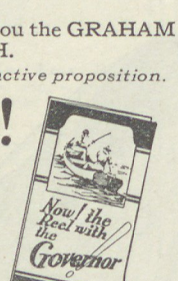

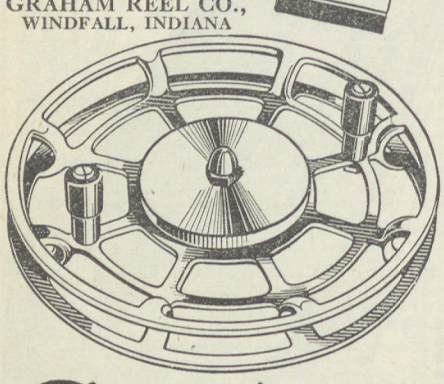

Graham No-Lash

"THE GOVERNOR DOES IT"

Born somewheres on the shores of that tiny lake Panta must have been only a few days old when he and his family were discovered by pals at Palshak, floating along in proper form with Pa in the lead closely followed by Ma and little Panta side by side.

The group added greatly to the beauty of the scene and became as much a part of the picture as the trees upon the shore. Doing their duty as well regulated parents should in bringing up their children, Pa and Ma proceeded to demonstrate most fully that notwithstanding his raucous cry, and contrary to common belief there is nothing of the lunatic about this most sane and sensible bird. At first Pa did most of the providing. He would dive or fly away, returning with breakfast, dinner, or supper, which he fed to Panta sitting quietly on the bosom of the lake, with ever careful Ma overseeing the job. Days went by and Panta throve apace watched closely by his parents. As he grew he became more greedy, and not having any bibs, Ma regularly after each meal, cleaned off his front feathers.

From the screened porch this little domestic drama of the feathered tribe was watched with the greatest interest. The first thing in the morning we looked for our Loon family. If they were not in sight we wondered, and were fearful lest Ma or Pa while seeking food in the larger lake might have fallen a victim to the rapacious love for trophies that seem to infest all regions however beautiful. To shoot a loon establishes the hunter as a wonderful shot. So elusive is this lovely bird that he can only be killed at a distance of two or three hundred yards, which of course calls for a rifle fired by an expert. No tragedy occurred however and Panta grew and learned. They taught him to dive, a feat that took several days. Again and again the performance was repeated by Pa and Ma before he could be prevailed upon to venture below the surface of the water. After his first dive however, he led his mother a merry chase. He would disappear from her side, coming up some distance away. Ma, plainly distressed and chattering loudly, would flutter across the water leaving a trail of ripples in her wake.

As he became more independent Ma would occasionally go to market with Pa, leaving Panta alone. The best act in the drama to those occupying box seats on the screened porch was when Panta gorged himself on dead minnows thrown from the bait box on the edge of the lake at the foot of the path. He was alone for a few minutes and must have smelled those choice little fish. With fluttering wings he came sailing up to the shore. Out of the water and on to the box he jumped, and proceeded to eat. He must have consumed at least a dozen when Ma appeared. She soon espied him perched there in plain view. With motheriy alacrity she took his neck in her beak, pulled him into the water and literally drove him before her to the middle of the lake. She spent five or ten minutes cleaning his front feathers, then to our amazement swam over to the minnow box, ate a few dead ones herself, finally sailing away with a minnow in her mouth which she proceeded to feed to Panta. The little glutton swallowed it down as though he had not already had a feast.

Panta's was the epitome of the life of any child. His development to be sure was in weeks instead of years, but the stages were clearly marked and improvement most apparent. The latter part of August they commenced teaching him how to go beyond the confines of Lake Harmony. We watched this with interest and some sadness, realizing that it was the beginning of the end of our intimacy with this little bit of nature. My, but he was stubborn! Day after day Ma and Pa flew over the ridge into the big lake where they would sit and call and call. We could see that Panta was distressed at first, then he accepted the situation and went on his way making no effort to follow. Ma and Pa were much perturbed plainly marked by flutterings. Then came the day when on returning from a trip in the launch we saw Panta sitting close to the shore on the big lake side of the ridge. He had been persuaded to take the fatal fly and was out in the world at last. They flew back that night and for several nights and then we did not see them for a day. Would you believe it, we grieved. They added so materially to our happiness. There was something gone from Palshak. Lake Harmony seemed deserted. A week later and Panta's education was completed, as evidenced by the fact that Pa had disappeared entirely and we had not seen Ma or Panta for several days.

The middle of September arrived. School plans were in the air and Mothers turned their faces toward home. On the last day we were packed and ready for the car to take us over the 25 miles to the railroad station, when from Lake Harmony rose a familiar cry. With one accord we rushed to the porch. There in the middle of our beautiful pool, himself a thing of beauty, sat a full fledged loon. Whether he sensed our departure and came to tell us goodby (who knows we may have been a drama to him) or was just paying a visit to the land of his birth, we will never know, but there he was sitting peacefully serene almost on the spot where we had first seen him.

We shouted a welcome, then waved a sad but fond goodby. He would not remember us, but we could never forget our dear Panta-Loon.

What Have YOU Done Except Join the Izaak Walton League?

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

Grazing Control

(Continued from page 9)

that is left is under Forest Service management. Do we want to scrap it? Do we want to see our forests in the same deplorable condition as our public domain? Do we want to hand over our heritage of the National Forests of eleven Western States to a group comprising one in 3,000 of our population? Not by a jugful!

There are thousands of stockmen, ranging their stuff on the public lands, who are broad-gauge citizens. Their ideas are level. I cannot someway believe that this bill represents the views of that element. Their outlook is too sane to demand such a thing.

As for the element that is back of it—well it is high time for them to hear the voice of the 3,000, instead of the 3,000 listening ever to the voice of the one in its constant demands. For the various reasons set forth here I believe that range control is the most serious problem that faces American conservation interests today. It embraces all fields of conservation—forestry, wild life protection, fur and game resources and watershed protection—in addition to conserving the forage possibilities of our public lands.

Therefore I respectfully suggest that the Izaak Walton League investigate this matter and if the findings coincide with the text of this article that it devote its talents and organization to the defeat of this bill. Not only that, but to pounce upon every measure of similar import that crops up until the interests that sponsor them show a grain of reason.

I would suggest further that they urge a counter measure which will bring our Public Domain, the only remaining great national resource that is out of control and headed for ruin, under regulation. This is an era of contraction in government affairs rather than expansion and duplication of effort. The Forest Service is already established with trained experts and an all-round personnel. Its activities include all of the numerous branches of conservation cited herein, even to the regulation of grazing. Why, then, should it not become the agency to direct the control of our public domain as well? It would be in accord with the present popular demand for contraction in government activities, where the present bill would serve for a vast amount of useless expansion of offices and duplication of effort.

The Forest Service could regulate the Public Domain along with the forests by simply adding to its personnel. Its experts have already made a vast comprehensive study of the situation. The grazing fees would far more than pay the cost of maintenance. It might be all right for the stock interests to continue to graze free of charge in our public domain except that in return for our liberality in that respect they are ruining the range for us. It must be

(Continued on page 127)

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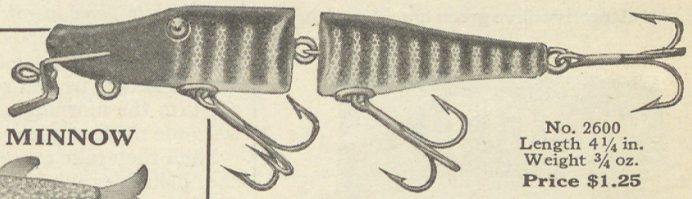
Mr. Wm. E. Bostwick smashed the world record when he caught this 36½ lb. Great Northern Pike on "The Pikie" in Canada! The largest Large Mouth Black Bass ever caught, 20 lbs. 2 oz., was also taken on the Famous Pikie Minnow!

The New Jointed Pikie Minnow

NEW FLY ROD LURES



No. 2600
Length 4¼ in.
Weight ¾ oz.
Price $1.25

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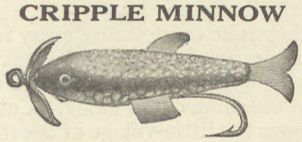

Length 2¼ in. No. F-90 Price $1.00

Actually represents an injured minnow in looks and actions! A very light lure with flexible fins and tail! Spinner at head! In water it glitters like a natural silver side wounded minnow! Made only in New Silver Flash finish! A guaranteed Killer!

"POP-IT" LURE

Length 3¼ in. No. F-100 Price 75c

A very light little lure with Cork body, buck tail and mallard feathers! Jerking makes it pop around on surface—with lots of fuss which Bass can't resist! Fast pulling makes it wiggle like minnow hustling for its life. We guarantee it to be a deadly killer!

Is "Some Bait" too!

From every side we hear it—"Some Bait!" And the real facts prove that the New Jointed Pikie *is* in a class by itself!

It possesses all the good qualities of the Famous Pikie Minnow—but is even more graceful, more life-like and more deadly—with its smooth, sensuous, snaky glide,—just like the living, breathing minnow it represents!

Its wicked wiggle and natural likeness fools 'em all,—even the large, old wise boys rush madly after it! They just can't resist it! Get one at your dealer's or direct from us.

Floating Injured Minnow

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3½ in.

No. 1500
Price $1.00

You know you're really goin' fishin' when you've got this lure—and the Famous Pikie—in your kit!

FREE A Famous Pikie Minnow to every one who sends us a first-class original fish photo showing a catch made during the 1926 fishing season! Also $25 for the best photo accepted, $15 for the second best and $10 for the third. Get plenty of outdoors in the Photo! We will be the judges. *Send 'em in!*

Get any of these real fish getters from your dealer's or direct from us! Every one guaranteed to be satisfactory to you in every respect or money refunded! Dealers sell our baits under this guarantee and we protect them!

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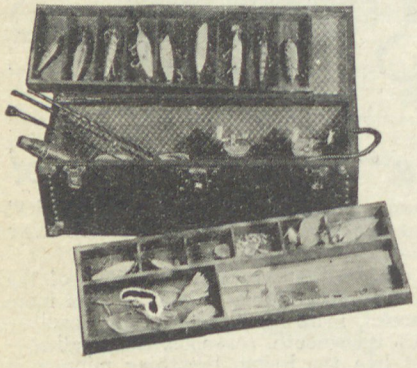
The Best Way To Carry Bass Flies

It's a simple matter to change flies in the middle of the stream if you carry them in a handy Green Line Fly Book. This ingeniously constructed, folding metal fly book was specially designed by a fly fisherman to carry bass flies—but it carries trout flies equally well.

The Green Line Fly Book accommodates two dozen or more large and small flies and it's just pocket size. Flies hook into the adjustable springs and it takes but an instant to insert or remove the one you want. Each fly is held right in place—they can't work loose, fall out or catch on each other. And they dry out smooth and fluffy.

The Green Line Fly Book is made of pressed steel, folds like a book and has an attractive olive green crackle finish.



Here's the practical tackle box, too. It's wood-lined, metal-covered, water-tight. Tackle can't rust in it. There's room for rod and all in the Standard Green Line Tackle Box. Two compartmented tackle trays, two compartments for reels. Case is sturdily constructed. Will not dent when sat on, bulge at cover or rattle when carried. Size 7″x7″x20½″. Shipping weight 10 lbs.

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Manufacturers of

The **GREEN** *Line*

My First Pickerel

By HARRY FORBES

The stars gradually paled and pebbled gray lightened the sky. When the first flush of crimson and gold tipped the far crest of the eastern hills, as the big red sun started its climb on a dew wet morning of early August, my Buddy, Bill Stahl, and I, were fanning the breeze northward out of Indianapolis, headed for Pigeon and Fawn Rivers, two beautiful bass streams, up state.

We had packed our outfit in the car the night before, so that everything would be in readiness for an early start on our two weeks' vacation. We had planned and dreamed of this trip for a whole year, so you can imagine our feelings on this eventful morning, with everything breaking just right. Oh, the thrill and the joy of it! It makes life worth living to get out in the open, if only for a few days or a week at a time, away from the office or the work-shop, and out into God's big outdoors—the outdoors that we Waltonians are trying so hard to save—think what it would mean if there was *no worth while place to go!* No pure running streams; no mirror-bosomed lakes; no deep tangled wildwood, where the wild flowers nod to us and send their perfume out into the morning as the happy birds welcome the first peep of day.

Shall they take these things away from us? I shudder even to think of it.

After a long ride, we arrived tired and hungry at the cabin of our guide, "Cuffy" Leister, near the little village of Scott, on the banks of the Pigeon. "Cuffy," his good wife, and his dog, "Buster," were waiting for us. After a hearty meal we immediately began to lay plans for a run on the Pigeon the following morning, and Lord! but how that woman can cook. Honestly, her "grub" makes a fellow feel so good that he can go out and "ketch 'em, where they ain't." "Buster" is the grandest outdoor dog I ever saw, he is a regular pal for every fisherman or hunter that goes up there, and believe me, he's at home any place you put him.

Up with the sun, we put in ten miles up stream and boated down, and believe me, I fished but little that first day—the wondrous wild beauty of the country took my breath and held me like one in a trance.

The stream runs swift and clear over a grass bottom, through tangled wildwoods, the grassy banks sloping up to massive oak, poplar, walnut, hickory, and quite a few cottonwoods; while along the water's edge grow beautiful water lilies, both white and yellow. Most of the lilies were in full bloom, and the early morning sun shown on the freshly fallen dew drops, causing them to sparkle like myriad diamonds against the soft green, white, and yellow of the flowers. A turtle dove was calling to his mate in a dark cool thicket—a great blue heron swung lazily around the bend just ahead of us—a bass broke water in front of the boat, as he chased a swarm of minnows under the lily pads.

Not a sound could be heard, except the voices of God's creatures, the murmur of the stream, and the soft dip of the paddle, as our guide carried our boat through the water, first over submerged logs, which lay deep down on the bottom; then over fast swirling riffles. It was just below one of these fast riffles that Fred Peet and party overturned their boat and lost quite a bit of very valuable tackle only the season before. The guide showed us the exact spot, and explained that he was *not* in the boat at the time.

If there ever was a man that knows his "stuff," it is this guide "Cuffy," who knows every hole in both the Pigeon and the Fawn for miles and miles—and where the bass hide, and where the pickerel hang out.

But I must snap out of this and get to my pickerel fight. We finished up a wonderful day on the Pigeon and brought in several nice small-mouth and man! how they do fight in this cold, clear, fast running stream.

Next day we ran the Fawn, which is about one mile north, paralleling the Pigeon.

The Fawn twists and turns like a huge snake through a more open country, is better pickerel water, yet also yields many small-mouth. Fred Einecke and Frank Toner, charter members of the Terre Haute Chapter, took eight small-mouth in one day from the Fawn, while we were up there; the two largest weighing four and one-quarter and four and three-quarters, and the smallest one two pounds, all on Yellow Shannons.

But on this eventful day, the bass were evidently "way back and under," and all our casting and coaxing could not entice them to come forth and do battle, so finally my guide said, "Boys, we're coming to a nice pickerel hole; put on some live bait and let's see what happens."

The clouds were now hanging dark and low, and the air smelled of rain, and just as we dropped anchor on the edge of a long deep hole big drops of rain began to fall. I put on a five inch Shiner and floated him down stream about forty yards under an overhanging willow, when Zing! my line tightened and the fight was on—far under that willow he went like a rifle shot, when all of a sudden he turned and charged for the other side of the river. I let him go, in fact I couldn't help myself. Well, sir, he just reared back and tried to pull me out of the boat when I tried to stop him.

Finally I started to reel in and succeeded in gaining about ten yards, when he balked again for a minute, and when I felt the line slacken I started reeling,

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

and to my surprise he came in right "pronto" until, when within twenty feet of the boat, he came up and sighted me, and at the same time I got a glimpse of him. Now, mind you, I had never even seen a pickerel before, and when I saw that long alligator looking body with his huge jaws, I honestly didn't know if I wanted him or not, and the very minute he spied us he was gone like a streak, and all but tore the rod from my hands. Right here I got mad and, bracing myself, had begun to reel, when up in the air he went, shaking himself like a big dog, with my guide yelling, "Hell! Forbes, don't let him do that or you'll lose him, sure." "All right," I hollered back, "get ready and grab 'im." So, holding him down, I attempted to bring him alongside the boat, but the ol' boy had other notions, and under the boat he sped. Being in the back end of the boat I was able to hold him tight, by holding the rod tip up, at the same time paying out a little line as I shifted the rod to the other side. I had no more than got settled when he darted back under the boat again. The water was about five feet deep here, and being very clear we could see every move he made when he was close to the boat. I again held him as he came up on the other side, and yelled at the guide to nail him, so with a big net he made a stab at him, but missed—three times he missed the same way when I brought the fast tiring charger alongside. The last time was too much for me, and I yelled: "Here, somebody take this rod, I'm going in after him," and the boys around here call me "Pickerel Harry" and still "kid" me about wanting to go in the water after a thirty-four inch pickerel.

The guide and my buddy lost no time in passing the word down the line, but I really meant it right then, for it began to look as if the big warrior was going to win the fight and I was feeling plumb disresponsible, but the next time I brought him in, the guide succeeded in slipping the net under his head and flopped him over in the boat with—"There's your 'Pick' Forbsey, and be damn careful you don't lose a couple of fingers getting the hook out of his jaw, for he's the fightenest fool I ever see ketched in these parts."

But he lay perfectly quiet, stretched full length in the bottom of the boat, with his black eyes sparkling and his pretty spotted sides and white gleaming belly quivering, as I removed the hook from *my first pickerel*.

For my part I was through for the day, as I had had enough fun, enough excitement and enough sport to compensate for the entire trip—but we moved on down stream as the sinking sun pushed out from the clouds, casting a soft glow on the rippling waters as my Buddy fought a losing battle with a vicious, small-mouth in the fast fading light, and reaching over he said, "Shake, Pard, maybe it's my day tomorrow."

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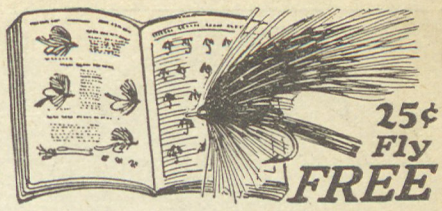

THE high-standard American fly tackle developed by Weber has probably been the foremost influence in promoting the rapid growth of fly casting in this country. Weber rods, reels, lines and flies are strictly designed for American conditions. If you are clinging to outworn European ways, learn true American methods with fit American tackle and we will improve both your art and your catch. Our encyclopedic catalog points the way. Our staple flies and original luring novelties are established from Maine to California, Canada to the Gulf. If your dealer doesn't have them — why, let's get acquainted by mail. Now is none too soon.

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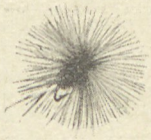
You must send 25¢ for this sumptuous book, beautifully illustrating all the items of Weber Lifelike Fly equipment—staples and exclusive specialties — splendid American designed goods for American style fly fishing. *But you get your quarter back* TWICE! Because with the book we send you FREE any 25¢ fly (our choice, or you name pattern, color and size.) Then besides, if you order goods from this ad or the book, we credit you 25¢ on the order!

"Acklebug"

Floating trout or bass lure. No hard body or head to interfere with setting hook. Light, life-like, easy pick up. 12 patterns, Trout sizes, 60 cents each. Bass, 65c



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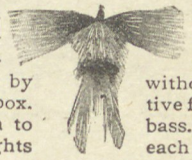
Early Season Dry Fly. Highest riding, quickest drying, longest floating. Ostrich non-soaking bodies. Only on Numbers 16 and 18 Model Perfect hollow-point hooks. 12 patterns, eyed or snelled. Per doz., $2.00.

Only Authorized Dr. Henshall

Designed by the Dean of American anglers, Dr. James A. Henshall — made only by Weber and put out in fac-simile signature box. A wonderful design; soft body allows fish to close down on hook, insuring "set" Alights



FLY ROD LURES

without splash; picks up without rod strain. Equally effective for all varieties of trout and bass. 12 patterns. sizes, 4,6,8,10 each 65c. Bass, 2, 1-0, 3-0, 75c.

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Exceptionally high grade. Strictly natural untrimmed tip wings and hackle, individually selected for each size. Regular patterns, 20 cents. Fancy, 35 cents each.

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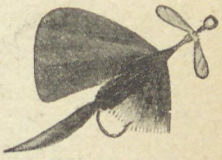
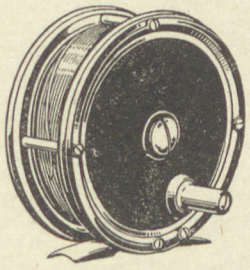
Dressed by experts. Matched flat wings — natural tips. Untrimmed hackle. Wonderful floaters and driers. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12. Eyed or snelled. Dozen $1.75.

"Fetherlite" Floating Spinner

Celluloid Spinner kicks up a big fuss, yet casts and alights like down and picks up without strain. 12 colors, feather and bucktail. Trout sizes, 35 cents each, Bass sizes, 50 cents.





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Perfection from every standpoint, yet moderately priced. Indestructible black composition. Three point, two way, adjustable click. Detachable click wheel. Bronze-bushed hub. Substantial reel seat narrow enough to fit light rod. Designed specially for Henshall Line. Spool will hold 100 feet of D line, or 30 yards of HCH line. Each $7.00

Henshall Fly Casting Lines — Solid Saturation Cured

Most satisfactory fly line made; dressing penetrates all through to the core. No kink breaks. Should last years. Brown color. Only in 100 foot lengths (good idea, that!) English standard sizes, C—$5.00, D—$4.50, E—$4.00

Straintest Level Leaders

In practical round metal carrying box with moistener.

6 Trout, 6 ft. $2.00
6 Bass, 4½ ft. $2.00
6 Salmon, 9 ft. $6.30

Weber's Line Dresser

Genuine deer-tallow, saturated in felt pages of neat leather-covered book. Floats line; indispensable for dry fly — fine for bait casting. Preserves line; prevents waterlogging; line runs more smoothly and does not carry water, keeping hands dry. The slickest little gadget ever tucked into your kit. Each 50¢.

BASS GOODS

Weber's specialties are record breakers for sporty bass fishing. Catalog tells the whole story.

ALL GOODS SENT PREPAID.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO., *Stevens Point, Wis.*

"If Weber makes it — a fish takes it"

Get This Fly Line in Your Hands

A SOFT-FINISH FLY LINE, made in the United States, at a price but slightly more than you are accustomed to pay for an ordinary hard enameled fly line.

Of course, it's an ASHAWAY. Get one in your hands and you'll agree with all those who have tried it, that you are through paying a high price plus import duties for imported lines.

Stretch it between your outstretched hands and feel its elasticity. It will give 3 inches or more and spring back like a thing alive. Bend it between your fingers and note that it will not crack. Pull it through your fingers and feel its smoothness—not sticky in any weather in any climate.

It has been tested by the best fly fishermen in the country, in wet and dry fly fishing. They pronounce it a perfect soft-finish line—the first to be made in America, the best to be had in the world.

Rig Your Rod—Try It

Ask your dealer to show you one of the new ASHAWAY "Crandall's American Finish" fly lines. Test it. Then rig your rod and try it.

This new line is durable. The well known angler, Charles E. Younkman, tested it in the Black Canyon in the Gunnison River, where, as he said, "the fishing is done from ragged rocks and often a fish weighing 2 or 3 lbs. would saw your line against them."

Here's his verdict:

"I might say that this line (Crandall's American Finish) is the only line that I have ever used that did not come back from one of these trips with the enamel and dressing in very poor condition."

Get one of these lines in your hands before the season opens.

Write for "Fish Stories"

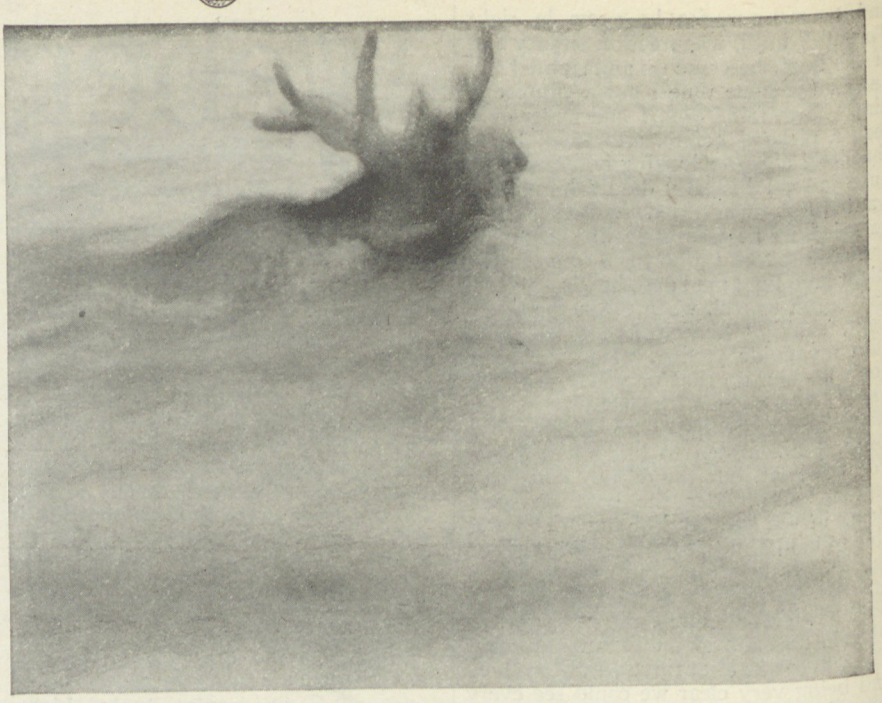
Contains new and original stories by such well-known writers as Newton Newkirk and others. Full of laughs, full of facts, full of interesting information about lines that you'll be glad to get, whether you are a novice or an old-time angler.

A copy will be sent FREE to you on request. A post card will bring it.

ASHAWAY

Fishing Lines

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co.
Box 446, Ashaway, R. I.



Moose

North of the North Shore

By ROBERT T. WEGG

VIRGIN pines that have never heard the thud of an ax. Towering hills that have never know the tread of white man. Sparkling, sky-blue lakes that have seldom, and some never, felt the push of paddle. All this and more will be found up north of the North Shore.

I might call this country The Superior National Forest; but I will not, because it is not. Part of it is. All of it should be. And it will be if every Waltonian works for it—*hard*.

And why call the Superior National Forest a forest? Part of it is. Most of it is not. Nearly all of the pine and other marketable timber is owned by lumber companies and scattered private individuals. These timber holdings will be cut—*cut soon*.

If the timber is cut without forestry control and supervision there will be fires. Slash fires that are hard to control. Fires that will sweep the cut-over areas and pass on into green timber. Fires that will burn on every acre north of Lake Superior and pass on into Canada. Fires that will drive every animal and game bird before them. Fires that will char the thin soil to poorer fertility and wipe out every seed tree. All of this will happen unless every Waltonian works against it—*now*.

A consummate, quick acting bill must be passed by our next Congress. Perfect as forestry experts can draw the bill. Passed without committee condescension to sectional prejudices or lumber companies. Quick acting in that the entire region should at once be placed under federal forestry control with adequate funds for fire protection, and full authority over the methods of logging employed by anyone, even on their own land. Perhaps this sounds undemocratic. Why should anyone be allowed to create a fire trap between stands of God's beautiful trees any more than be allowed to build a fire trap between man-made buildings? After the country is made safe from fires there will be time for the bill to operate on the re-survey, appraisals and purchases.

Here is the last great wilderness of the Mississippi Valley. Here is the one remaining region where the ax has not cut. There is more than "time to call a halt." There is time to start at a beginning; time to log scientifically, and to maintain for all time a forest producing and replenishing.

I started out to write a brief description of the country, how to reach it, and how to see it. The description will be brief. You can reach it from Chicago in twenty hours, from Duluth in seven hours. Then you can really see it.

Along the north shore of Lake Superior, from Duluth to Port Arthur, Canada, is an excellent, hard surfaced highway. The first fifty miles pass through much burnt over land. A good reminder to be careful with your matches, tobacco and camp fires. The road then follows the lake shore more closely. The lake sends a fresh, cool breeze through the car. Warm wraps will be wanted. It is a real sum-

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

mer vacation temperature. Every few miles the road crosses a trout stream; usually where it enters Lake Superior in one final rush and roar of rapids and waterfalls. Truly a beautiful lake shore drive.

Grand Marais, Minn., (the first sizeable town) is 128 miles from Duluth. Here are hotels, restaurants, stores and a tourist camp ground. Also state and federal forestry offices. One may get to Grand Marais from Duluth by steamship (bi-weekly), bus line (daily), or with his own car (any old time).

Gunflint Trail starts at Grand Marais and goes north about forty miles. North to the forest and the lakes. North to the canoe routes. The road does not go clear through the forest. The Trail is a good, gravel surfaced road. It winds and climbs, but is safe if you drive sanely. A few years ago it took a day of bouncing and jouncing in a wagon to reach the canoe waters. Now a stranger may drive the road in two hours. Foresters or merchants in Grand Marais will give you detailed dope of the country.

In general, it is half water and half forested hills. Many of the lakes are connected by well marked portages. There are hundreds of canoe trips accessible to Gunflint Trail—trips of a day; up to circuitous trips that could last all summer, every day on a different lake. You should have a compass and a map or a reliable guide.

The lakes abound in lake trout. Truly a game fish—especially when fished for on these inland waters. Northern pike are plentiful and sizeable in many of the lakes; scrappers, too, in that cold, deep water. If one has a week's time there are black bass waters within reach.

God's creatures roam the forest. Moose, deer, bear, game birds, and song birds. All beset with life's problems, their natural ratio not yet utterly destroyed by man. Take your camera.

Part of the National Forest area is set aside within a *state* game refugee. The Izaak Walton League helped to stop beaver trapping in this preserve. The small game trappers are in there this winter. Should this be also stopped? Outside the refugee there is fine hunting under the game laws of Minnesota.

The country (especially along the Canadian boundary) is rich in history, but partly recorded and perhaps the more interesting. There are stories of the early explorers, Hudson Bay trappers, and the Indians.

Accommodations and canoes are available at Gunflint Trail. The country can also be reached from Ely, Minn. The canoe trip (about seven days) from Gunflint Trail to Ely or vice-versa, is a dandy, if you go up there without your car. There are easier canoe trips suitable to the entire family. These can be made each day from a main camp or one of the resorts. The Federal and State Forestry Departments have lake shore lots to lease for private cabins.

Is all this worth fighting for? Go up and see. Like those who have, you will want the country controlled by federal forestry and saved for your annual recreation ground.

13¼-pound big-mouth on the Shimmy— the perfect bass lure!

"The bass in the picture—a big-mouth tipping the scales at 13¼ pounds—was caught by me on your Shimmy Wiggler. In my estimation it is the perfect black bass lure.

"Everything was unfavorable for fishing the day I caught the fish, except the lure. The old fellow couldn't resist the Shimmy Wiggler. He put up a good fight, and I had great sport in landing him.

"I have discarded all lures, except the single hook varieties, because they always get strikes, and also because a single hook is sufficient for any real fisherman.

"You are at liberty to use this picture if you wish. The fish was taken at Dekle Lake, on Gunn Highway, 7 miles from Tampa, Fla."

In the light of this catch it is not difficult to understand Miss Hopkins' enthusiasm for the Al Foss Shimmy Wiggler. It is only just to acknowledge her compliment, and most heartily return it in kind. If the Shimmy Wiggler is a great lure, Miss Hopkins is an equally great angler, for not many ladies would have had the cool head and skilled hand to bring to boat such a bass, single-handed.

The above was selected from a large filing-case of similar letters, testifying to the efficacy of

Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows

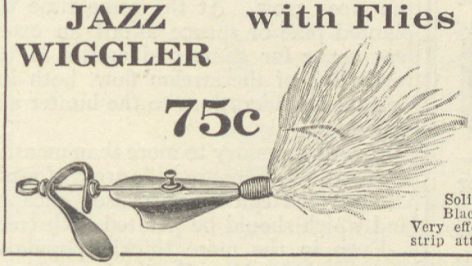
These lures will get fish. When you replenish your stock of lures for the big trip this year, you are going to be flying in the face of all angling experience if you turn a cold shoulder to them. Insist on seeing the name of the originator and patentee on every lure box and pork rind bottle you buy. Al Foss.

Miss Hopkins and her 13¼ pound bass

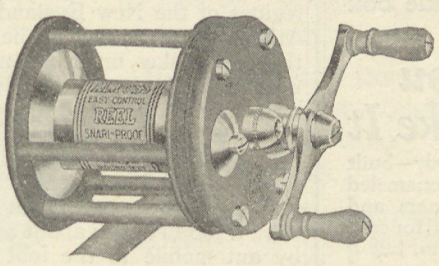
SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

JAZZ WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., 50c

JAZZ WIGGLER with Flies 75c



No. 10
½ oz. ⅜ or ⅝ Hook
No. 9
⅝ oz. ⅝ Hook Only
Tied with the following flies:
BUCKTAILS
White, Red, Brown, Yellow, Orange, and Black
FEATHERS
Solid Red, Solid Yellow, Black with White Streamer
Very effective, with small pork strip attached to curve of hook



ORIENTAL WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00. All Red, All White, or Red and White

"Never a back-lash—every cast perfect—simply uncanny!"

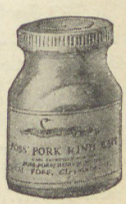
So says an angler who used one of these reels on a two-weeks' fishing trip.

This *snarl-proof casting reel* has a simple centrifugal device revolving within the reel arbor—a little policeman who raises his hand at the proper moment and stops a snarl from stepping in.

Make this test at your dealer's:—Have him rig up this reel with line and if there is not room for you to actually cast, just hold the reel in one hand with thumb off of line, and with the other give the end of line a hard jerk. You will see that while the line will unwind and *apparently* snarl, it can be readily stripped off, rewound and ready for another demonstration. Then try this with *any other reel* and *see what happens.*

Like all other reels, the Al Foss Easy Control Bait-Casting Reel will "back-lash" under careless handling. But the line *will not become snarled,* it will readily strip from the spool for rewinding and continued casting.

If dealer will not supply you, send $25.00, and try reel 30 days. Then, if you want to worry along with your other reels, send it back, and money will be returned.



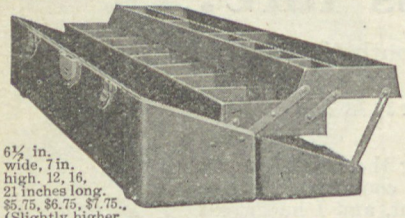
45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes

AL FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow.

9526 Quincy Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Look It Over in Your Home



6½ in. wide, 7 in. high. 12, 16, 21 inches long. $5.75, $6.75, $7.75. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

(*Patents applied for*)

There's only one way to get all the good points packed into this tackle box and that's to see it. Open it up and see how the cantilever construction swings the trays back and then how the trays are supported so it won't tip over. Every compartment, even in the bottom, is available immediately. See how easy it is to work it with one hand, pick out what you want without fumbling around and then shut it up.

Go to your dealer, tell him you want to see Outing's new Cantilever Tackle Box. If he hasn't got one, he can get one for you, or you can order direct from the factory. Just fill out the coupon, enclose check or money order for $5.75, $6.75, or $7.75, depending on length, and you'll get the best job in the way of a tackle box you ever saw.

(*Closed View*)

Return It If You Don't Like It

Look at its construction—sturdy—built of auto body steel, beautifully enameled green brown — rounded corners and edges. You'll say it has no equal for convenience, beauty, construction, but if you don't like it, return it undamaged in five days (charges prepaid) and we'll refund your money. This introductory offer is good until June 15th only.

Outing Mfg. Co.

558 Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

Outing Mfg. Co., 558 Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Indiana

Please send me (12 in.) (16 in.) (21 in.) Cantilever Tackle Box

Enclosed is (check) (money order) for ($5.75) ($6.75) ($7.75) I usually buy my tackle at.....
(Name of Store)

.....
(Name) (Street)

.....
(City) (State)

Tree Planting

By E. A. Spears

MANY sportsmen do not know what they are missing by not having their own plantation of young trees. They do not appreciate how small the cost to reforest a small area and the fun of watching the trees grow. At the same time the planted pine or spruce afford an excellent cover for game and assists in the regulation of the stream flow, both important considerations to the hunter and fisherman.

It isn't necessary to more than mention the fact that there are wide areas of waste lands which can be purchased cheaply, and which should be planted with trees.

Even in the more thickly populated regions of the New England and North Atlantic states, as well as the states along the Great Lakes, much land may be found that can be puchased cheaply. Much of this land is within easy reach of the cities, so that the individual of the city can plant himself a forest of a few thousand trees without much difficulty.

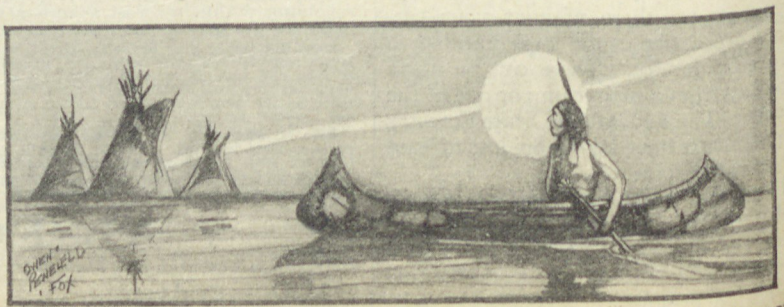
Take my own case as an example. I have a job in a city about an hour's ride by automobile to the foot hills of the Adirondacks. I acquired thirty acres of land for $10 an acre and in 1920 began to plant trees.

In the state of New York we have a Conservation Commission which sells seedlings and transplant trees at the mere cost of producing them—from $2 to $5 per thousand. Other states do the same, and, wherever they do not, trees for reforesting may be purchased from nurseries for about twice the prices mentioned.

A pail and a sharp pointed shovel—the kind used to dig ditches—are the best implements with which to plant trees. The pail with a little muddy water in the bottom to keep the roots wet carries the trees. The shovel is driven into the ground with the foot, a V-shaped hole made, the roots pressed into the hole, the shovel withdrawn, and the foot presses the dirt against the roots, and the tree is planted. In this manner 1,000 seedlings may be planted in six or seven hours. The thousand trees, planted in rows six feet apart, cover nearly an acre. They are planted closely to make straight trunks, clean of lower branches. After 25 to 30 years the trees are thinned out.

So then, a man may spend a day or two in the spring, and as many more in the autumn, and thus plant 3,000 or more trees every year, and acquire a delightful outdoor sensation of which he scarcely dreamed of.

The trees I planted in 1920 are now waist high. They do not grow much the first two or three years, but after they get



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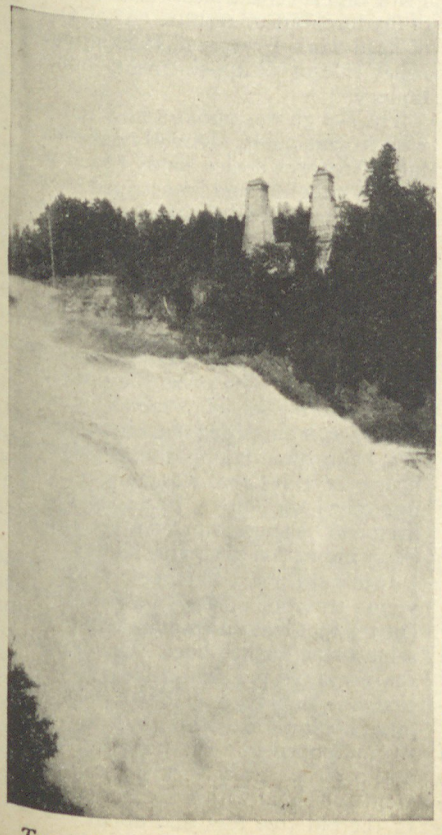
established the white pine, red pine and Norway spruce, which are considered the most desirable trees to plant in the North Atlantic and states of the Great Lakes, grow two or three feet in height every year. In about ten years the pines form one solid mass, creating an excellent shelter for partridges, rabbits and other game against the cold winds.

It is not amiss to mention the ultimate financial return to be obtained from a forest plantation. Various bulletins issued by state colleges of forestry, including Cornell and Syracuse, say that white pine becomes merchantable after 40 to 50 years of growth, and that the return amounts to 6 per cent on the investment with the land costing around $10 an acre, and the cost of the trees about $5 per 1,000. This estimate includes $10 more in wages spent for planting them. My idea, however, is that the sportsman should plant his own trees, unless he wants to go into the planting on a grand scale. The figures, moreover, are based on present prices of lumber.

It requires no prophet to predict that lumber prices are going to be very much higher. The bulletins refer to several acres of white pine in Massachusetts that sold prior to the war for $600 an acre because of the value of the timber. Turning $10 an acre land into $600 an acre land has its attractions to the accumulative spirit, and is a fairly good insurance policy for one's children.

In other words, the planting of a forest plantation is an investment, as well as a recreation. It has its direct benefits to game, sets a good example to the community, and will prove a blessing against the time of the timber famine.

With all, it is a pleasure to plant trees and watch them grow.



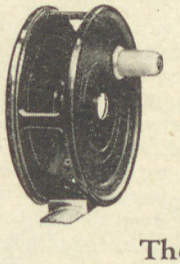
Trees effect water control to a great degree.

If You're Beyond the Bent-Pin Stage—

YOU can appreciate a Meisselbach Reel —standard for 40 years.

Try a cast, and get the thrill that only perfect tackle can give. As smooth-running as silk. Not a particle of vibration. Just the right weight to adequately balance your rod. Simple, sure, easy to clean, nothing to get out of order. Beautiful to look at and a pride to own.

The famous Meisselbach Rainbow, for fly casting—$5. Light as a feather but strong as an ox. The standard among fly fishermen everywhere.



Free spool and level-wind bait casting reels, feather-weight "Rainbow" fly casting and husky surf casting reels in all sizes.

At your dealer's or write us. Send for free "Bite Book"—how to make 'em bite.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Sales Offices and Factory: Elyria, Ohio
12 Taylor Street

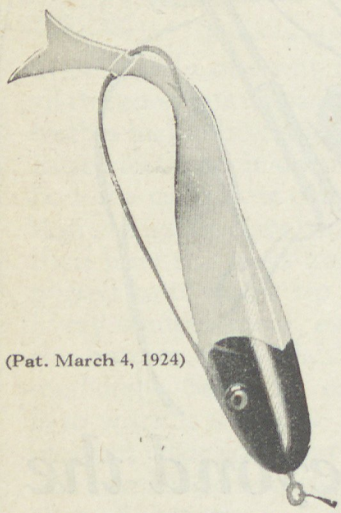
Meisselbach

The Veteran Reel for Veteran Fishermen

"IT CATCHES the BIG ONES"

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The Artificial Bait With Live Minnow (Body and Tail.) Action



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

Metallic head and rubber body.

Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

Hook is detachable and can be replaced at a cost of five cents each.

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

PRICE $1.25 EACH

Made in 3 styles:

"A"—Red head and white body
"B"—Copper head and white body
"C"—Nickel head and white body
"D"—Brown head and dark gray body

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Or your order, accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each, will receive prompt attention.

STREICH MANUFACTURING CO.
423 N. Chicago St. JOLIET, ILL.

A Bass Alarm Clock

By WILL H. GRAFF

Thinking of fishing stories reminds us of the time when we were boys; and in thinking of the past we cannot help comparing conditions then and now and wondering what the next generation of boys will do for outdoor recreation in the way of hunting and fishing.

Fifty or sixty years ago, long before the middle upper Mississippi was dyked: before the bayous and sloughs were drained and converted into wet and uncertain corn land and poor pastures; even before its beautiful banks were denuded of the giant pin-oaks, hickories, pecans, elms, and sycamores—*then* we boys had some real sport in nutting, fishing and hunting in this vicinity.

Wood ducks by the hundreds nested in our low-land forests and fish by the thousands bred in our creeks, bayous and sloughs. Oh! if we could only impress upon the minds of the younger men the sport we had when we were boys! Chasing young ducks (which we hardly ever caught), and the fish we did catch with the old pole and line—fish that were often put back because the stringer was full; of the bull-hickory nuts, pecans and persimmons we gathered by the bushel.

But this is a story of "A Bass Alarm Clock."

About October 1, 1897, my friend J. L. — Jim — and I left Iowa City in a light rowboat loaded with tackle, guns, and camping outfit for a two weeks outing on the Iowa and Mississippi Rivers. Our wives being at the landing to see us off, we promised them, and ourselves, that we would eat no meat except such as we captured, nor would we sleep under any roof except our tent while we were away. We kept that promise and had more meat and fish than would have been good for us under ordinary circumstances.

By floating with the current, or rowing, as best suited our pleasure, we reached the Mississippi in about four days. The distance is about sixty miles as the crow flies, but we felt that we had traveled more than a hundred. Proceeding on down the Mississippi we picked up our brother-in-law—Lute—at Dallas City, Ill., and crossed the river to the Iowa shore, portaged our outfit through heavy timber for about half a mile to Green Bay Slough. Down the slough a couple of miles we pitched our camp in a grove of hickory trees on a high bank within thirty feet of the slough. There we spent a very enjoyable week.

We bagged enough ducks and squirrels to supply our needs. There seemed to be plenty of quail in the vicinity but we did not molest them for several reasons. First, it was closed season on quail; second, the county sheriff and a deputy game warden were camping less than a hundred yards from us; third, well, quails are dry meat anyway—under such circumstances.

About sixty yards above our camp a very large pin-oak had been undermined by the water and had fallen into the slough making an ideal harbor for black bass. About sunset a large bass—a granddaddy bass—got busy catching minnows under that old tree-top. The next morning, promptly at six o'clock, his loud splashes disturbed our rest. His regular turmoil at sunset and sunrise got on our nerves so that on the second evening of our stay Jim said:

"I'll get that bird tomorrow."

When Lute and I awoke the next morning we missed Jim. But on opening the flap of the tent we saw him diligently fishing for that bass. When we succeeded in getting him in to breakfast we were informed that he had seen the bass several times and had tried spoons, minnows, everything, but no strike. That evening Jim tried again, but the only result was that he had a cold supper.

The next day I tried both morning and evening. The third day Lute haunted the tree. So it went, turn and turn about. We tried minnows, frogs, spoons, flies and several kinds of rubber lures. In fact, we had the latest and best tackle procurable at that time; but never a strike.

On the fifth morning, my second "turn," I approached his lordship's precincts with caution—as quietly as possible. The fish was busily chasing minnows for his breakfast. Carefully applying my utmost skill, with the most tempting baits imaginable, I saw him several times within a few feet of my lure, but no results. After an hour of hard work I returned to camp with a heart full of disappointment, but very hungry.

The slough was about a hundred yards wide at this point. Directly opposite the fallen tree was a nice sandy beach where we had caught some fine striped bass the day before. After breakfast we concluded to try for them again.

About nine o'clock two wagonloads of people drove up to the bank near our big bass and began unloading. They appeared to be farmers; two men, their wives and eight or ten children from fourteen years of age down. The noise they made was like a country school at recess and a crew setting up a threshing machine combined. We, being directly opposite, could see and hear everything that was going on. They unhitched the horses, unloaded the children and baggage, started a fire and gave every indication of staying all day.

One man got a hatchet and cut some young trees for poles while the other one cut ten foot lengths from a skein of cotton seine twine for fish lines. One boy about ten years old grabbed a length of twine, tied one end to a crooked pole, tied a large hook on the other, put on a big fat worm, looped in a rusty nail for a sinker and a piece of dry wood for a float, and went to fishing within six feet of the edge of the old tree top, and about the same distance from shore.

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

All this time the smaller children were playing near-by, throwing sticks and mud-balls into the water, beside exercising their voices to the full extent of their lung power. Just as the racket seemed loudest the little fellow who was fishing began calling at the top of his voice: "Dad. Oh, Dad! Come and help me, Dad. I got a fish: come and help me. I can't pull him out!" and so on, and on.

One of the men ran down to the bank, grabbed the young tree, and pulled out a large fish. Then he began calling for help:

"Mame, oh Mame. Hurry! Go and get the hitching strap off Dolly's bridle and bring it here quick."

Well, we had seen the whole performance. The ungainly tackle, the small boy and the fat worm together with the results. Lute said:

"Some carp, that."

"Carp nothing," said I. "That is a catfish."

Jim said, "Neither carp nor cat. That's our alarm clock."

After considerable discussion we pulled over to satisfy our curiosity.

The first thing we saw was a four foot stake driven into the ground with an ax, then the three-quarter inch strap, the loop of which was run through the gills of *our Big Bass*.

There he was, still in his natural element, but tied to a stake with a harness strap, his life of freedom gone, facing an ignominious death but his lustrous eyes still shining with courage and defiance.

We were regarded by our neighbors with so much suspicion that we did not ask permission to weigh the fish, so his weight is a matter of controversy. One of us, in telling the story, optimistically put his weight at seven pounds: one six, and the most conservative member of the party always says between five and one-half and six.

While we were sadly disappointed in not getting that bass, we did have the pleasure of furnishing less fortunate campers with all the fish they would accept at our hands. Especially were we pleased to see that the sheriff and the game warden did not go hungry so long as *we* had fish. When we broke camp we turned our fish-box over on its side, opened the lid, and allowed sixty-two bass of different sizes to return to their native haunts of freedom.

Someone has said: "It takes a barefooted boy with a sore toe to catch the big fish." I know the boy who caught this big fish was barefoot, but I forgot to examine his toes.

Get a Member *Today!*

On Lake Trout you can't beat the Dardevle!

"Fished last week for Lake Trout near Lake La Croix in northern Minnesota.

"The snapshot shows what two of us caught in about one hour, using No. 9 Dardevles (red with white tip and copper lining).

"We tried many different lures, including regular spinners, special copper trout spoons, etc., and found the Dardevle the most efficient. Several fish caught on a spoon hook were caught outside the mouth and several got away, but with the Dardevle they were caught fully in the mouth which enabled us to land our fish.

"I am glad to advise you that the Dardevle is the most effective of any I have tried on lake trout." (signed) OTTO A. POIRIER,
Virginia, Minn.

Two of the most popular sizes in which Dardevle lures come are shown here. Another, the Husky Devle, for muskies and other huskies, is too big to fit in this space. These and the Dardevlet —a size between the Dardevle and the Imp—are all illustrated in ten different color combinations, in a handsome catalog I'll be glad to send you.

You'll also find out all about my Notangle Spinners and Nostealum Insect Hooks, a few of which are shown here. They are worth their weight in gold when 'live bait is all they're rising for.

Osprey Dardevle lures and lines are handled by all good dealers. Send for catalog. If your dealer can't supply you, send his name with your order and we'll supply you direct, postpaid.

"Osprey" Lines

are waterproofed so they won't rot, are braided so they shoot through the guides like greased lightning, and are guaranteed to stand anything excepting rough or cracked guides. "Osprey" lines have stood the test for fifteen years.

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"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W, 131-135 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game."

Notangle Spinner
for use with flies, Nostealums or other baited hooks.
Without fly. 50c
With fly, 75c

Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle"
2⅛" long.
2-5 oz.
Price 75c

Dardevle
"The Old Boy Himself"
3⅜" long,
1⅛" wide,
1 oz.
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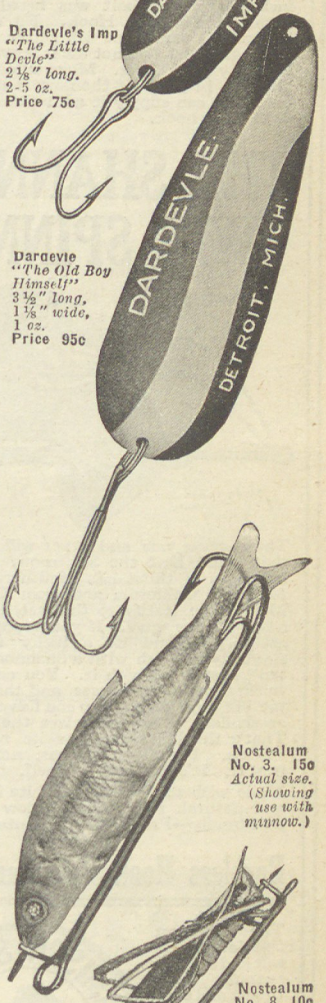


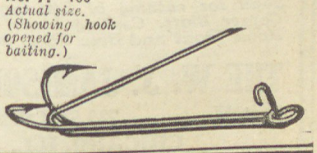
Nostealum No. 3. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with minnow.)

Nostealum No. 8. 10c
Actual size. (Showing use with grasshopper.)

Nostealum No. 12. 15c
Actual size.

Nostealum No. 14. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with house fly.)

Nostealum No. 7. 10c
Actual size. (Showing hook opened for baiting.)

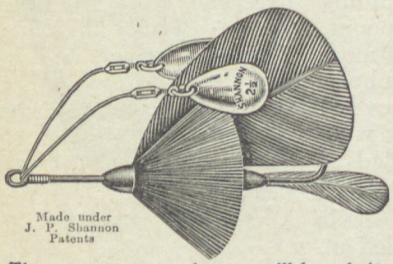


Edw. G. Taylor

Fishing Editor of the Chicago Daily News and noted Angling Authority

With a real sure-enough Black Bass (10 pounds) taken on a **Shannon Spinner**, and incidentally this bait was fitted with a **Jamison Barbless Hook.** Ed says the Shannon is sure some fish getter and that the angler who does not use it is overlooking a mighty good thing. Make sure there is a Shannon in your kit the next time you go out. We can supply it with either barbed or barbless hook.

THE SHANNON TWIN SPINNER



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Made with red, yellow or white feather fly and natural, red, white, yellow or black bucktail fly—Price, each, **85 cents.**

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No. 5, 12 pound test, 50 yd. spool, each **$1.00**
No. 4, 16 " " 50 " " " **1.20**

Send for catalog of Shannon Baits, Coaxer Baits, Casting Lines, Barbless Hook Trout and Bass Flies, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W **739 So. California Ave.**

CHICAGO, ILL.

Leviathan

By David W. Barclay

Every summer finds me back in my old parish to renew old acquaintances, and fish in the old lakes and streams. Something has happened to me today. Maybe the robins I heard this morning caused it, or the warm sunshine of this spring afternoon is responsible for this longing feeling, this urge, so well known to fishermen and the nature lovers. All I can do, however, to satisfy this longing, is to recall the past and dream about the future. Although I am no fisherman, yet for the past six years I have found the utmost satisfaction in "goin' fishin'." I love to go, and even now I can feel the thrill that comes when a big bass is fighting at the end of twenty feet of silk line attached to a four ounce fly rod. I have taken trout, too, both with the fly and with the angle worm, some large and some small. Besides, am I not a Waltonian! All this makes it possible to tell about my day dream to a sympathetic audience, men of sweet reasonableness and unfailing vision, men who read "OUTDOOR AMERICA."

According to the scripture a Leviathan is a monster of the deep, a species of whale perhaps, the commentators are not sure. If saintly Izaak Walton had written a commentary on the scriptures—and he was fully capable of this work—he might have called it a trout.

Leviathan is the name of my trout. He is between two and a half and three and a half feet long. He is from three to five inches across the back, and since I measured—with my eye—his depth, speaking conservatively, I would say he is seven inches deep. He weighs from five to nine pounds. Now, lest any one should become discouraged in the quest for truth about Leviathan, let me add that on more than one occasion I saw other large trout there, trout that would easy crowd four pounds, but they looked like babies when he appeared.

I heard of Leviathan two years before I saw him. The miller, a truthful man, told me about him; the boys of my parish told me about a big fish that snapped their tackle as easy as if it had been thread; the fishermen would occasionally speak of him in the barber-shop. I observed that beneath all the talk there was a deep undercurrent of desire to land him.

Four years ago September, we left our central Illinois city for Oxford, Wisconsin. There were two fisherman friends along, men who had whipped the Illinois River for bass, and who had the reputation of getting them when they were in a rising mood. I had not told them of Leviathan. At that time he was only a legendary fish to me. Secretly, however, I hoped to see him, at least.

One afternoon during our stay my friends had a big time with the bass on the mill-pond, but I was anxious for the trout. My friend, the miller, hailed me, as I was engaged in digging angle worms. Incidentally, I mentioned Leviathan. How relieved and happy I was to hear that he was still alive, wary and more powerful than of yore. I was assured that we could see him around 6 a. m. and had very little trouble in getting the others up in time. The morning was beautiful. Just the kind of a morning for trout, and as we made for the mill there was a wish in my heart that was almost a prayer. The miller opened the door of the little room, where the dynamo was kept, and told us to look out the windows down into the pool below. Leviathan's lair was the dark hole under the mill back of the wheel. There were chubs, sunfish and plenty of rock bass. Occasionally a trout would appear from the seething waters that tumbled over the rocky falls, but the great grandfather of fishes failed to appear.

My friends showed signs of restlessness, and very soon were accurately casting their bait on the moss of the mill-pond, trying to lure the bass from their lairs. I had committed myself and it was now a serious moral question. My veracity was at stake, I had to see that trout. While I was wondering how I could lift him from the pool beneath, up to the window of the mill, a distance of twenty feet or more, I noticed chubs, sunfish and the rock bass that had scarcely moved for half an hour, dart off as if being chased for life. While wondering, a ripple that was almost a wave broke from the wall of the mill and I noticed a shadow in the water. My heart pounded on my ribs. A head showed like the head of a salmon for size. Leviathan was taking his own sweet time. The back, the fins, the great body, and finally the tail, all appeared in splendid view. I feasted my eyes upon him. I was as one in a dream. Never had I seen anything like him; my joy would have been complete if my friends had only been there to share it.

Quietly I withdrew from the mill, and in a few moments found my companions and succeeded in convincing them that the trout still lived. I lost all interest in bass fishing, however. My imagination was playing havoc with me. I found myself wrestling with Leviathan. I caught him with a worm and I caught him with a fly, I was showing him to my friends, I had him mounted and hanging in my study. I was a hero. No man can catch bass unless he concentrates, so I decided that it was better than catching twenty bass to get a glimpse of a real trout, and I meandered round to the mill again. I began fishing for rock bass. I caught five or six, when the chubs began giving me heaps of trouble. I raised

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

one, killed it, cut it open, and running the hook through its back dropped it into the water again. About this time my friends came into the mill on tiptoe, and joined me in looking out the window.

A few moments passed when, suddenly, there was a clearing of the pool, and the fish scurried off in every direction. Leviathan appeared again, this time swift as a flash. He drew up within two inches of the strange bait and eyed it very carefully. What a fish! what wisdom in his very look! He circled the bait once or twice, then almost imperceptibly backed off a few inches. I did not know what he was to do next. I forgot to move. In fact, I did not come to until Schenck shouted in my ear, "Wiggle your bait." Leviathan heard the sound, too, for he turned so swiftly that we saw his enormous depth. There was a silvery flash, a churning of the waters, and he disappeared under the mill. But my reputation was saved.

Next year I saw him again, but my efforts to get him to rise were unavailing. If I had been able to land him, I suppose I would have felt like the great Alexander, who wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Last summer I did not see him. I was in "Bonnie Scotland," trying my skill on the wonderful mountain-streams and lochs that are found in that rugged land, and even there I found myself thinking of my Wisconsin trout. He was still to the fore last fall, and all being well, I expect to try my skill and luck about the last week in May. I would rather catch Leviathan than own Teapot Dome.

And now, Waltonians, ye who go up into Wisconsin this summer, let me suggest that you deviate from highway 10 and drive over to Oxford. Ask for the mill, and at sunset or sunrise approach it cautiously, cast over toward the north corner and seek Heaven's blessing. If you hook him there will be a great splash, a mighty churning of the waters, and the biggest fight you ever had. If you land him, let me know. He will be as long as a yard-stick. Take a picture of him, and send it to me at my expense.

What a shame it would be if this old hero of many a fight should die in his lair and disappear. Leviathan would rather be hooked, put up one glorious fight, die suddenly, be mounted and kept for the admiration of fishermen and the boys and girls of the coming days. He is the Browning of the stream, looking toward the climax of his earthly existence and saying:

"I was ever a fighter so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I should hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past."

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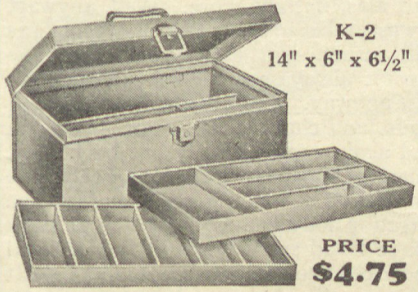

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14" x 6" x 6½"

PRICE
$4.75

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Made in 14" and 22" lengths.
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We will pay $100 to the person sending us the best name for this lure! In addition, tell us why it is a good lure and why fishermen should use it! Try to keep descriptive paragraph within fifty words. In case of tie, the paragraph submitted will be the deciding factor. Contest closes July 31st, 1926. For full information, write Contest Manager,

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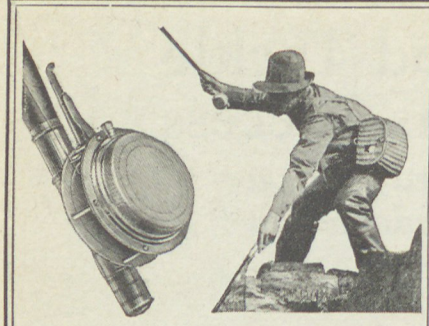

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And—when you get a strike, then's when you know what fishin' tackle is.

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Fishing in Nebraska

By G. E. Mead

Wish you could have been with me yesterday. My wife being away I made myself some pancakes for a late breakfast, and between nine and ten o'clock I lit out for my favorite haunts.

It was a peach of a morning, just a kind of hazy sun, and just warm and damp enough so that I thought to myself that it sure looked and felt bassy. I enjoyed the scenery immensely, due, perhaps, to the fact that it was all so new and strange to me?—having covered this same territory nearly every evening since the ice went out. Anyway, the violets and dandelions were in bloom and the grass was green and everything really did look first rate, especially as I was to have the whole day just to fish in.

I began casting as soon as I reached the water, but the fish did not seem to be as hungry as I had hoped, but, man! the tackle sure worked fine. Vince was there, but left for home discouraged. Geo. Corby and wife and mother, and Mr. Brown were having about the same success, but decided to try it a while longer. Of course, I enjoyed their company, but I was out to *fish*, so, as usual, I put business before pleasure and resumed my fishing. I cast up the lake, down the lake, and a cross the lake with the same fishless result. Then at this critical moment, I got a brilliant idea. I would *change flies*. I didn't have a "Jenny Lind," so decided to make the best of a bad situation and trust my luck to a "Clearwater Belle," which I know to be a peach of a fly, having tried it myself. I got my stringer all unlimbered, so as just not to be too unprepared when the rush came. Then with my "Clearwater Belle" well secured to the leader, I braced myself for the vicious strike, which would no doubt take place as soon as the fly touched water, and *cast* over the placid waters of Lake Evans. The moment was indeed tense, as my fly settled lightly over the exact spot where I felt sure one of the bass patriarchs was hiding. As the fly touched the water there was the usual slight ripple, but, alas, nothing more. Well, anyway, it was a relief to know that my tackle was still intact, and then, you know, one doesn't always get his fish on the first cast anyway. I cast again and again and again, and changed flies again and again and again until I finally got back right where I started, which I've heard one would do if he went on and on in the same direction long enough. Yes, right back where I had started; the little No. 6 red and green bucktail with No. 1 Hildebrandt spinner. To be sure I was having a splendid time casting, but my feelings were beginning to be a little injured on account of the fish paying no more respect to my perfectly elegant flies. A kingfisher was rattling derisively on a tree-stumd forty or fifty yards down the lake. This seemed like adding insult to injury, so I pulled my game-getter out of its holster and blazed away at him, with a charge of number sixes. They didn't seem to hurt him any, but he flew away, rattling his disgust. Just to sort of make him think I wasn't shooting at him anyway, I, kind of offhand like, with one hand still holding the game-getter, made a short cast up along the shore when, *Wham!!!* What in thunder was trying to take that fly and spinner away from me, and it one of my standbys, too! Well, he started straight for the other shore, and I replaced the game-getter in its holster as gracefully as possible, handicapped as I was, and prepared to protect my property. As my little five-ounce fly rod bent double a fine bass broke water and did the shimmy on his tail. When he saw me he evidently decided it was a case of eat or be eaten, for he turned and started for me under a full head of steam with the throttle thrown wide open, then realizing that he would be at a disadvantage on dry land, threw her into reverse, and as the rod bent double again he resumed his demonstration of advanced acrobatics. After many such performances he was finally landed, a fine bass weighing a little over a pound and a quarter, and—*I had caught a fish.* Well, it's never so bad, you know, once the ice is broken. I decided, however, to keep the game-getter in its holster while casting in future.

A little farther on a nice bluegill took the fly, then a one-pound bass, then another bass, a little over a pound, and a couple of crappies and more bluegills. About that time Geo. Corby came up, and jokingly remarked, "I don't see your fish." I told him that I always trailed them, as they were too heavy to carry. He also had a nice string.

I worked on back on the north side of the lake and soon got another bass, just over the limit for size, which I put back as tenderly as possible. At my next cast I got another bluegill. By that time I was down near some big stumps and as I thought there would sure be crappies and bluegills there, and possibly a bass, I dropped my fly and spinner at the edge of the stump. He struck almost before the fly had touched the water, and pulled for the middle of the lake. The rod bent double, but only slowed him up a bit, then he broke water. Boy! he was a big fellow. Then he ran in, but I was successful in keeping a fairly tight line. At once he was off for the stumps. I was afraid he would get tangled up in the roots, and I knew that light trout leader wouldn't last through one good lusty switch of his tail, if he got tied to something solid. I bent the rod all I dared without tearing the hook from his mouth, but he went right on toward the stumps, making the taut line fairly hiss thru the water. When almost to

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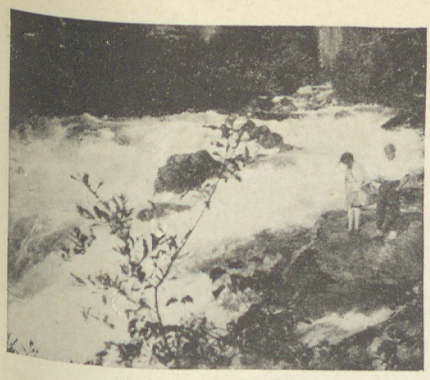

The Boys Go Fishin'.

the first stump he seemed to decide that it was too hard work, so broke water again and started off across the lake, which gave my heart time to slip back down out of my throat again. Instantly he was into the air once more, doing the light fantastic on his tail and shaking the fly until the spinner jingled, then he made a mad rush for the near shore where there was some light brush. Again I put on all the strain I dared, but it was like trying to hold a freight train going down hill, and he went into the brush and, *stopped*. I tapped on the reel to start him if he was sulking, but got no response. Cautiously wading toward the brush and stripping in the line as I went, I saw he was still there but *snagged*. It looked pretty much like a "Tragic Fishing Moment" to me, for I knew that even if that light leader should hold, the hook, which was just barely caught, would be sure to pull out if he made a struggle. For some unaccountable reason he seemed to be quite contented there in the brush. I slipped my fingers lightly down over the leader and it slipped easily from the snag just as his bass-ship was off again like a shot but this time not so far. He was beginning to weaken. For several minutes we went round and round, rod bent double and fish going through a wide variety of stunts but each run getting shorter and shorter until at last I was able to lead him close enough to slip my fingers into his gills and lift him from the water, a beautiful three-pound bass. I made two or three more casts, then as it was thundering and beginning to rain besides being nearly six o'clock, I decided to call it a day.

Got home and finished dressing the fish at seven o'clock. Saved enough for dinner-supper and took the rest over to the folks, came back and got my supper. Talk about feeds!! I sure had one and repeat. Two cups of the best coffee I ever tasted, mashed potatoes and lots of *fish* fried to a crisp in fresh butter, and good bread. How could you improve on that?

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Special grade of silk. Highest degree of strength and luster. For general use and hard service. No waterproofing. Wears like armor plate. Color—bright lustrous silver. Price 100 yards—15 lb. test $4.00. Higher tests in proportion. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct, enclosing price.

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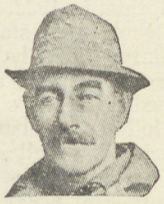

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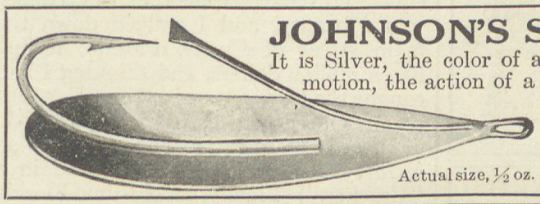

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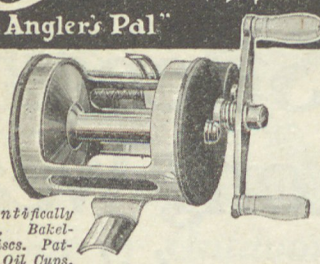

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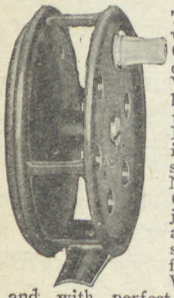

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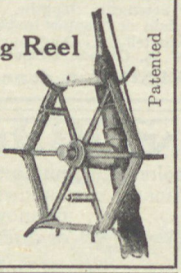

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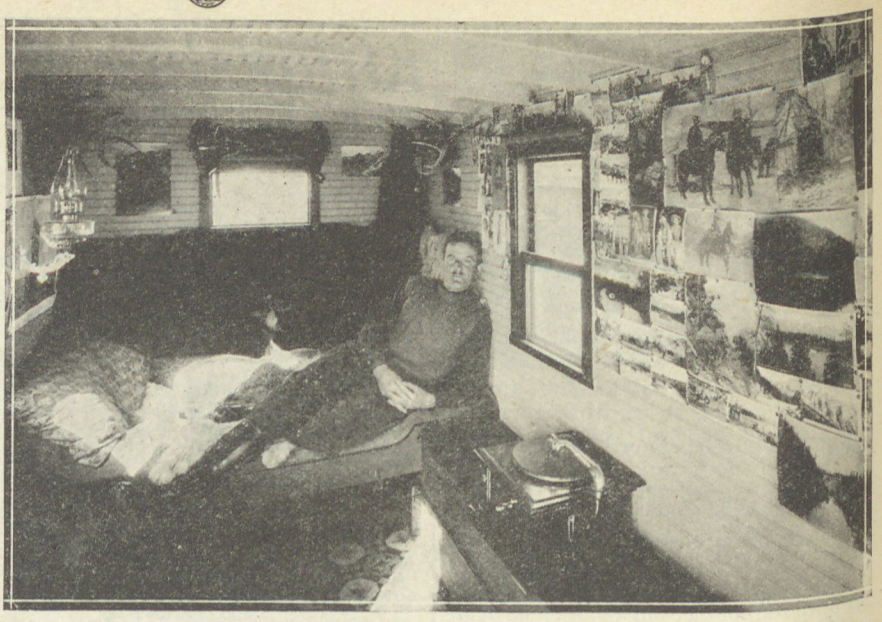

Solid Comfort.

That Big Bass

By O. C. Donahey

These October days with a tang of autumn in the air, a bit of red and brown on the leaves, the sky a little bluer, and the sun a little brighter, makes you think of all your wonderful trips in the big out-of-doors.

I remember some fine fishing trips on the Current, Jack's Fork, Leatherwood, and James White Rivers in Missouri, Colorado, Montana, Catalina Islands and the East Coast of Florida, but the one fishing trip that stands out of the many was in Lake County, Florida, in 1922. I had moved from the "show me" state to Florida, in Lake County. They have fourteen hundred fresh water lakes, all large enough to be named, with strips of land between them, all full of black bass, for the reason the "Crackers" are all too lazy to catch them.

My first bass, of any size, weighed eight and one-half pounds. It certainly was a beauty, and I walked down the main street of Eustis, Florida, feeling like a million dollars, and thinking I had caught the largest bass in the world. But no one paid any attention to my big fish, or shared any of my feelings. (Takes an awful jolt to get any enthusiasm in a "Cracker.") Finally, an old-time Florida "Cracker" says, "Mister, that ar ain't no big fish for this country, if you-alls want to be a Florida fisherman, you will have to do better than that ar. I reckon that ar would be a good sized fish, where you-alls come from." My million dollar feeling dropped to about eighty cents, and I wondered what in the Sam Hill they considered a real fish, in the land o' lakes, "Crackers" and alligators. I talked the matter over with my neighbor friend and fishing partner, Gardner Cottle, a fisherman and coon hunter from Licking River, Kentucky, who had lived in Florida about two years prior to my arrival. He suggested we go "dog-fishing" and talk it over. Did you ever catch a dog-fish? Well! they have the right name. When you land one they bark like a dog, and bite like one, and are no account for anything except the fun of catching them. At noon we tied the boat to a cypress snag, cooved a log to the bank and went to a neighbor's grove, borrowed a few oranges and grape fruit for our lunch, and spent a pleasant hour under a live oak, dangling with spanish moss, and talked over a real trip for the next day.

We decided to get up early and fish on Lake El Dorado, a nice little lake a mile wide and two miles long and sixty feet deep. Clear as a crystal, with some moss and weeds along the shore, and a neck in one end opening into a smaller lake. This neck was full of weeds and grass and about two feet deep. Just the place for bass. We started out about 6:00 a. m., worked out the good places along the bank, over to the neck where we caught a few two and three pounders. Gardner stopped the boat about fifty feet from the grass on the neck. I dropped a plug near the grass two or three times without any results. The fourth time I cast in a little pocket, and *blooey!* I thought I had an alligator. Business was sure good for an hour. Gardner knew his business and worked the boat out into deep water. Mr. Bass broke water, and tried to shake it out of his mouth, and then went down. He cut more didoes than a pet monkey. After an hour's fight he came up on his side, and Ye Gods! he looked like a sea bass. No chance of landing, net or line. Gardner ran his hand through his gills, and lifted him into the boat.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

When Vacations End

By K. V. Bennis

I have just returned from a fishing trip. On my desk is a stack of mail—the the accumulation of two weeks. On top of the pile is OUTDOOR AMERICA. I'll say that's a fitting climax to a wonderful trip. Monday morning—vacation ended—the old grind ahead—apparently no escape and, by gollies, here's OUTDOOR AMERICA, just in time to change a blue Monday to sunshine. This old bunch of mail has been waiting for my return, and it just can keep on waiting until I take a look at OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Here we are, right on the cover, a lake, mountains, pine trees and two pack horses. "What ere the fates be, if a horse 'waits me, I'll ride to judgment singing a song." I always get twisted when I try to remember verse. Sometimes, at night, I try to say—"Now I lay me down to sleep"—and I get side-tracked on to "Little pink flowers climb to the pane, washed by the showers, tempt me in vain. Nothing but dreams. Why, sometimes it seems I smell the fried bacon out on the plain." Well, sir, when you stop to think about it, I don't know but one is just about as much of a prayer as the other, and that reminds me of a little prayer that I wrote one time, when I was watching the sun rise out on the desert.

Our Father Who art in Heaven,
Give us the faith to kneel
In silent prayer,
Our needs are known to Thee—
So may our desires be in Thy care.

Now that isn't much of a prayer, at first glance, and it doesn't take long to say it. I made it snappy because there isn't much to be said in a real prayer. If you're getting paid by the minute, like a bricklayer, it's different, but when you're just praying because your heart is full, you don't have to say a whole lot, and then the way you say it counts as much as anything. Well, anyway, that little prayer of mine says a mouthful, if you stop to think about it. Some guy is going to say, "what's the big idea? We started in to read an Angling Memoir, and you're handing us a religious talk." And I'll say, "Look here, young feller, fishing and being out in the open places is my religion, and yours too, if you stop to think about it. Why, if I wanted to find an honest man, I wouldn't take a lantern and go rummaging around the city, trying to find one—I'd take my fishing pole and go out along a stream."

It always seems to stir up the finer feelings to get out in the open where things are real, and it makes a fellow kind of look within himself to see if he's stacking up the way he should—"Here thou shalt a name be given, known alone unto thyself." Well, to get back to OUTDOOR AMERICA again—I was just reading about a fellow who stayed by one pool while the rest of

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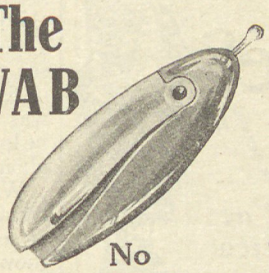

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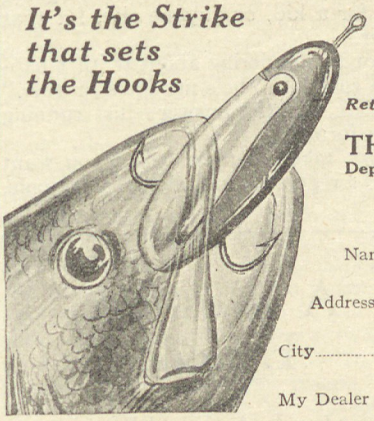

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We say so because every season scores of anglers take the time to write us about the wonderful way in which their GRANGERS have delivered the goods under all kinds of fishing conditions.

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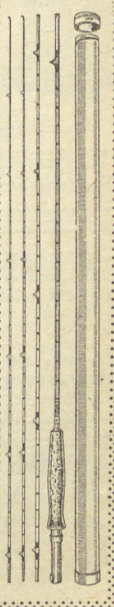

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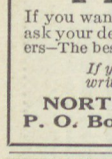

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It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 655 High St., Logansport, Ind.

the bunch went wandering up and down the stream. "Green pastures are far away," if you know what I mean. He caught as many fish as the best of them, and that reminds me of the time I took my Pal's little brother fishing.

We camped out all night, like regular scouts. In the morning we agreed that he would fish down stream, and I would fish up. Returning to camp, I followed the rim of the canyon. Opposite camp, I looked down with my glasses. I could see the Kid busily counting a nice string of fish, and he had just two more than I was carrying. When I reached camp, he looked my string over, but said nothing about how many he had caught.

When we reached home my Pal, his sister, asked how many we had caught, which, of course, called for a count. The count showed that we were even up. Now, just when he slipped one of his fish in with mine, I don't know, but I call that going some for a kid, or anyone else, for that matter.

I got to wondering about it 'til I happened to think, "he's my Pal's brother," and that was the answer—just running true to form.

Don't take a lantern when you want to find a regular guy. Take a fishing pole.

A Western Episode

By J. A. FRASER

Most of us, in the spring of the year, are looking forward to a time of recreation. We hope to get away for a brief space into the quiet and beauty of the country. Rest, after all, is not a luxury, but a necessity. A malignant trouble has caused no little restlessness, and the physician can do nothing for us. He knows, however, what the malady is,—Spring is in the air! True, the surrounding hills are white; and the distant, snow-capped monuments of nature bespeak strength and beauty. Nevertheless, there is a softness everywhere, and ere long the streams will be vocal with praise. Thank God the streams are there: for in the uplands are the eternal springs.

That time will come, it is nearly here, when the green grass is on the hills again; when the breeze is playing in the leaves; when in the valleys and shady wood, punctual to their tryst, the flowers have come. Then will we cry with the Psalmist of old, "Thou hast made winter and summer." Winter is but the loom! Out of winter will come the summer. The one without the other is impossible.

There are two of us craving nature's music. Two hearts in need of a holiday, in order to rest and see. And the place of which we dream is full of rest, and full of healing, with only the murmur of the brook for music, and the stirring of the wind among the trees. Taught by the breeze, the mountains and the stream, we will come to our true selves again. We will bathe in that deep and mighty

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To You Fishermen

who *know* fishing, love it for its *skill* and *sportsmanship* and take keen delight in the action of a fine rod.

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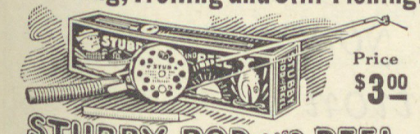

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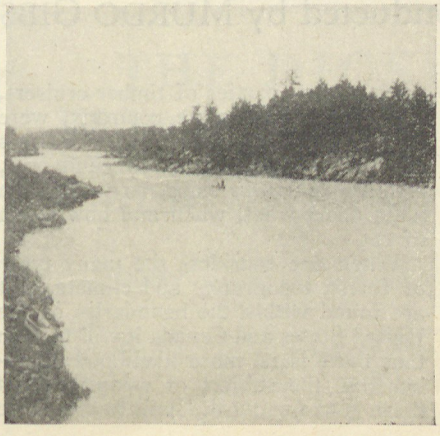
silence that spreads itself out beyond the noise of man. We will let the peace of lonely places sink with benediction on our souls. Nothing is more fatal to vision as an unceasing and unvarying routine. So, we will away to "The Encampment" where the waters are deep and clear; and fish for trout.

It was early last June when I was first introduced to its sparkling waters. To know it is to love it. To fish it is to forget one's burdens. The pool over which our flies were cast was large and deep, and overhung with trees. It was a veritable paradise! With trembling fingers rods were set up, lines threaded and flies bent on. My companion cast to the opposite bank where an eddy had deposited a blanket of foam. Thrice was the cast repeated without a rise. On the fourth, a large brook trout took the fly and fairly bent the rod double. One could not but admire the dexterity and fine patience of the angler as he stood firm against the mad rushes of the denizen of that deep pool. The line cut the water with a hiss; up and down, back and forth! It was a battle royal, a battle in silence. The first trout of the season, but will he land it? Minutes seemed hours, but at last we noticed the furious rushes growing less, and at last we gazed upon eighteen inches of quivering, cool flesh. Three pounds, two ounces of "beauty." What could we do but stand there with our heads uncovered? There was nothing else to do.

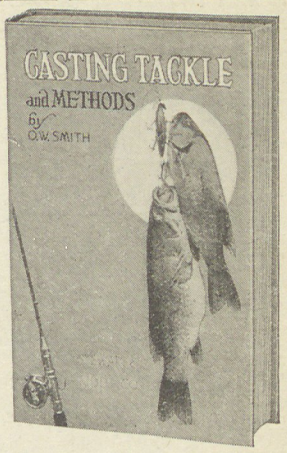
And still the flowers waved in the fields. Still did the great white clouds go drifting by, in the glory of that summer afternoon.

We are wondering what "Our" pool will look like this summer. It may be changed, and even unproductive. But one thing is still utterly unchanged we know, and that is the beauty and peace of nature. Memories awake these winter days of quiet places where the sun was shining.



Memories of days on water like this.

Appleton Books for Sportsmen



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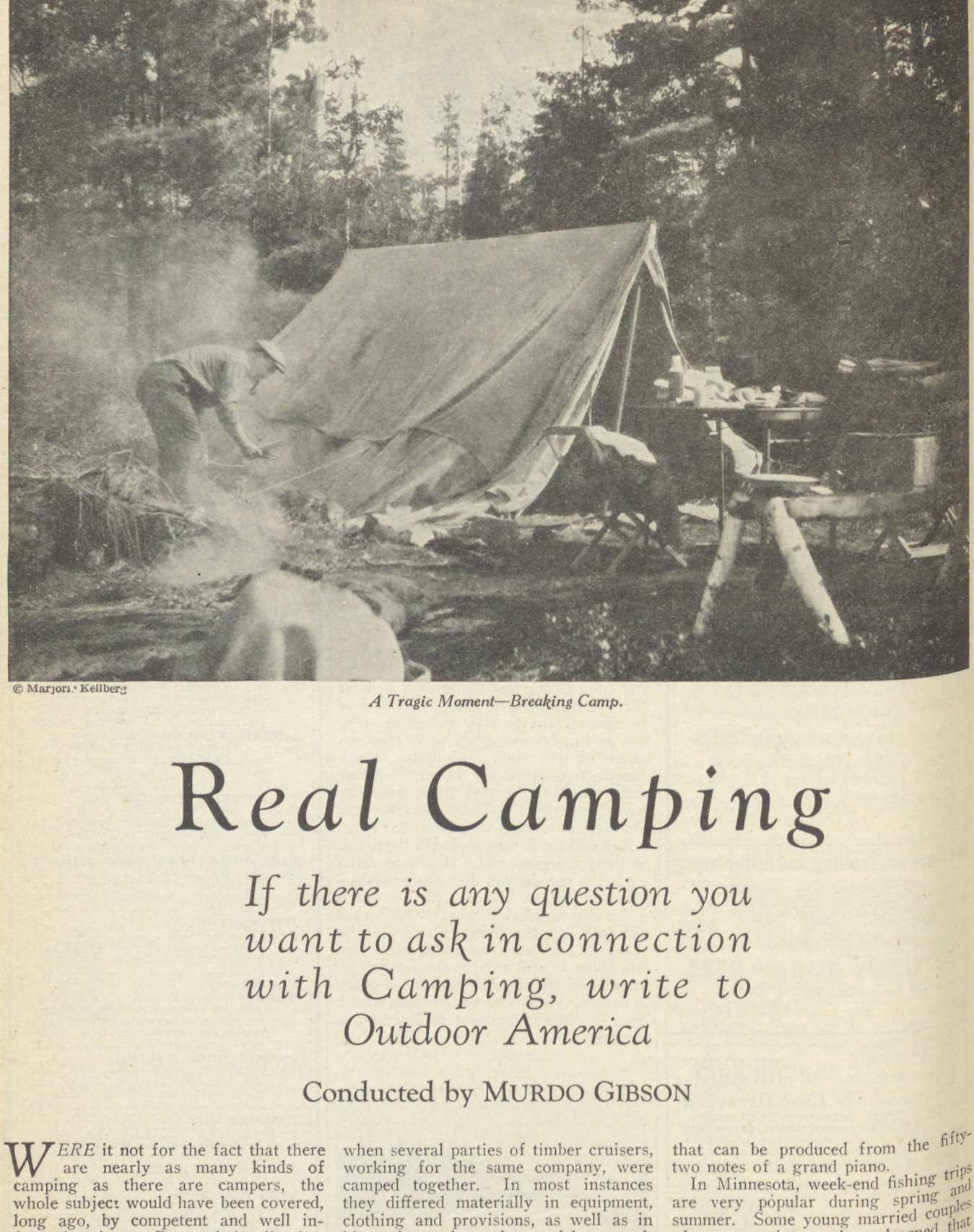

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A Tragic Moment—Breaking Camp.

Real Camping

If there is any question you want to ask in connection with Camping, write to Outdoor America

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

WERE it not for the fact that there are nearly as many kinds of camping as there are campers, the whole subject would have been covered, long ago, by competent and well informed writers. But each locality has its own fashions in camping. These are varied, almost to infinity, by season, object of trip, its probable duration, size of party, means of transportation and financial resources.

Differences in taste between individuals is another factor that adds to the complexity. I have often noted this when several parties of timber cruisers, working for the same company, were camped together. In most instances they differed materially in equipment, clothing and provisions, as well as in ideas about what, when and how much to eat.

When one considers the many types of forest, topography and climate, that are found within the boundaries of the United States and Canada it will be seen that there is no more likelihood of exhausting the subject of camping, than there is of finding the limit to the music that can be produced from the fifty-two notes of a grand piano.

In Minnesota, week-end fishing trips are very popular during spring and summer. Some young married couples of my acquaintance have learned that this form of recreation gives them an opportunity for the undisturbed companionship, so necessary to mutual understanding and so difficult to obtain in town. If more of them would camp out together *before* marriage there would be fewer divorces. As a revealer of character and personality I know of

nothing that equals a wilderness camping trip.

For the purposes of this article we will suppose that such a couple, desiring to try a week-end camping trip, want some instruction as to equipment and procedure. They have no automobile and very little money, so must depend on street car, bus, or railroad to take them to the edge of civilization. From there they will pack their stuff on their backs. Their schedule calls for an after luncheon start on Saturday, and arrival home, sometime between eight and twelve o'clock Sunday night.

An inventory of their whole outfit may seem like needless repetition, but if it is not given I will have to write many letters in answer to enquiries regarding omitted items. The reader, I hope, will bear in mind that the following list is merely one man's opinion of what constitutes a practical outfit for week-end trips to nearby camping spots in the north woods, during the month of May.

From experience gained on the initial trip an outfit better suited to the individual and locality will undoubtedly be evolved, but the one submitted herewith will do very well for the first excursion. Eventually, the real camping fan will go to the forest for an indefinite stay with but little more equipment than can be carried in his pocket. Most of you have read of the man and his wife who left civilization with nothing but their appetites, spent an entire summer in the Maine woods and returned to town in perfect physical condition.

SPRING AND SUMMER WEEK-END CAMPING OUTFIT

Equipment

2 Packsacks—waterproofed
3 Waterproofed cotton grub-sacks
1 Quart friction-top can
1 Tea pail
1 Steel fry-pan, folding handle
1 Silkolene, or "balloon silk" shelter sheet 8'x8' (with eyelets at six inch intervals around all four edges)
1 Mosquito bar, full bed size
1 Bed tick ¾ size, if boughs are not available
1 Single, woolen blanket
1 Axe, 2½ lb., double bitted, in sheath
1 Belt axe, light
3 Tin plates, 2 tin cups with nesting handles
2 Knives, steel, 2 forks, 2 tea spoons
1 Salt shaker, large, aluminum
1 Dish towel and cloth
1 Doz. paper towels
2 Note books and pencils
1 Pliers, small, side cutting
1 Spool fine, copper wire
1 Camera and films
1 Carbide lamp, 5 hour with extra container
1 First aid kit, small needles and linen thread
1 Oiled silk cape, or poncho
1 Flat file, six inch
1 Candle, thick, short—floating soap
Fisherman's cord, for sheet ties
Binoculars, small

Personal Equipment

Pocket knife, scout style
Compass, high grade
Watch, cheap, leather thong
Match safe, waterproof
Whetstone, Carborundum, smallest
Magnifying glass
Money, in purse
Identification tag, metal
First aid, smallest
Fly dope, after May 15th

Clothing

Hat, soft felt
Gloves, loose
Boots, hob-nailed, not tight
Stockings, or sox; woolen, 1 extra pair
Shirt, heavy, woolen, two pockets
Shirt, medium weight, army style

Dickey KAMPER
TRADEMARK—

"The FIRST Umbrella Type Tent Without Center Pole!"

The "All-Family" Tent—

Owners of Dickeybird-Kamper tents know that from the minute they leave home until they return from the excursion out-of-doors on touring and camping trips that they'll be comfortably sheltered.

Dickeybird-Kampers perform perfectly under all conditions. Bad weather holds no terror for the Dickeybird-Kamper. It stands erect in the worst storm; it provides complete shelter in rain and shine. Amazingly fine construction means long wear; special Dickey patented features eliminate the old-fashioned center pole and greatly add to the tent's perfection. With a Dickeybird-Kamper tent, all you need is the decision to hit out for Adventureland. And imagine the fun you'll have—imagine the fullness of living you'll enjoy in 1926, with such a tent at your service! A woman can erect this tent quickly and easily. In storms it can be adjusted from inside doors and windows of newest and approved construction. Waterproofed and won't rub off—also rot and mildewproof. All wearable parts of bronze. A tent built to give long wear under any circumstances, and insured against ordinary tent troubles through expert workmanship.

Get inside a Dickeybird-Kamper tent at your dealer's. Study it from the ground up. Match it against anything on the market. Ask an owner for his opinion. If you'll buy by comparison you'll own a Dickeybird-Kamper this year!

Two sizes, 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft. Fully illustrated booklet, prices, specifications, etc., on request. Use the coupon.

THE DICKEY MFG. CO.
330 Tenth Street TOLEDO, OHIO

MAIL THIS FOR DICKEYBIRD-KAMPER CATALOG

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O.A.

WHY *Punish Knees and Back?*

An Airubber canoe cushion makes your trip much more pleasant. Sit or kneel on it. Paddle or fish in comfort. Lay one in the bottom of your canoe or fold it up to fit any particular need.

And last, but not least, should the canoe tip and you find yourself in the water, the good Airubber Cushion becomes a reliable life raft for every person in the boat. A life-line is attached to the cushion for just this emergency. A good safety first rule is to have an Airubber cushion for each person in canoe or boat. Many have found it so. Also handy in car or as soft hip pad when sleeping outdoors.

The Airubber Canoe Cushion is made of durable, rubberized Khaki, size 12 by 34½ inches and sells for $5.00.

Sleep on Air

An Airubber Restesy Mattress makes for restful sleep because it is a yielding cushion of air that fits the body. protecting it from cold and dampness,

Ideal for outdoors! When deflated it may be packed in small space, Or a section may be inflated and used as car. camp or canoe cushion, At night the sections are quickly fastened together. making the most comfortable bed you have ever slept on,

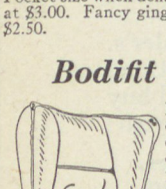
Put it on your sleeping porch or in the sickroom! Feel how comfortable it is. Its corrugations provide for the necessary circulation of body-warmed air. It is always odorless, clean and sanitary. May be scrubbed if necessary.

Made in various sizes and styles to fit cot, sleeping bag, double bed, etc., and for one or two persons. Priced from $15.00 to $42.50. If your dealer hasn't this Airubber Restesy Mattress, write us, telling us your requirements and mention his name. We'll gladly advise the style you should have and its cost.

Airubber Sleepesy Pillow

Supports head in natural position. It is ventilated. Can be inflated with varying degrees of softness. Pocket size when deflated. In Khaki at $3.00. Fancy gingham patterns, $2.50.

Bodifit Auto Cushion



If driving—or riding—tires you, this cushion will let you enjoy the longest trips in comfort. It places you closer to pedals and wheel, gives you more leg room, or serves as a support for your head and shoulders —as you desire.

Also useful in camp or canoe and around the home. Two styles. Khaki at $4.00. Or Corduroy in beaver, dark blue or auto smoke shades at $5.00.

Most of the better dealers sell Airubber Products. If yours doesn't we will be pleased to supply you direct. List the articles you want, and mention dealer's name. Enclose check or M. O. We ship on money-back guarantee.

Many Airubber conveniences for home, office, car and camp are illustrated in our new free catalog. Write for it. You will find many helpful suggestions in it.

Airubber CORPORATION

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472 West Superior St., Chicago, Ill.
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Jobbers and Dealers Write for Particulars

A. L. Gebbard

Underwear, woolen, medium weight
Trousers, heavy, woolen, stagged, or golf style
Suspenders wide webbed
Handkerchief, large
Belt

Provisions

	Pounds
Bread, crackers or ry-crisp	2
Bacon, sliced, sugar cured	1
Grape-nuts, or equivalent	1½
Granulated sugar	½
Sweet chocolate, plain	1
Powdered milk—full cream	½
Powdered egg	¼
Butter	1
Raisins	1
Beans, canned	2
Cheese	1
Tea	¼
Coffee	¼
Total	12¼

This list makes ample allowance for the almost universal tendency to eat more, and oftener, on the first few trips. After the novelty wears off, food consumption is likely to be less. As stated in a previous article, novices seldom sleep well during the first night spent in the open. Time seems to pass very slowly and there is a strong temptation to lunch frequently, between supper and breakfast.

I take a shelter sheet in preference to a tent whenever my bedding is insufficient to keep me warm all night without a fire. By pitching it in the form of an elevated gable roof and building a reflecting fire on *both* sides two persons, lying side by side can, in moderate weather, sleep quite comfortably under a single blanket, as long as the fires last. Dry wood should be piled within easy reaching distance so that either party can replenish his fire without rising. Small fires, close up are better than larger ones farther off. Both sheet and fires are supposed to be arranged parallel to smoke drift.

In fair weather the sheet need not be pitched, but can be used as bed covering. Considering its lightness, the value of this closely woven fabric for retaining body heat is surprising. The mosquito bar also, helps noticeably in conserving heat and excluding cold.

Paper towels are a great convenience to campers. Their many uses are too obvious to require further mention. The friction-top can is used as a shaker when mixing, or re-hydrating, milk powder.

The packsack, while being loaded, should be laid flat, shoulder straps down, and the blanket, or sheet, neatly folded to fit the bag, inserted first. This forms a pad that protects one's back from cornered, or sharp-edged articles. The fry pan, into which the plates are nested, is put into a light, cotton sack, so that its sooty bottom will not soil other things. For the same reason, the pail, also, is put into a light sack, and knives, forks and spoons are rolled up in the dish towel.

When not to be carried in the hand, the axe is tied, head up, to the fork of the shoulder straps and the handle prevented from swinging by wrapping the centre flap strap once around it, before final buckling. The standard, double bitted camping axe has a twenty-eight inch handle. It reaches about four inches below the bottom of an ordinary packsack and sometimes causes annoyance by catching on obstruction that one may be clambering over, or under. For this reason some campers like a twenty-four inch handle, especially for short trips in spring and summer. When there is a *real* axe in the outfit the belt axe is used as a hammer and for blazing, oftener than for chopping, so I choose the lightest one I can get. In my opinion, every style of axe, for campers' use, should have a nail pulling slot, but as no manufacturer of double bitted axes has yet provided us with this feature we must continue to grind and file our own slots.

Camp should be located as close to water supply as possible but considerably above. Mists of late evening and early morning have a tendency to drift low along watercourses and a few feet in elevation may mean the difference between being shrouded in dense fog and having an unobstructed view through perfectly clear atmosphere. The sheltered top of a rather steep slope that reaches to the water's edge is my favorite campsite. Depth of water at such places is usually sufficient to permit of dipping a pailful, washing clothes and loading a canoe while standing on dry ground. Another advantage of the elevated campsite is its comparative freedom from mosquitoes. During the morning and evening hours these pests are most numerous at the shore

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

line. To prove this fact one has only to clean a few fish there, at dusk.

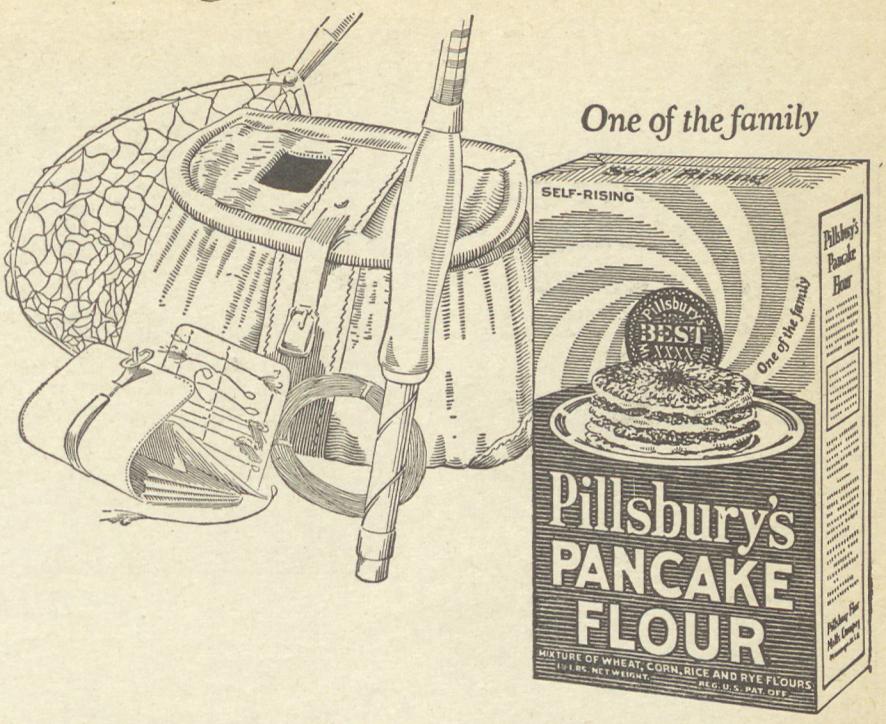
As stated before, novices seldom sleep well during the first night in the open. The novelty of the day's experiences, the stimulating food, drink and stories, combine with the mysterious noises of the forest to keep the sandman away. I have a theory that in one respect this sandman is like some young musicians. Coax them to play and they shy; ignore them and they will insist on performing. The best way to insure a good sleep is to try to stay awake. Pass the time in whatever manner pleases you but *avoid idleness*. Someone—Lord Chesterfield, I think—declared that "Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools." Whether this is true or not the reader may decide for himself, but a brief trial of idleness around a bivouac fire will convince anyone that it acts as an efficient brake on the wheels of a watch. Wilderness nights should be as enjoyable as the days. Even if rain prevents one from leaving his shelter to study the habits of nocturnal wild life, such pastimes as reading, writing and sketching are available to those who carry a good, carbide lamp. Whittling, carving and working birch bark into baskets, napkin rings, letter sheets and envelopes will cause the hours of darkness to fly swiftly with no suggestion of the dragging so often complained of by those who try to go to sleep just because it is their usual time for crawling between the sheets.

Not until the feeling of drowsiness becomes overpowering should the novice attempt to sleep. When that time arrives, minor discomforts, such as the hum and stings of blood-thirsty mosquitoes or the slight inequalities of a browse bed will not prevent sound, restful slumber.

The space allotted to this department forbids further description of week-end camping, but before closing I want to impress upon the minds of all Waltonians, the incalculable benefits to be derived from occasional periods of solitude.

Many of the great figures of history received, while alone in the wilderness, the inspiration that determined their careers and influenced their whole lives. Fishing and hunting are right enough in their place—I would be the last to minimize their manhood building possibilities—but during the night, when the camp-fire glows silently at one's feet, there is opportunity for clear, searching, unhurried thought upon the unsolved problems of life that can hardly be obtained in any other way. Dread of solitude in a grown man is a certain indication of mental inferiority, physical cowardice or immature character. To cure these defects I would recommend an old prescription that applies to many other ills, i. e.: "The hair of the dog is good for the bite." Don't be afraid to go alone, but if you are afraid, go anyhow if only to conquer the fear.

Write Mr. Gibson for Camping Information



Take it with you!

How GOOD *Pillsbury's pancakes taste out-o'-doors!*

You can go into the wildest timber country—a thousand miles from home and home cooking facilities—and you can still have the same unmatched Pillsbury's pancakes you enjoy at your own breakfast table.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is simply "made to order" for outdoor use. Packed in sturdy, durable containers—with all needed ingredients blended in the flour itself—it's compact enough to win a merited place in even the "tightest" camp kit.

And is it easy to use! Man alive! Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. Just six minutes from package to hungry mouths!

If you like pancakes at home, you'll *love* 'em in the great outdoors! Pillsbury's pancakes with savory strips of bacon. Light, fluffy, golden-brown cakes—tender, delicious, satisfying to the last bite.

Whatever you do, don't forget Pillsbury's Pancake Flour on your next trip. And be sure you have *plenty*. Buy it by the package or the case from grocers who know what men like.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour · Health Bran · Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Made by the Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour

It's the Quick-Action Coleman!

You'll like this Stove—because it's easy to set up; easy to start; easy to cook anything your appetite desires over its big flame-spreading burners. Speedy action always—good "eats" quick! You'll like it because it's all complete, all built-in—nothing to get lost or damaged.

The regular model, Coleman No. 2 (illustrated above) is the camp stove de luxe—acknowledged by out-door experts as finest camp cooker made. Has original Coleman *Hot-Blast Generation, Built-in Oven and Drum Heater, Built-in Wind Baffles, Built-in Air Pump and Funnel, Swinging Fuel Tank, Big Blue Flame Burners* and other improved features. Fuel is common motor gas. Folds up like a suit case. U. S. price only $12.50. Folding High Stand, of sturdy all-steel construction, U. S. price $2.50 extra.

Ask your dealer to show you both models of Coleman Camp Stoves. Write for descriptive literature. Address Camping Dept. OM-35

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: Wichita, Kansas
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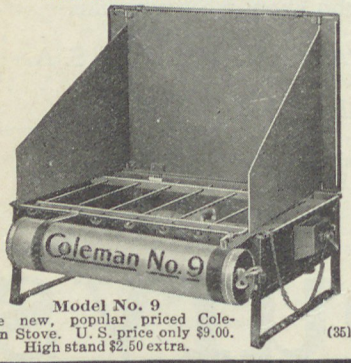
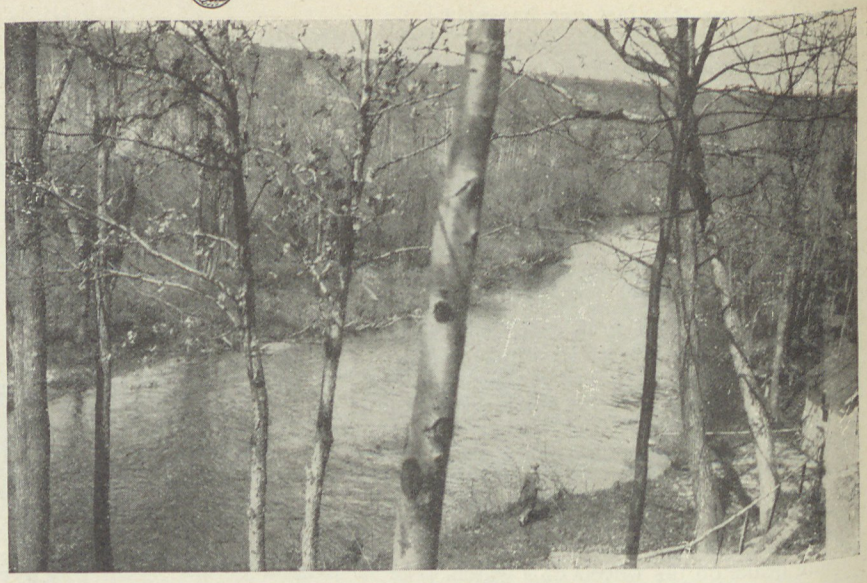


Model No. 9
The new, popular priced Coleman Stove. U. S. price only $9.00. High stand $2.50 extra. (35)

Coleman
TRADE MARK REG.
Camp Stove



The Little Manistee.

Our One Buck Musky Law

By A. MUSKYTEER

Up on the Manitowish waters of Wisconsin, August is a dull month for fishermen; it was one of those sultry days but snappy with breezes from the pines, when three fishing cronies were sitting on the banks of the Manitowish in the shade of a big Norway explaining to their guest just why he had not been able to hook one of the fresh water sharks. Dr. A. S. Haskins, the Methodist minister of Irving Park, S. B. McGrew, of the Armour Grain Co. and Captain Charles Simpson Smith of Lake Manitowish, composed the trio trying to soothe the disappointed guest, J. A. Montelius, Jr., the corn land baron of Piper City, Ill. The spiritual influence of the Doctor kept Smith and McGrew reasonably within the limits of fish prevarication privileges.

"Well," said Montelius, "I've hung around here an extra week listening to you fellows tell me why they won't bite. I've swallowed a lot of funny reasons—loose teeth, etc., but I've come to the conclusion that this is not musky water." The statement was promptly challenged and all agreed that the next day they would make a final tryout with a big assortment of baits.

The following day, after hours of dropping every kind of a bait in every likely place without even a strike or a swirl, it looked as though Montelius was right. One boat gave up in disgust while the Captain and McGrew rowed to the middle of the big Manitowish.

"Put out your line," said the Captain, "while I row you around a few weed beds." After fifteen minutes of trolling the Captain said, "What kind of a bait have you got on?" It was promptly brought in when he said, "Throw it away and put this on," as he handed him a No. 6 Skinner spoon, and they were off at it again.

"Look out, McGrew," said the Captain, "if we hook one at all it will be along here in the next few minutes, as we are crossing a wonderful weed bed."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Bang! Swish! Kersplash! and a big musky had taken the spoon, broken water with a leap of four feet straight up and then down for a wild rush, two or three more leaps and after twenty minutes of high tension play the musky was brought close enough to stop with a pistol. The reputation of the water was saved and Montelius presented with a twenty pound musky to prove that where there are big ones there are small ones and where there are small ones there are big ones.

Preparations for a speedy trip to Piper City were made. A fancy box to ship the prize was constructed with all the care and skill of an artist; King Tut could have had no finer place to rest. Moss was picked from the swamps, carefully selected; the musky was packed with the moss and ice, and the box sealed; then a trip of twelve miles that night to make sure that the night train took the prized shipment.

But Montelius, who was to leave the next morning by auto for Piper City, figured out that his fish would lie around express offices before he got there and become too fragrant with fish odor, so he had the happy thought of shipping it to a butcher friend in Evanston, whom he wired to unpack upon arrival and put in ice until he arrived, when he would repack and hurry through to Piper City. No detail was left undone or unthought of toward the safe journey of the fish, to which all hands contributed.

The fish got off by express, and Montelius, smiling with triumph, was bidding farewell to the crowd when a messenger delivered him a telegram; as he finished reading he was trembling. His lips

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

quivered and his eye was moist. A death in the family was the impression of those near until he handed the telegram over to Dr. Haskins:

Antigo, Wis.
Aug. 27th, 1924

To John A. Montelius, Jr.,
Camp Khaki, Manitowish, Wis.

Your consignment of one muskellunge to Evanston, Illinois, intercepted and confiscated by conservation warden. New law effective August twenty-sixth, permits the catching and shipment of male fish only. Wire disposition of the box.

Collect $1.68

Agent, American Express Co.

No hornet's nest was ever busier than this crowd, from which Smith seemed to be the only one missing.

Bill the caretaker was the first consulted; says Bill, "Well, you never can tell what that fool legislature will do on game laws; if it was my fish I would go down there and tell them it's a male fish and make them prove it isn't."

Dr. Haskins says, "That seems logical. We'll go down and demand the fish," to which Montelius agreed and said he would spend his last cent to get that fish back.

McGrew was consulted; he said that he didn't know what to do, but it would be something drastic anyway—but suggested that they see Smith.

"What do you know about this?" said Montelius, as he handed Smith the telegram.

"Yes," said Smith, "I heard they were going to pass a one buck musky law; now we will have to grow horns on all these boys so you city fellows will be able to tell them."

Everyone seemed to get wise all at once.

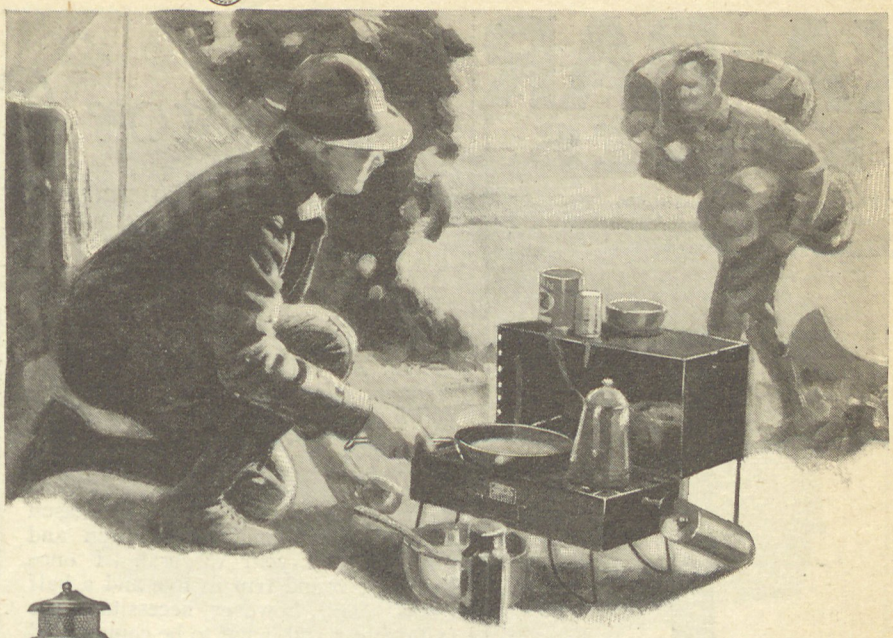
Montelius started for his car and Piper City, but as a parting shot said, "Smith, I'll get even with you if it takes me the rest of my life, but I should have known when your five year old boy delivered that telegram that there was something 'fishy' about it."

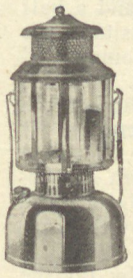
The musky was found in elegant condition at Evanston, with some of the original ice still on it (him), and then on to Piper City, where the villagers were treated to the sight of the "shark of the north," and a few were even treated to the feast.

And yet Smith says, "A male musky will hit a bait harder than a female," and no one seems to be able to dispute him, not even Ed Taylor or Smiling Bill Jamison, when I heard him tell them the same thing as well as a lot of other theories he has on muskies.

But he catches muskies and lots of them.

Get that Member Today!





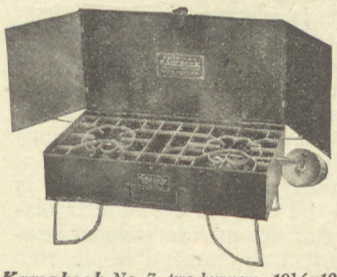
American Ready-Lite Lantern. Lights the camp as bright as day. Burns gasoline, lights with matches—no torch. Windproof—safe. Price $7.50.

Snap Into It Boy— Dinner Is Ready!

THAT'S a welcome call after a long pull upstream, or a hard day on the road, when you are tired and hungry. It's the call a million ***Kampkook*** users boast of to their friends when they tell about the trip. How the meals were ready before camp was made, how ***Kampkook*** fed them all the way.

Kampkook is a speedy stove and a safe one. No waiting, no bother—anytime is meal time. Carries like a grip with everything inside, cooks and bakes like a range, making its own gas from common roadside gasoline.

Kampkook is the original gasoline camp stove. It has many fine features only ***Kampkook*** can give you. Ask your dealer about ***Kampkook's*** detachable, easy-fill safety tank, the flame spreading, non-clog burners, rigid locked-in-position legs, built-in oven, folding wind-shield, sturdy construction and easy operation. If he cannot supply you ask us for name of the nearest dealer who can.



Kampkook *No. 7, two burners, 10½x19 inch cooking surface, open grate, folding wind-shield; two quart tank holds six hours' fuel supply. Price in U. S. $9.00. Other models $7.00 to $14.50.*

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Factory: Albert Lea, Minn.
Eastern Office: 78 Reade St., New York City

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CAMP STOVE

Write for free copy of ***"Kampkookery,"*** *a valuable handbook on motor camping. Address nearest office, Dept. 43.*

Special Combination

Go-Lite Outfit

4 Pieces Complete $19.50

Go-Lite Mattress just perfected. 26½ in wide, four feet long, and weighs less than an inner tube. Last for many years. *Sold only with this combination.*

Ground Cloth 54x70 in. fitted with brass grommets, rubber one side, khaki other side.

Airubber Sleepezy Pillow, scientifically correct, inflates to 10x16 in.

Airubber Warming Bottle for chilly nights in camp or home. Can't leak—no binding, no patches. Two quart capacity.

All four pieces listed above $19.50—less than you would expect to pay for an air mattress alone. Ground cloth, used as shelter, mattress and pillow shown in sketch.

If your store does not sell Airubber, order direct, enclosing check or money order and mention dealer's name. If not *very much pleased* return immediately and money refunded. You'll cal this combination the greatest bargain you ever bought. Write for *free catalog* of many Airubber conveniences.

Jobbers and dealers please write for particulars.

Airubber CORPORATION
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472 West Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

KA-BAR KNIVES

"The new improved quality in steel blades as developed in KA-BAR Cutlery will lead the whole American industry to a higher standard of excellence."

No. 281 Minute-Man

Genuine stag horn handle. Blade 4". Price, including extra fine hand laced sheath, $5.00

Designed by Mr. Fred W. Smith, Waterbury, Conn.

Read what Mr. Smith says of this knife:

"In my 40 years of hunting and fishing, I never saw as fine a blade as you have in this knife. It is the last word in a beautiful piece of steel. I will tell you of the hard test I put mine to.

"First I used a mallet on the blade and chopped up a 3 ft. piece of ¾" rope into little pieces. Then I cut up a 3" strip of rawhide into thin strips. Next I cut up an oak board, then split it and made it into tent stakes. Next I split a 2" piece of plank. Next I cut a whole newspaper up into strips, then into pieces about 1" square. Next I drove a shingle nail into wood up to the head, and to test the blade point, I stuck point under head of nail and, holding a small piece of wood cross ways for leverage, drew the nail with point of blade. I have looked blade over with my glass and can find no sign of dullness nor damage.

"I work as a die and tool maker and this is the finest steel I ever thought could be made. Some thirty years ago when I was with the Texas Rangers, and then later with the JF5 and Turkey Track outfit, if I had had some of these Minute-Man KA-BAR Knives, I could have gotten real money for them. I want to say you know how to make a real honest knife.

"I have showed the Minute-Man to many sportsmen including Mr. C. A. Templeton, former Governor of this state. They all agree that this is the most perfect knife they ever saw. I am proud to have been its designer and proud that it is a KA-BAR Knife."

KA-BAR Knives are made in many styles for all Outdoor purposes: Hunting, Fishing, Camping and Trapping Knives; Interchangeable blade knives; knife, fork and spoon take-a-part knives. Largest line of *Stainless Steel* Outdoor knives. Write for folder No. 30 which shows all styles.

Union Cutlery Co., Inc.
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Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

Here is a story and suggestions on transcontinental auto camping by Dr. J. H. Bissell, of Troy, New York, who qualifies as a gasoline skipper on all highways.—Homer Bow.

NATURALLY a choice of transcontinental routes will largely depend upon conditions; including the season of the year, ultimate destination and time limit at your disposal. I once made the round trip in five and a half weeks. This, however, necessitates too fast driving and is not to be commended if more time can be afforded. On this particular occasion I drove the Lincoln highway while going, and returned by the Old Oregon Trail, up the Columbia River, past The Dalles, through Pendleton, La Grand, Baker City, Ogden and Salt Lake City; and thence by the Lincoln highway home.

The Old Oregon Trail is by far the best route, from the standpoint of good roads, although about 600 miles farther than the more direct Lincoln highway. West of Salt Lake City, the latter route is abominable, if not at times actually impassable. The Salt Lake Sink, or desert, is always a quagmire at best, and if this route is selected one should surely stop at Orr's Ranch for reliable information as to the possibility of crossing at the time.

The Santa Fe, or Old National Trail, is fairly good as a rule as far as Kingman, when it soon degenerates into a bad condition. The Mohave desert is rough and the temperature here is distressingly hot during the summer season. Comfort is impossible at this season and relative comfort is only made possible by frequent applications of wet towels to one's head, when the rapid evaporation affords a tolerable state of incineration.

The Yellowstone Trail is not particularly bad during dry summer weather, although much of the road was heavy at the time of my trip over it, because of deep gravel having been applied. This latter condition has probably now been corrected by constant use.

As to the kind of car, I think any good one should be able to do the trick. If there are but two in the party the car may be converted into a Pullman sleeper, by cutting down the back of the front seat. The writer has resorted to this device with most satisfactory results. At night the seat-back is lowered, or folded down, and a good folding hair mattress is spread lengthwise upon this foundation; khaki sheets and blankets are spread upon this and with nice soft pillows this bed rivals any hotel bed yet invented for real solid ease and restful comfort.

For the purpose of conserving time and energy, we usually take our meals at hotels or restaurants; the extra cost, we think, is more than compensated for by the relaxation thus afforded. One seldom feels like cooking and washing dishes after a long day behind the wheel.

Our motto is, TRAVEL LIGHT. Carry only such things as one is sure of using, or at least is liable to need. A few repair tools for emergency use on the car, a tow line, a set of tire chains, a thermos bottle (in case) for drinking water, a power pump for tire inflation, if possible. A spade or shovel (handle cut in two), for convenience of carrying, and spliced when used by means of a ferrule. Several changes of underclothes and two or three khaki suits of clothes including shirts. A heavy sweater and rain-coat are usually advisable.

The writer's car is equipped with two small, or rather one small and one large automobile trunk, carried, one on each running-board in front of the front doors which position does not interfere with entrance to the car. In these trunks we carry all our extra clothing in the large one, and tools, tow-rope, tire tools, etc., in the small trunk. Our bedding is inclosed in a folding canvas knap-sack made for the purpose and placed in the tonneau during the daytime. We use a home-made and quickly adjustable dressing tent, that affords privacy while dressing or taking a sponge bath; and as protection against mosquitoes we sew a wide sheet of mosquito-bar to two parallel cords or small ropes (about four feet apart) and to which are tied small snaps or hooks that are hitched from each end, to rings attached to each windshield post, in front, and to screw-eyes in each corner of the rear top-bow, thus allowing all margins to drape plentifully down the sides, and also front and rear. This device affords complete protection against pestiferous mosquitoes or flies. One can ill afford to travel without it. We also carry a supply of oil and wash-water, which latter acquisition avoids the necessity of depending upon any other supply in the event of emergency. A small wire rope or cable suspended beneath the edges of the auto top and extending the whole length of its interior, is utilized for the purpose of hanging up clothes at night, towels, oil-skin coats or anything that may be quickly needed. We also carry a set of short, heavy chains with snaps attached to one end, long enough, only, to go round the tire and wheel in the event that we are stalled in a mud hole, they are easily and quickly installed and our troubles end right there. Installation of ordinary chains in such a plight,

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would be well nigh impossible. Of course, if one's car is equipped with disk wheels these chains would prove useless. But with the artillery type wheel are a god-send, as the writer has proven upon several occasions.

All tire chains are carried (for convenience) in a home-made galvanized sheet iron box about 8x10 inches square and approximately ten inches high, but low enough to clear the door when opened. This box is bolted to the running-board immediately behind the tool trunk and underneath the hinges of the front door. In this location it does not interfere with anything and is easily accessible when occasion requires. Nothing is more annoying than to be obliged to haul over the entire load in order to find some trifling article needed. A couple of small suitcases are carried in the tonneau, usually filled with small odds and ends that may be frequently needed for immediate use.

The rear 2/3 of our car is equipped with a Rex enclosure of glass, but as we are fond of plenty of air, we leave the front doors open. The enclosure is removed from the front doors during the trip, and we depend upon ordinary curtains for protection in the event of rain. In this connection it may be emphasized that sleeping in a car, well above the ground, during a heavy rainstorm may be easily appreciated, and certainly is so appreciated by those so protected.

We provide ourselves with express checks in lieu of money for purposes of safety and although probably one might travel a lifetime in this way without molestation, still a good automatic carried point down, affords a surprising sense of security. We are licensed to carry this weapon in our own state, and always carry the license along, as evidence that we are not out looking for trouble. Upon entering public parks, all weapons are unloaded and sealed, as protection from injury to wild animals living there. The seal is inspected and removed upon leaving the park. Ascending and descending mountain grades is exceedingly hard on tires and one should be well equipped with six new cord tires, together with a couple of spare tubes, well protected against chafing. If the loose tubes are not watched they might be ruined by chafing, in a surprisingly short space of time. Finally, our advice is to always drive carefully and never at night if avoidable. A loud exhaust horn, as auxiliary, is often a source of protection on steep mountain grades as is also a good spot-light, if caught out after dark.

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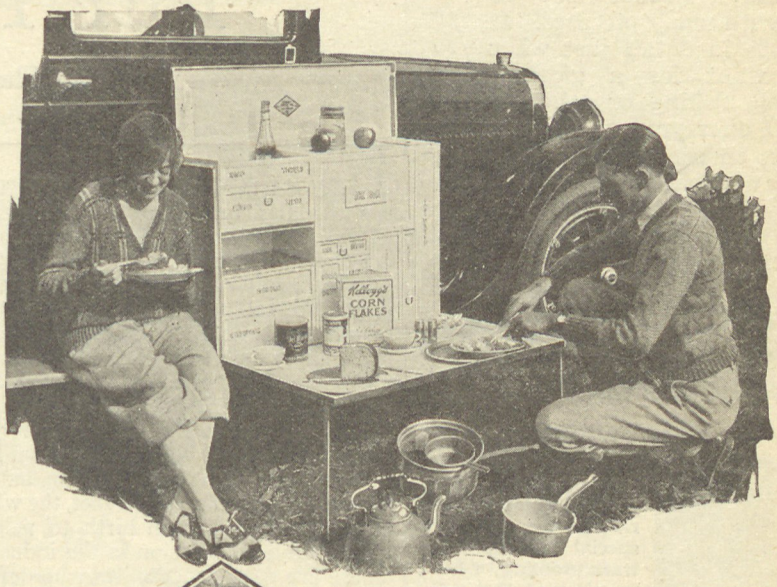

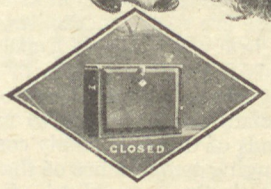

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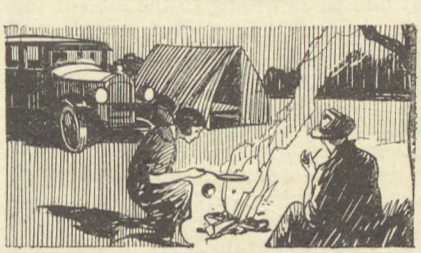

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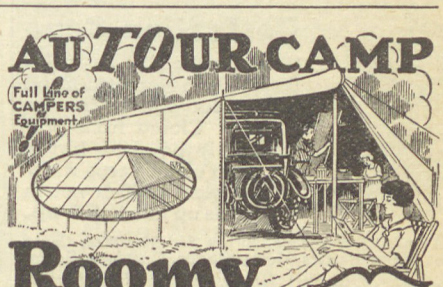

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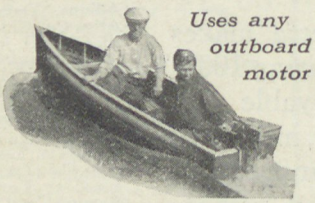

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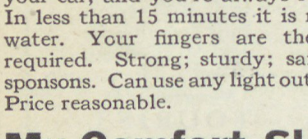

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Fur Farming

By Thomas G. Alvord

LIFE on a silver fox ranch is particularly interesting in this month of May. This period, as a rule, sees the ending of the whelping season. 'Tis now the newly born puppies add a frolicsome note following the anxiety of past months of mating and breeding. They are cute youngsters, friendly, full of play from the very moment they waddle out of their mother's pen and begin to take their rations like grown-ups.

It is just what this ration should be that is now engaging attention among progressive ranchers. In fact, the whole question of diet from birth to pelting is now under discussion in the industry. There are some reactionists who defend the heavy feeding of cooked meat, of meals slightly varied, with little or no roughage or any attention paid to special food essentials to meet the demands of different bodily conditions and changing temperature of the seasons.

With the new school of progressive veterinarians who have taken up ranch practice the drift is strongly along the line that has improved the diet of man—the balanced ration, daily change of diet, most pronounced as the seasons change, with component parts of foods containing needed vitamines, plenty of cereals of various sorts fruit, alfalfa, meal, and bran quite often as roughage, all to be fed in prescribed daily routine the year around so that each food-element given may properly supplement the factors fed on the day before. The routine is stressed quite as much as the size of the ration and its particular food content.

According to this program the food chart for fox puppies advised by Dr. C. W. Rothgarn, of the modern school who has had long experience on Nebraska and New York State ranches is valuable and timely. He says:

"For six months after weaning the single ration of a fox whelp should vary in weight from three to four and a half ounces according to the size of the pup. After that time all puppies should be given the ration of the adults. The younger puppies' dietary when weaned is as follows: Monday morning, Whole wheat bread broken up in whole milk (never feed any other kind of milk or bread); evening, milk and eggs. Tuesday morning, Cereal and milk; evening, ground raw meat, bran and milk. Wednesday morning, Kibbled puppy food mixed with milk; evening, milk. Repeat these meals in rotation on Thursday, Friday and Saturday respectively and on Sunday feed, morning, three ounces of liver; evening, milk."

With this diet to keep a proper balance in the blood between lime and calcium carbonate and phosphorus therein in order to promote growth and guard against rickets two doses should be given each week of lime water and potassium iodid. This is best done by mixing in a batch of food, for example, for thirty-two puppies on Wednesdays and Thursdays four ounces of lime water and two of the iodid solution. Each puppy will then get the proper doses. In addition each puppy requires for the full six months on Tuesdays and Thursdays one teaspoonful of cod liver oil. To make the iodid solution dissolve one ounce of the crystals in one gallon of distilled water. The lime water is prepared by dissolving eight lime tablets in the same way. A sizeable piece of charcoal should be placed in pens containing young puppies for them to chew on. This aids digestion and serves to develop their teeth. A liberal amount of fresh pure water should be supplied the puppies daily and their pens kept scrupulously clean.

As spring calls for lighter diet for the adult fox than is fed in winter it is radically changed for April, May and June. Cereals, milk, bread and bran then practically displace meat considerably used in the previous quarter. The dietary is as follows: Monday morning, one fox biscuit fed dry; evening, six ounces of bread (Whole Wheat) and milk. Tuesday morning, six ounce chunk of raw meat on the bone (gross weight); evening, five ounces cereal and milk. Wednesday morning, same as on Monday; evening, five ounces raw meat, bran and alfalfa meal ground together. Thursday morning, same as on Monday; evening, omit this meal. Friday, same as on Tuesday. Saturday morning, five ounces of raw liver; evening, same as on Monday. Sunday morning, same as on Tuesday; evening, omit this meal.

Vixens set apart for breeding at the start of that season in the first quarter should not be held down to the amount of milk then prescribed for other foxes nor in the second quarter but given, in both periods, all they will drink particularly when they are nursing young. They should not be fed the fox biscuit but cereal and milk in its place at such times nor be given chunks of meat from which pieces easily may be broken off. These may contain small pieces of bone. The bones fed them should be solid, not splintered or having rough edges. Puppies very early begin to partake of the mother's ration. Uneven bones make their mouths sore and slivers from cracked ones are apt to choke them.

The advancement made of late in arriving at a more perfectly balanced ration for the domesticated silver fox is manifest on the ranches on which the hit and miss system has been discarded. It has produced a sleeker, sturdier animal with a finer pelt, less apt to develop the so-called "civic diseases" unknown in the wild and incidental to the com-

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munity life on a ranch where the free choice of curative foods for natural ailments is made impossible. No animal in his native state is healthier than a silver fox. No animal serving man can be kept so with less care and more certain to remain hardy and productive than he. Experience has shown that this result depends far more largely on diet than has been suspected; less on drugs to correct conditions clearly traceable to the feeding of too much of some ingredients, too little of others and none of some found by experiment and research to be most essential.

An interesting illustration of how wonderful is modern dietary science is shown in the discovery of Vitamine E, a hitherto unknown food essential for reproduction. Too frequently non-conception, abortion, and death following soon on birth have vexed not only the fox rancher but also breeders of all kinds of long domesticated livestock otherwise strong and healthy which defied their skill and set at naught the veterinary art. "Fertility," concludes the researcher's report to the National Academy of Science, "usually has resulted when we have administered one and a half grams of the powder made from lettuce leaves dried in an oven with fair air exchange at a temperature of 100 to 150 centigrade." This power has been incorporated in a prepared fox food and is proving that the dietarians were right in contending that sterility very common in domestic animals, save the roving kind like cats and dogs and sheep goats and likewise the fox, outside captivity, is not a disease begot thereby but to deprivation of a preventative and curative particular food element obtained from some, to man unknown, wild herb and discovered by science in one of the commonest of garden plants.

Most of the letters of fox raising inquiry received are about the new method of ranch feeding, fast coming into vogue with those who read and learn. A close second are proofs of the constant spread of the fox industry and public interest in the animals themselves. In point is one from J. I. Merriman, a contractor of Milford, Iowa. He says: "I live in the center of the Iowa lake region and a lot of people hereabouts as well as those who visit this region are interested in the great outdoors, in nature generally and in silver foxes particularly. It is an ideal location for the fox industry. I was very much interested in your article in OUTDOOR AMERICA and am passing it around. The woods are full of 'Izaaks' here."

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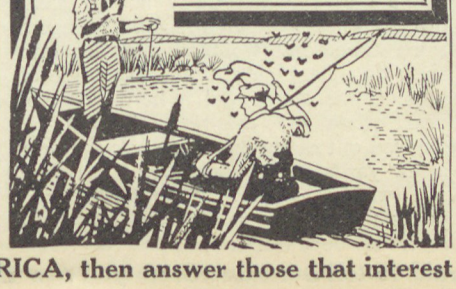

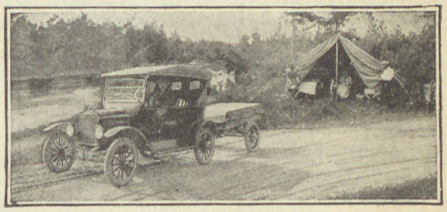

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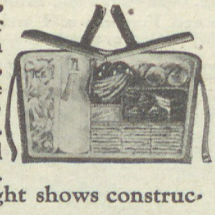

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Luck in The Hunting Game

A discussion of "Tailor made" guns, you may or may not agree with the writer

By H. F. HORTON

A *CERTAIN* hunter of the lordly moose who has been successful on each of three trips to Canada was describing the manner in which his trophies fell before his trusty weapon, his keen eye, and his iron nerve.

"At dusk one evening we were returning to camp," he related. "Suddenly there was a crashing beside the trail. A black form moved in the road ahead. It had glints from the dying light on a huge rack of horns. The guide whispered shrilly, 'There's your moose! Shoot him! Shoot!' I fired, instantly. There was no time to take aim, and I couldn't see the sights, anyhow. I hit him in the heart, and he was stone dead when we walked up to him."

In one eastern deer hunt last fall, three bucks were bagged. The smallest one, a beautiful little two-prong, was shot at close range in thick timber as it bounded like a jack rabbit across a road. It must have presented a beautiful picture as it flashed into view for just that fleeting instant—nose straight to the front, little horns laid back along the neck, gray body outlined by white belly line, slender legs held like a bird's, flag at the "stern" flopping up and down. Anyhow, in that second of time, the hunter fired, and the bullet found the six-inch neck a few inches behind an ear.

The other two were killed in much the same way, although at longer ranges. Thus after firing two misses, my old friend Bill plugged away at the fast-disappearing buck with his 303 Savage a third time, and wobbled a bullet into the side of a pine stump. Its angle of impact was acute and a hard lump of dried pitch did the rest. The bullet glanced out of the wood, struck the deer a few yards away, and killed it. A boy saw two deer running at about a hundred yards range, fired a shot with his light rifle, and both bucks disappeared. Then one again came into view, and he emptied his magazine in firing at it. Investigation showed that his first bullet had struck the first buck in the head, making an instant kill, while all the other shots were misses.

Now, these examples of modern hunting experience are so representative that they may be employed in developing a point of view that will aid in game conservation while going far toward insuring success for a hunter in his annual excursion to the fields and woods.

Most of all game killed by modern hunters, who usually go afield but once a year, is a product of luck—the pure, unadulterated, whole-cloth article. The shots that miss or merely wound number into the thousands for every one bullet that kills.

These misses are exciting, and they take places in one's retrospections beside memories of the kills we made, the crimson sunsets, the hush and peace of still woods and the glorious creature comfort of a hot camp fire on a cold night. They are a part of our outdoor education and at first glance may be considered desirable and unavoidable. A little analysis shows differently.

The misses and woundings are not humane.

They are not game conservation.

They are dangerous to other hunters and to innocent bystanders.

And they are largely avoidable, even for the man who handles his gun only during the annual pilgrimage.

An old woodsman and a country boy of the age which loves a gun as an idol had opportunity to shoot a buck one evening, and this is how they did it. It was a young buck, as tracks in the three-inch snow showed, and presumably unsophisticated. The man took the track. The boy walked sixty yards to a side, down-wind, and a little ahead—there is

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always that fish-hook maneuver in a track to be counted on, for all deer know and practice it, even when only thirty days old.

When the deer jumped the boy devoted the time of two of its leaps to concentrated observation, seeking horns, and found them. Then his rifle flashed to his shoulder, and he fired—once—twice. Once as the buck rose in its third leap. Again as it fell sideways under the impact of the first bullet, into a clump of white oak brush with leaves on.

There it lay with just its head raised, and the boy dropped his bead on its neck, and eased off the trigger of his rifle, thinking on the instant that he would avoid shattering the skull. But he was too late. The man had caught sight of that raised head, and had fired just enough time before the boy to cause the head to drop the three or four inches needed to place its skull in the way of the boy's bullet.

It takes lengthy and more or less constant handling of ordinary rifles to develop and maintain a satisfactory degree of skill with them. Woodsmen sometimes do wonderfully effective work with whatever guns they happen to have, and boys who fondle rifles become so familiar with their angles and balance that they accomplish startling feats of speed and precision of fire, with the one gun, whatever it may be.

The average modern hunter, however, is faced by totally different conditions. He has neither time nor place for much practice. It is intimate familiarity with his gun and with the thousand little details of woods conditions and life that make old woodsmen so effective with ordinary guns, but as our hunters of today have no possibility of achieving those advantages, they should cast about for any artificial aids to offset their handicap of unfamiliarity.

English sportsmen have been faced with similar conditions for generations, and we naturally can learn a great deal from them as to what may be done with profit. The first thing to be noted in English hunting equipment is that few "stock" or quantity-produced guns are carried. Most guns are made to personal specifications of each individual hunter. In this country the exact reverse is true, for among the millions of standard rifles we use, few indeed have been specially fitted to order.

If we American hunters will cease to live in the past, and will face the present, we will realize that standard guns, made exactly alike by the thousands, can not really fit very many of us. For all men are *not* alike. Except for a very few of us, these guns will not point naturally. That instantaneous aim which so largely marks the difference between the dub, unsatisfactory to himself and to his companions, and the dependable, "seasoned" shot, is almost impossible to attain—for most of us.

When a gun is not fitted to a man, then the man must adapt himself to the gun. He must bend or cramp his arms, his neck, his shoulders as may be required, the extent and direction depending on his own build. Learning to shoot thus is not unlike learning to walk in a low cellar, with hunched shoulders.

16 FEATURES that Guarantee *Protection Comfort Service*

1. *Material*—Forest-green waterproof tent drill.
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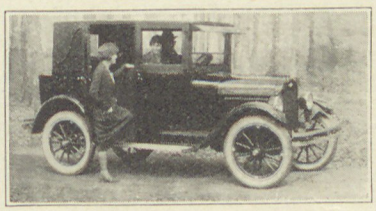

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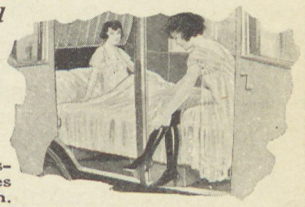

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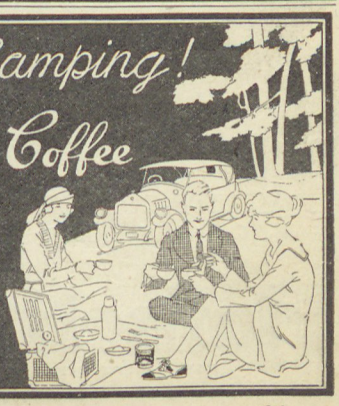

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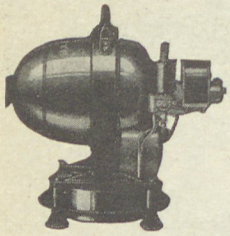

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That is one side of the picture. Consider, then, the modern hunter properly equipped with a gun which really does point naturally. He has determined, or has had determined for him by experts, every detail dimension of his gun. When he throws it to his shoulder, it points as naturally as his finger. His eye falls along the line of sight as a matter of course. His eye is in place and the sights are in place instantly. There is no need for craning the neck or twisting the gun, or for any of the delays incident to such adjustments. In short, all he has to learn is appearance of sights in aiming, and trigger squeeze.

The complicated and highly artificial dexterity developed by old woodsmen and country boys in shooting standard guns well is no longer needed. Such dexterity is as hard to learn as penmanship, or dancing. The tremendous short-cut achieved when it is embodied in the gun, instead of developed in the man, can be imagined. Those of us who have used a well fitted gun do not need to imagine. We can shoot.

Recently two city men equipped themselves with fitted rifles. They hunt perhaps a week each year, and seldom handle their guns during the other 98 percent of the time, except to take them down occasionally off the antlered heads on the wall, to dream over or to discuss with friends. They had been using standard, ill-fitting guns, and had never realized how unreliable a game shot the one-week man might be with such arms until an unusual succession of deer and bear came their way during last fall's hunt—came and passed through their fire without a scratch. Most hunters get only one or two or three opportunities to fire on big game during each season. What success they really would average in ten or twenty such opportunities is knowledge of slow growth.

One of them has a fine Holland and Holland (English) Mauser in 7 mm. caliber; the other a Hoffman Arms (American) Mauser in .375 Magnum caliber. The latter cartridge, being considerably more powerful than our native 405 Winchester, might be supposed too difficult to shoot with accuracy and effectiveness on game.

So well is the fit of gun to man realized, however, that *the first five shots fired hit a four-inch bullseye at 100 yards.* And with it the owner secured a fine moose last fall, effecting the kill with ease and certainty. The .375 Magnum, incidentally, is an exceptionally accurate cartridge in good rifles, and rifles properly built for it weigh about nine pounds, feel like eight pounds, and shoot and handle as pleasantly as the best sporting Springfields.

It took three months to get this gun made to order in this country, and ten months to get the 7 mm. made to specifications in England. The imported rifle is wonderfully fine in workmanship and is all that a gun should be, although no finer than the American gun. That 7 mm. rifle was ordered with a stock to fit its owner, of course, and with a barrel and sights intended for finest accuracy, while still keeping the arm essentially in the hunting type. It has been grouping into two inches at 100 yards, and does so with gratifying regularity and ease.

These fine guns are properly sighted. They have exceptionally good sights, and their sights are lined up. No stock rifle that I ever saw was fit to be taken into the woods without attention to its sights and their adjustment by an expert. Usually the factory sights have had to be replaced by others of better design. The average modern hunter, however, proceeds gaily on his happy-go-lucky expedition under the handicap of poor sights along with all the other handicaps of an incomplete gun.

Standard guns are very weak or are entirely lacking in the matters of slings and swivels, sight protectors, butt-plates and pistol grips, with traps for cleaning rods and spare sights, carrying cases, and other "appointments." Fine guns have all these details worked out in exceptionally attractive and useful ways. Usually any person can obtain his own special designs if he has such. A great deal can be added to a gun's convenience and reliability in this direction.

English sportsmen after deer and larger game have been forced to another step beyond average practice of American hunters. In general they employ more killing power than we do.

American sportsmen have been told and retold that this or that cartridge is heavy enough for the heaviest game, large enough for any game on this continent, and other versions of the same deception. For deception it is. Our American smokeless powder cartridges that have been most popular during the past three decades are relatively light and small, and in very many instances they are inadequate for the work they are called upon to do.

We have come now to the point where we must kill cleanly with one shot. Good sportsmanship calls for it. Humanity insists on it. Conservation demands it. To wound three or four animals so that they may die, before finally dropping one for the bag is no longer considered good form in the best circles. Exactly that is what a modern sportsman does through his poor shooting and his inadequate cartridges, but there are plenty of indications that discriminating hunters recognize the situation and know the remedy.

Outside the United States, the 6.5 mm. cartridge is about the smallest ever used for deer and like game, and it is frowned upon as too light. The 8 mm., 9 mm., and Magnums of calibers similar to our 30, 32, 35 and 40 are generally used, while that same .375 Magnum mentioned before is often declared to be about the most desirable all round cartridge in existence. For larger game, such as moose and big bear, the .375 Magnum is about the lightest considered, by well-grounded hunters, and plenty of men use the .404 Magnum and its like.

Now, the 6.5 mm. cartridge is more powerful than our 30-30, and the other deer cartridges mentioned above are to be compared with our 30-1906 and 35 Winchester cartridges. That brief statement shows us just about where we stand.

There is no doubt that we American hunters have been depending too much on second and third and fourth and fifth shots to finish our game. With luck, we

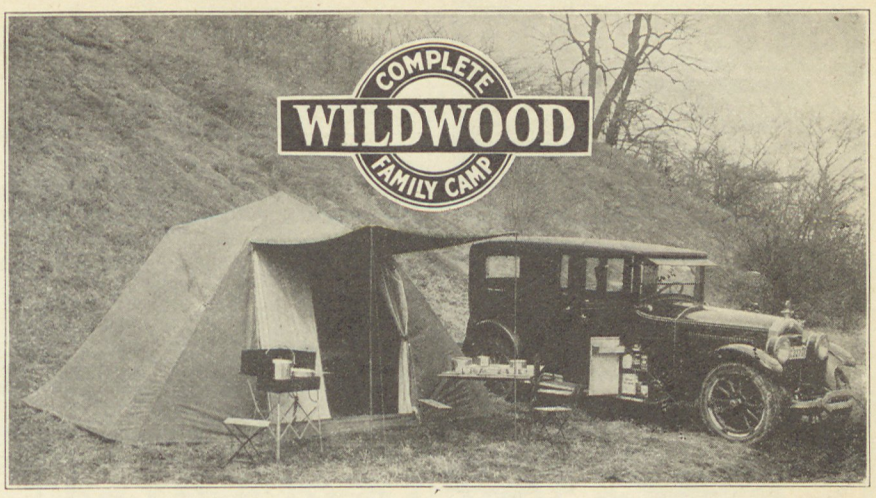
Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

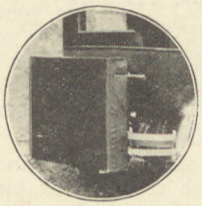
strike brain, spine or heart the first shot, as was done in the instances mentioned at the beginning of this story. Without luck—well, another miss is recorded, or another wounding. The power we carry is insufficient to bring about a quick kill when bullets strike elsewhere.

Luck can be cajoled, yes, by certain practical steps in line with what foreign sportsmen have found necessary. The process is somewhat the same as that of the man who had a system for increasing the average of favorable answers to his prayers. He prayed only for what was likely to happen.

A powerful cartridge is more likely to kill instantly than a light cartridge. A gun that points naturally and quickly and easily is more likely to hit game vitally than a gun which requires artificial dexterity in its aiming. Luck is a matter of mathematics, and pocket-book, to some considerable degree at least. In short, when the modern city hunter ceases to handicap himself with an incomplete gun, and employs adequate power, he will have plenty of luck.

The most popular of English Magnum cartridges are now produced regularly in America, and some new cartridges and new bullets are available or will be shortly. The designs and sizes are such as American hunters will be particularly able to appreciate. An outstanding example is the .300 Magnum, a 30-caliber cartridge made by necking down the .375 Magnum case, and using bullets of 120, 150, 170, 180, 200 and 220 grains weight. The 150-grain bullet is given 3150 feet velocity, the 180-grain one 2854 feet





Takes away that "gypsy" look, for it is neat, compact, and attractive. Makes you an aristocrat of tourists and campers. The lightest and best family camping outfit ever made.

For the "Comfort All the Way" Tourist

DO not hesitate to consider the pleasure of camping, simply because the average camper appears so much like a gypsy, putting up with all kinds of inconveniences and using one of the many camp outfits that make a pleasure car look like a truck.

With the WILDWOOD COMPLETE FAMILY CAMP you can travel with a confident feeling of refinement and comfort, that enables you to really enjoy the great outdoors. All the pleasures of hunting, fishing, bathing and camping can be yours, carefree in the knowledge that you are traveling first class all the way.

The rear dustproof carrying case contains a large roomy umbrella tent (illustrated above), two double spring beds, Kapoc mattresses, and bedding. The carrying case and tent are equipped with hookless fasteners (Zipper), which mean quick, positive, and secure closing. This is only one of the great many valuable features of this wonderful camp.

The WILDWOOD COMPLETE FAMILY CAMP is so light in weight, so compact, high grade, complete and comfortable that it may truly be called "America's Greatest Camp."

No other camp outfit has these exclusive features:

1. For four people. Complete, compact, high grade.
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Big Head and Bass

(*Continued from page 33*)

I sat with my mouth open, too mad to say anything while he yanked the bass up to the boat and lifted him back into my lap. He weighed a good four pounds, and it made me sick. The idea of a boob like him getting a fish like that in a pocketful of water and then hauling it in like an old shoe. Well, anyway, it would never do to let him show it around on a day when I hadn't caught any, so I said casually—"Pretty good fish for a dub, but not quite big enough to keep."

"What, not keep it! You bet your life I'll keep it, and I'll get more to go with it." That was that, and I couldn't throw it back because it was too well hooked and he hadn't taken the fly out yet.

He got his fish off the hook and pulled a piece of sash cord out of his pocket and strung it through the gills. I never said a word—wouldn't have said anything if he had tied it by one eye. Then he said, "Go over by that little green spot out in the middle and I'll get you a real fish, big enough to keep this one from feeling proud."

I started over, but I also remarked, "You won't do much over there where the water is clear because you can't cast far enough to get a bass out where they can see you."

"Maybe not," he said, "but I can sure run them out because I saw two nice ones there while I was after this one."

I thought he was a liar because I had been watching pretty close, but I pushed the boat over within fifty or sixty feet of the moss patch and told him to go to it.

He cast a few times and then drove his line with the wind letting the whole handful go at once and it ran out without a tangle—the wonder of the season. Clear across the moss bed went his fly, and landed way out in the open water, where there shouldn't have been a fish in four years, and just when he started to retrieve his line he got another smash—this fish looked even bigger than the other. He yanked the big fellow up into the moss and the line went dead. I pushed the boat up until the dub could get his hands on the moss and get his fly back.

I was tickled; here he was running true to form, casting by luck and then getting hung up in the moss. I was so glad I nearly laughed out loud, and I was glad the fish got away, too. I knew what had happened well enough—Mr. Bass took two turns around the water weed and then used the slack line to suit himself.

In the meantime little Willie couldn't see his fly, so he grabbed a double armful of moss and heaved. He got about two bushels of moss and twenty gallons of water in the boat, dropped my rod overboard and then gave a yell.

"Look at that one! Aint he a darb? How about keeping this one, old know-nothing?" and he tore open that green gob and pulled out a bass that looked like a whale—six pounds if he'd go an ounce. Oh, damn the luck—Oh, two damns! The idea of a fish like that getting himself all tied up in the weeds for a greenhorn that didn't know enough to play his fish. Well, it couldn't be helped, so I made the best of it and said it was fine, even held the first fish while he ran his rope through the gills of the last one and hung it over the side. I was about all in and I said rather weakly—

"Where next, mister, and when do I get a little of this fishing?"

"You," said he, "could have brought some more rods if you wanted them, but after the rotten exhibition you gave of skill and judgment I'd think you'd let someone fish that could catch something besides wind and sticks. Pull over by that big weed bed in the middle and we'll soon have enough for breakfast."

Then he picked up his line and pulled in until he got the rod by the tip and hauled it in like a piece of wood. He yanked loose the tangles and beat the line on the water to get the green scum off. He did everything that a fisherman shouldn't, and I couldn't say a word. All I could do was row over and let him go to suit himself. Then he had a bright idea.

"Say," he chortled, "I know what to do. Never mind pulling over there. I'm going to fish the easy way. Just as well make the head save the hands. You pull down the lake towards the dock and I'll fish behind the boat."

"You won't get 'em," I told him. "No man ever caught bass in shallow water trolling with a forty foot line, and no man ever will."

"Well," he answered, "you might not believe it, but if I catch them that way I can at least have the fish whether anybody wants the story or not."

So, back I went up the lake and he threw a few feet of line out behind and sat down to smoke.

As we passed the weed bed we had started for I saw his line go to the side and I hollered "Strike! strike! you've got a fish." He looked around slowly, laid down his pipe, pulled his hat, and then took the rod in his hand and struck. He hit the fish about two minutes late, but he hooked him. Hooked him, yanked him, and then threw down the rod and pulled him in hand over hand, another four pounder.

I had enough now and started for the dock. I pulled on the oars and looked at my feet until we got in. All the time I kept thinking of what I'd tell the gang—what I'd tell my wife, and what I'd say to the lucky dub in the boat. If any conceited ass ever had luck this one

(*Continued on page 97*)

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

Memory's Storehouse

(*Continued from page 32*)

headed straight for the friendly boulders and it was necessary to snub him severely before he gave up the attempt. Foiled, he went back up the pool to the swift water and actually tried a rush up the foaming chute at the entrance. Rod and current were both against him here and it was not difficult to turn him back. Twice more he leaped in rapid succession, and then settled down to doggedly circling the deeper water. I kept him at this until it seemed that he was beginning to weaken and then started to bring him toward me. He came readily enough until only a yard or so away, and then whirled and went off down the pool in a frenzied rush that tore twenty yards of line from the reel.

In the sandy shallows at the tail of the pool he came to a halt, struggled half-heartedly at the surface, then turned and came back toward me in obedience to the insistent strain of that four-ounce bamboo wand. Half way to me he made one final surge and flurry on the surface and then his fighting heart gave way and he turned on his side and offered no further resistance. From under my coat I unfastened the folding net, snapped it into position and waded out to my prize. He did not even struggle as I led him over the net and lifted him out of the water, and when I waded ashore and unhooked him there was only the least perceptible movement of his gills. I believe he literally "died on his feet."

Off in the west the sun was just dropping behind the peaks, and the crimson glory against which their blue beauty stood out in bold relief formed a fitting setting for the liquid melody from a nearby tangle of laurel where the first whip-poor-will of the evening chanted his sad, sweet song of solitude as a fitting requiem for a fighting warrior now at rest.

In the rapidly failing light I hurriedly draped my 18-inch prize against a stump and photographed him; then on a fresh bed of ferns I gave him the place of honor in my creel, and dismounting the little rod, I climbed out of the stream to the trail and started my five-mile hike back to the hotel.

Fifteen minutes later I reached the crest of the highest ridge and paused to watch the passing of the day. The crimson blaze against the western sky was fading fast and, as I watched, it paled to pink and rose, then, dimmer still, it died away through shades of saffron, salmon and orange light, shot through with shadows of slate and gray, shadows which grew and spread and finally blanketed even the faintest afterglow. Above the peaks to the east pale points of light marked the early evening stars, while over all below the purple, perfumed peace of Spring twilight in the high hill country settled down and set its seal on the final fade-out—the end of a perfect day.

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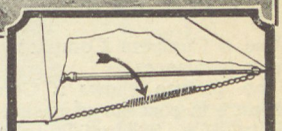
36 square feet of headroom at 6' 4" from ground.

The One BEST Tent

Best is a word to treat with respect—but there *is* one best of everything. After you learn all about its remarkable comfort, convenience, and enduring quality, you will recognize that in tents it is the

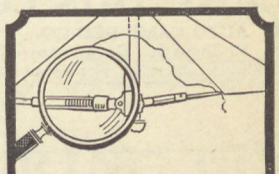
GOPHER FLEX-FRAME UMBRELLA



Spring Insert in Eve Chain keeps tent taut but elastic.

Here are the reasons:

1. ***Materials***—The best grade of 8 oz. water-proof Olive Drab duck with 10 oz. Olive Drab waterproof floor—absolutely the best, longest lasting material money can buy.
2. ***Flex Frame***—The Flex frame carries all the weight and strain—the material carries none of either. The spring arms take up the slack when the material shrinks. It also gives to the shock of the wind and stays up. Furthermore it is the easiest to erect, and to strike.
3. ***Design***—There is more headroom—36 square feet at 6' 4" above the floor. The front opening is wide but may quickly be closed, all or in part, with the detachable storm curtain. The window is storm-proof. All metal parts are double galvanized. Galvanized rings are sewed in for foot loops. Guy ropes are detachable.



Spring arm automatically adjusts to shrinkage of canvas when wet. No need to slack guy ropes in storm.

There are many other features which contribute to the unusual comfort and the superiority of the Gopher, the one BEST Tent. May we send you complete description and our new, low price?

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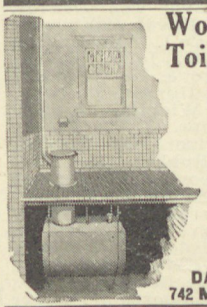

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Olive Drab Waterproof Tent fabric, 7 x 7 ft. Complete with floor, awning, screened window and door with curtain over each, metal frame, stakes, jointed pole and carrying bag. Only $23.50 delivered [same tent, size 9-1/2 x 9-1/2 ft. $31.50 delivered.] We prepay express. Factory prices save you money. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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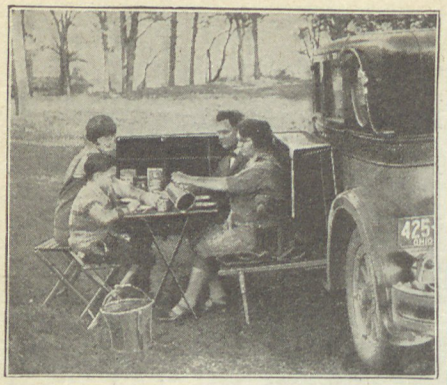

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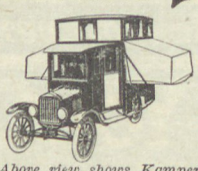

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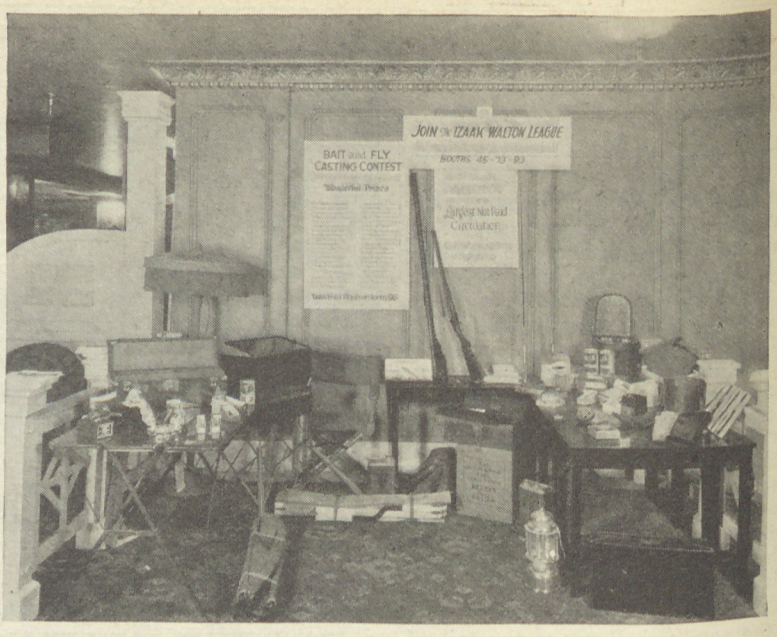
See our exhibit at the Outdoor Show, Chicago, May 10-16

This view with canvas cut away shows comfortable interior arrangement.



Izaak Walton Booth at Convention, showing prizes given in Casting Contest.

The Fourth National Convention

(Continued from page 40)

Next year arrangements have been made for larger space, and twenty-five additional booths will be installed. Exhibitors at this year's show will be given the first opportunity of securing space at next year's show, and will be allowed the option, for a reasonable period, on the booth they had this year. At the end of the option period, if they do not exercise their option, the booth will be offered to new exhibitors.

The names of exhibitors at OUTDOOR AMERICA's Sportsmen's Show follows:

Airubber Corp., Chicago, Illinois, Air Mattresses, Pillows, Cushions. Alward Anderson Southard Co., Chicago, Illinois, Camper's and Hunter's Equipment. American Fork & Hoe Co., Cleveland, Ohio, Steel Fishing Rods. American Gas Machine Co., Inc., Albert Lea, Minnesota, Camp Stoves and Lanterns. D. Appleton & Co., New York, New York, Sportsmen's Books. Ashaway Line & Twine Co., Ashaway, Rhode Island, Fishing Lines. G. H. Bass & Co., Wilton, Maine, Sportsmen's Footwear. Battle Creek Dog Food Co., Battle Creek, Michigan, Dog Food. Harold M. Bennett, New York, New York, Zeiss Binoculars. Brooks Tent & Awning Co., Denver, Colorado, Tents and Outdoor Equipment (Marshall Field & Co.). Burlington Basket Co., Burlington, Iowa, Basket Refrigerators. Chicago & North Western Ry. Co., Chicago, Illinois, Railway. Coleman Lamp Co., Wichita, Kansas, Camp Stoves and Lamps. Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Connecticut, Firearms, Converse Rubber Co., Boston, Massachusetts, Sportsmen's Rubber Footwear. Creek Chub Bait Co., Garrett, Indiana, Fishing Tackle. Darrow Steel Boat Co., Albion, Michigan, Boats. Dickey Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio, Tents. Dunphy Boat Co., Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Boats. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Delaware, Sporting Powder Division. Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Outboard Motors. Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio, Fishing Tackle. Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Michigan, Fishing Tackle. Evinrude Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Outboard Motors. Fenner Bait Co., Whitewater, Wisconsin, Automatic Bait. Al Foss, Cleveland, Ohio, Fishing Tackle. A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Guns. H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., New York, New York, Dog Remedies. Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., Racine, Wisconsin, Camp Furniture. Goldwyn Mfg. Co., Chicago, Illinois, Folding Cots. Graham Reel Co., Windfall, Indiana, Reels. Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minnesota, Railway. Green-Case, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, Tackle and Fly Boxes. James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Michigan, Fishing Tackle. Homelite Corp., New York City, Lighting Plant. Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Connecticut, Fishing Tackle. Hugo Mfg. Co., West Duluth, Minnesota, Camp Stoves. Hunter Arms Co., Inc., Fulton, New York, Guns. Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, New York, Guns. W. J. Jamison Co., Chicago, Illinois, Fishing Tackle. Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Firearms. Johnson Motor Co., South Bend, Indiana, Outboard Motors. Jonas Bros., Denver, Colorado, Taxidermy. Kennedy Mfg. Co., Van Wert, Ohio, Tackle Boxes. King Boat Co., Oakland, California, Boats. R. Laacke Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Tents and Camping Equipment. Lockwood-Ash Motor Co., Jackson, Michigan, Outboard Motors. Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Michigan, Sportsmen's Specialties. Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Connecticut, Rifles and Shotguns. McGrew Machine Works, Lincoln, Nebraska, Folding Camp Furniture. McNab-Kitchen Rudder Co., Bridgeport, Connecticut, Rudders for Outboard Motors. A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., Elyria, Ohio, Reels. Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, New York, Powdered Milk—KLIM. Metropolitan Camp Goods Co., Athol, Massachusetts, Camping Equipment. Wm. Mills & Son, New York, New York, Fishing Tackle. Outing Manufacturing Co., Elkhart, Indiana, Fishing Tackle. Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Ammunition. Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota, Pancake Flour. Racine Boat Co., Racine, Wisconsin, Boats. Remington Arms Co., Inc., New York, New York, Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery. Robeson Preserve Co., Port Huron, Michigan, Waterproofing Product. W. C. Russell Moccasin Co., Berlin, Wisconsin, Sportsmen's Footwear. Rustic Hickory Furniture Co., La Porte, Indiana, Rustic Furniture. Shakespeare Company, Kalamazoo,, Michigan, Fishing Tackle. South Bend Bait Co., South Bend, Indiana, Fishing Tackle. Streich Bait Company, Joliet, Illinois, Fishing

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Tackle. Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co., Peshtigo, Wisconsin, Boats. Tourists' Supply Company, Los Angeles, California, Camping Equipment. Troy Sunshade Company, Troy, Ohio, Umbrella Tents. Union Cutlery Co., Inc., Olean, New York, Ka-Bar Knives and Razors. United States Cartridge Co., New York, New York, Ammunition. United States Rubber Co., New York, New York, Sportsmen's Rubber Footwear. United States Tent & Awning Co., Chicago, Illinois, Tents & Camping Equipment. Universal Motor Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Marine Engines. Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, Illinois, Outdoor and Sporting Equipment. Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisconsin, Fishing Tackle. Wenzel Tent & Duck Company, St. Louis, Missouri, Tents. Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Ammunition. Woods Manufacturing Company, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, Sleeping Robes.

Big Heads and Bass

(Continued from page 94)

had plenty, but I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say.

Then when we reached the dock I reeled the line, put up the leader and the rod, and was just ready to go when a few of the fellows showed up. They looked at the greenhorn and his fish and then asked in one breath, "Who got 'em, and where'd you get 'em?"

"We got 'em up at the west end," spoke up William. "We got three nice ones, I'll say." "We," he said, "WE got 'em." I guess Bill's all right after all. I must take him again.

Luther M. Otto, 3rd.

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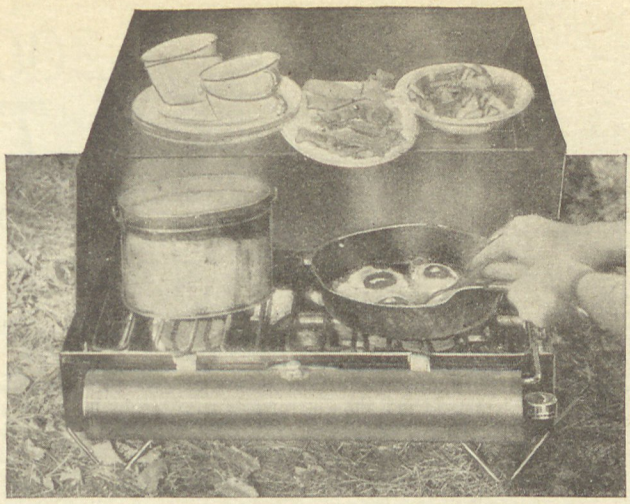

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There's just as much kinship in Nature as there is among folks. The trees an' the birds an' the flowers an' the lakes are all one big family—gettin' along a durn sight better together than us humans.

And while we're on the subject of Nature's kin, there's Rustic Hickory Furniture—first cousin to all the things that go to make up the Great Outdoors.

Nothing can take the place of the forests or the streams or the flowers. The lone pine standing against a clearing sky has no fear of substitution or imitation.

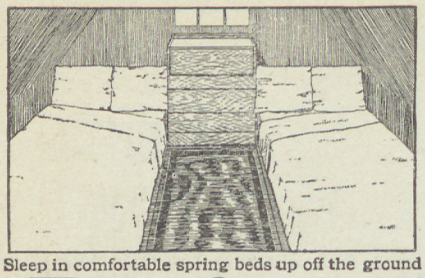
But Rustic Hickory Furniture is the nearest thing to Nature that man ever made, because it is constructed of natural selected second-growth hickory poles, with the bark left on. Only the rough edges are smoothed off.

Rustic Hickory Furniture blends perfectly with the natural surroundings of any summer home, camp or lodge—indoors or out. The woods and waters are its brothers—it is Nature's Kin.

Many hundreds of outdoor lovers have found the real satisfaction that comes with the ownership of Rustic Hickory. Not only does it look good, but it will last a lifetime, and no less a person than the late Elbert Hubbard eulogized its extreme comfort.

A treat for your eyes is awaiting you between the covers of our beautiful new catalog, a copy of which will be gladly sent you on request. Ask for Catalog E.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE COMPANY, La Porte, Ind.



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Once you know the comforts and conveniences of a Zagelmeyer Camp Trailer you will regard tents and all other similar outfits as makeshifts. Attached or detached in one second without tools. Weighs only 550 lbs. Trails perfectly behind any car at any speed, on any road, without drag, wobble or sway; 36 cu. feet of packing space between berths accommodates all luggage. Trailer opens up ready for use in 60 seconds. Contains two double spring beds, soft mattresses, built-in kitchenette, two folding tables, ice box, electric lights. Storm proof, insect proof, trouble proof. No poles, stakes, ropes or snaps required. Completely self-contained. Lightest, most practical, most convenient, most comfortable and most deluxe camp trailer ever conceived.

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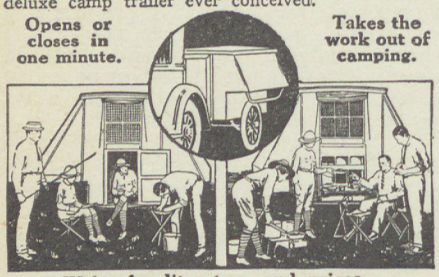

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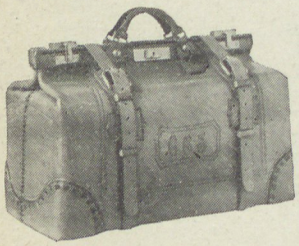

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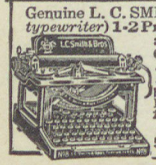

Raising 200,000 Rainbow Trout

By Clyde Graham

RAISING fish has proved to be a commercial success for Hans von Bockelberg, a Bavarian farmer.

Mr. Bockelberg was formerly an officer in the German army, but with the passing of the military regime, he, along with many others of his rank, had to seek a new field of endeavor. Fishing has always been his favorite sport, so he purchased a fish breeding farm in a beautiful part of Bavaria. He is now raising thousands of shimmering, wiggling, mountain trout.

His farm is fifty acres in size, seven of which are artificial lakes, supplied with running water from a recently constructed government drainage district. It is an ideal place for growing the finny tribe, for the water is fresh and pure and is near enough to the mountains to be cool and invigorating.

We found Mr. Bockelberg at home, dressed in his green Bavarian costume, a big, clean, husky fellow, as excited and interested in his work as a young boy starting a new venture. His short leather pants came only half way to his knees. His legs were tanned by wind and sun until they were a deep brown. His hat, shaped much like that of the Prince of Wales', was adorned with a pheasant's feather, which indicated that he was a hunter as well as a fisher.

He took us all over his hatchery and farm. He showed us how the little fellows were hatched in running water, how they were fed with small nematodes and algae until they were large enough to eat other food, and how he selected his breeding stock. He raises only rainbow trout, for the market for these is good, and they can be produced quickly.

We stood on a beautiful little bridge watching the shining mother trout lazily swimming in the clear, shaded water beneath us while he told us about trout eggs. Since one pound of mother trout will lay a thousand eggs, he doesn't have to count the eggs. He merely weighs the fish. He keeps from 600 to 800 pounds of mother fish all the time. They are selected from the very best, fast-growing fish each year. They must be continually bred up with the wild trout of the mountains, however, for trout do not thrive well in captivity unless they are rejuvenated by fresh blood of fish grown in the cool, swift-running waters of the mountains above.

He has little hope of breeding up, in these sluggish though cool waters on his farm, a variety of trout that will be consistently fast growers, but hopes some day to get control of some mountain stream where he can produce his eggs under natural conditions, using the lakes on the farm for feeding purposes only.

From 600,000 to 800,000 eggs are put into the hatching troughs every year. From the ensuing hatch, he has between 180,000 and 200,000 fish at the yearling stage. As soon as they are large enough, they are classified, by chasing through sieves, into four groups according to size. The little fellows get through the smaller meshes into the lower classes, while the stronger, huskier fish are kept back in the higher classes.

The first class fish are fed better than the inferior ones, producing an eating size by May or July of the next year. The second class are ready to market between September and October, the third class making up the Christmas trade, while the fourth class do not find their way to the frying pan until the following spring. "The quicker the turnover, and the higher the percentage of first class fish, the less capital is necessary to carry the farm along," said Bockelberg, with a smile, pointing to a rather large lake as he did so.

The lake was occupied by fourth class fish that were not worth intensive care. They have to do some food hunting of their own, and are fed less often than the better fish. "It is the fourth class trout that take the profit out of trout farming," continued Bockelberg. "Many Germans grow carp, which can be held for three or four years without much care, but a trout must be marketed by the time he is two years old if he is going to pay for his overhead expenses."

A small boy, on the edge of the lake, was on the lookout for "robber fish" that sometimes get into the feeding waters from the drainage canal. Muskrats, too, are a constant source of annoyance, and Bockelberg has devised several ingenious traps to capture these fish-eating animals.

We asked our host how he fed the trout. The words were hardly spoken before we saw the "fishmeister," Sebastian Scheiblhuber, coming from the hatchery with a pail of fish food in his hand. Scheiblhuber threw out a few crumbs of the food to call his pets to their meal. In a twinkling of an eye, they were swarming beneath the bridge, cutting the water to a lathery foam. When he tossed some of the food out, every fish made a dash for it.

He explained that the food has to be given to them out of the hand, as you might say, for it must not touch the ground. They have to catch it in the water before it gets to the bottom, so either the water has to be deep enough to give them a chance to catch it on the "wing," or there must be enough fish in the lake to get it instantly.

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

They eat blindly, so if there should happen to be any bones in the food, they are apt to die, since they have very delicate digestive organs. It is because of this sensitiveness, and because of the possibility of contamination, that the food must not touch the ground before they get it. He feeds the mother fish once a day, giving them food as long as they continue to catch it before it gets to the bottom.

The fattening fish are fed all they will eat at noon and in the evening. They are fed until they will not take any more. The heavier the feeding ration the swifter the water must be forced through the weir, for the work of digesting the food and growing makes them heavier users of oxygen. The water must be cool, never getting above 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Because of this temperature requirement, trout cannot be raised profitably in many places. The entire lake where they are being fattened must change water at least four times a day.

They are fed about five per cent of their weight daily, the feeding ration being increased each day until the fish are from eight to ten inches in length and weigh from one-third to one-fourth pound. It takes about six months of intensive feeding to get them to this weight.

Mr. Bockelberg has to market his fish alive in order to get the best prices. The market demands a fresh, live fish that is "heaven blue," and that curls just so on the plate. According to our host, this desired tint of blue does not come out if the fish are frozen and shipped in ice, and the curl that the high-priced hotels demand disappears as well when they are frozen.

He was of the opinion that fish, properly killed and frozen, could be put on the market in an even better condition, but the buyers are accustomed to buying live fish. He said that he was willing to cater to the demands of the public as long as it paid him a good price for doing so, and as long as they wanted "heaven blue fish that curl," he was in the business to supply just that kind.

My Dog

By
LILLIAN RICHARDSON

I am eleven years old and my first dog died two years ago. He was six weeks old when we bought him. He was a police dog and we named him "Star." At first he was very playful, but he grew so fast and large that soon he was rather rough to play with. But some things we did together we had much fun in doing. We would play catch, hide-and-go-seek, and we would race around in the back yard.

To play catch I would toss a large rubber ball high into the air, let bounce and see who could catch it first. If Star got it he would run until I caught him and got the ball from his mouth. We played hide-

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THERE is no substitute for dependability in folding furniture for home and camp. Whether you need several chairs for your home or a whole camping equipment of cots, chairs, tables, stools, etc., make sure the equipment you buy is absolutely reliable. Experienced campers and tourists choose Gold Medal because of its time-tried construction which combines seasoned wood, steel and canvas in exactly the right proportions. You, too, can get the utmost in dependability, comfort, light weight, ease of folding and compactness by insisting upon the genuine "Gold Medal."

Send for your copy of "Comfort for Home and Camp," a 32-page book that contains suggestions for the practical uses of "Gold Medal" equipment for both home and in camp.

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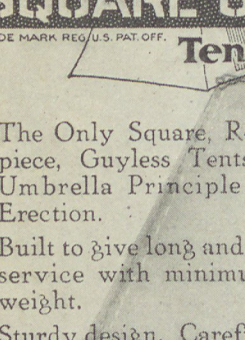

Notwithstanding the fact that it is roomier—that the interior is unobstructed by poles—that it is lighter to carry, folds into a smaller bundle, has double bobinet and canvas door—notwithstanding the fact that the Wenzel Poleless Wall Tent is quick and easy to put up and take down, is preferred above all others by experienced campers—*it actually costs 20% to 50% less* than complicated square tents which won't stand up before even an ordinarily stiff breeze. Investigate the Wenzel Poleless before you start on another trip. Send postal card today for complete information.

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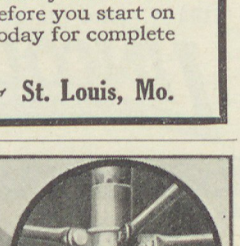
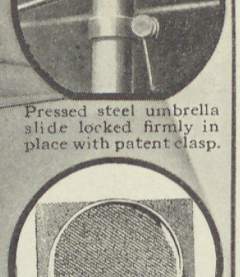


Pressed steel umbrella slide locked firmly in place with patent clasp.



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Built to give long and satisfactory service with minimum carrying weight.

Sturdy design. Carefully selected and tested materials. Faultless needlecraft and expert workmanship thruout.

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Center pole of light, strong 1½-in. brass tubing in three corrugated slip-jointed sections Stands perfectly rigid in use.

Two popular sizes, 7x9 ft. and 9x11 ft., khaki color only.
Both sizes 5 ft. square at eaves, 8 ft. 6 in. high at peak.
Write for Brooks Camp Catalog, Road Maps and Nearest Dealer.

BROOKS TENT & AWNING COMPANY

1663 Arapahoe Street Denver, Colorado

and-seek just like two children; but he generally could find me quicker than I could find him. Of course, he could smell to the place where I was and easily find me, but I couldn't do that. When we raced I would throw a stick as far as I could and we'd see who could get it first. He most always got it. If I would skate, Star would always be right there running as fast as he could to see if he could beat me. One day I thought I'd learn him to pull me so I got straddle of his back (with my skates on) took hold of his collar and said "Go on, Star." I'd no more than said it when he started down the street aflying. I had lots of fun doing that.

But Star wasn't all play. He was a very good watch dog. He wouldn't let anyone come near the house when we were away; and when we were at home he wouldn't let anyone come in unless he knew them. He tore the gas-man's sweater the first time he saw him, but he luckily didn't hurt the man.

One night we were awakened by a loud barking. Daddy got up and looked around, but he didn't see anything so he told Star to keep still, but every once in a while Star would make little whining sounds. Nothing happened so we didn't think anything about it. About two days after that a man came to the door and asked for something to eat. He looked all right so mamma let him in. But Star as much as said "no; he couldn't come in." Star was awfully angry. He kept his eye on the man and when he started to come in Star jumped up and grabbed him by the coat. But mamma had to put Star outdoors so the man could come in. Star made so much noise that she let him in. He laid down between mamma and the man. The man acted queer but mamma gave him his breakfast and some sandwiches and a quarter. The sandwiches were wrapped in a newspaper, the Northwestern Weekly. He went away and we never saw him after that. A week later a detective came to our door and handing mother a letter told her to read it. It was the confession of the man mamma had fed. He was a burglar. He had come with the intention of robbing the house. He said the lady in the house had melted his heart and he just couldn't do it. He said he was going straight after that. The detective wanted permission to print the confession. It was printed in the Northwestern Weekly. As he had sent the letter there finding the address on the sandwich paper. How hard Star had tried to tell us that night that that same man was prowling around. He knew he wasn't good but mother didn't. He had guarded mother. We were all glad that we had Star.

Star had always come to wake me up in the morning, but about two weeks after the burglar had come I woke up late. Star had not wakened me at the usual time. I went downstairs and called to Star. I got no answer. Then mother told me someone had poisoned him in the night. At first I couldn't believe it, but when I saw him I knew he would never play with me again. I had another dog soon after that and though I liked him I couldn't forget Star. He was more than a pet to me, he was my hero and playmate.

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Gold from the Sewers

(*Continued from page 29*)

works, cresols and tar from gas works, salt water from oil wells or copperas from galvanizing plants may be discharged into streams in sufficient quantity to completely devastate them. All of these substances have real commercial value and in the majority of cases the cost of treating factory wastes will be more than paid for by the recovered material. Mr. Manufacturer, in the interest of your own pocketbook, may we urge that you have the discharged liquors from your own plant analyzed? You will surely find something of value being wasted.

The Physiology of the Fishhook

(*Continued from page 27*)

catching of trout within 10 degrees of the North Pole on a fly. Fishhooks of modern manufacture have appeared in every section of the globe where fish inhabit the waters and are palatable. The important part played by a fishhook in producing food, pleasure and recreation is far greater than many realize.

Of all the hooks used by anglers throughout the country the Pennell pattern is possibly the most popular. A hook of such type is well adapted to almost all branches of fresh water angling. The Cincinnati Bass pattern is also used extensively for large and small mouth bass, pike and pickerel. This hook in a small size is also very good for various species of pan fish, such as crappies, blue-gills and sunfish.

The Carlisle pattern hook is excellent for still fishing, as a long shank makes possible the extracting from a fish's mouth more easily than a hook of the short shank type. The most popular fishhooks sold at the tackle stores today are: Carlisle, Kendall Sneck, Limerick, Kirby, Cincinnati Bass, Aberdeen, Sproat and Pennell patterns.

When metal fishhooks were first invented they were used entirely in connection with bait, such as minnows, frogs, worms and various bugs and winged insects. Time, however, taught the scientific angler that game fish would rise to an artificial fly. Gaudy looking feathers, silk thread and yarns were tied onto the hooks, supposed to represent some species of insect life seen flitting about the stream. History of fly fishing tells us that the Romans were the original inventors of fishing with an artificial fly, but the ancient angler of England is responsible for bringing fly fishing up to the present standard. We are much indebted to whomever discovered that fishhooks could be covered with feathers, buck-tail, yarns,

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The TENT of Tents

The De Luxe
is the only tent entirely supported by a light strong folding steel frame. Patent applied for.
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The DE LUXE Umbrella Tent is truly the tent of tents. Waterproof and mildew proof beyond the need of ever retreating. Waterproofing quality not injured when washed with soap and water. Always soft and pliable. **Highest Grade** olive drab tightly woven fabric that money can buy. **Maximum Ventilation** front and back, yet storm proof. **No center pole.** Every inch of tent usable. Patented double door either screened or storm proof at a moment's notice. Clumsy fastenings all eliminated.

The De Luxe is the final word after years of careful study of the requirements of auto tourists and campers.

COSTS LESS By Comparison

Perfect Ventilation at Back Yet Storm Proof and Bug Proof

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Tent Makers for 40 Years
724 N. Sangamon St. CHICAGO

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BEAN'S MAINE FISHING SHOE

Special 10" leather top rubber for wet wading. Top special treated leather that will not grow hard by wetting and drying.

Rubber has fairly thick sole and built-in innersole that water does not affect.

Just as good on last day of trip as first. Will not wrinkle or shrink, same as all-leather shoe.

Send for catalogue and free sample of rubber and leather used in this shoe

Price $4.50. With heels $4.75. Delivered free in the United States

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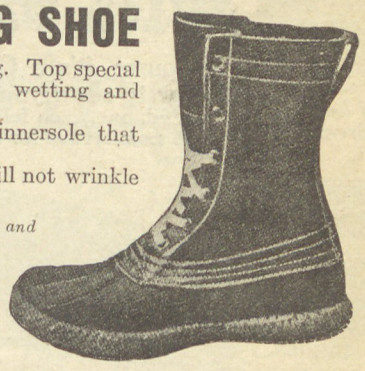

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The Tent that men are PROUD of —that women APPRECIATE

Your own requirements for the ideal tent are provided for in the TROY DeLuxe Umbrella Tent. It is a triumph in efficiency, in convenience, in comfort, in luxury—the logical result of nearly half a century's experience by the foremost tent makers of America.

Consider the outstanding advantages of TROY Umbrella Tents! Some of them are listed in the column to the right. TROY "Tent-ology" demands that these advantages—and more—shall be built into every TROY DeLuxe Tent.

Clean-cut, practical, convenient, and particularly attractive, the TROY DeLuxe Umbrella Tent is *the* Tent that men are *proud* of; that women *appreciate*.

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The Troy Sunshade Co.
Troy, Ohio

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1. Water-proof.
2. Can be put up almost instantly; taken down even more quickly.
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11. Quality considered—the cheapest Tent obtainable *anywhere*.

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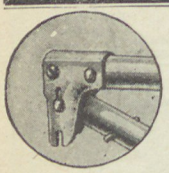
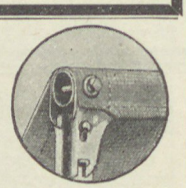


Self Locking Bracket

One-Piece Cot With Padded Top

Of course, it's a Goldwyn. Just ask your dealer to show you Goldwyn No. 84—the patented, one-piece folding cot with felt padded top—the comfort cot for camp and home.



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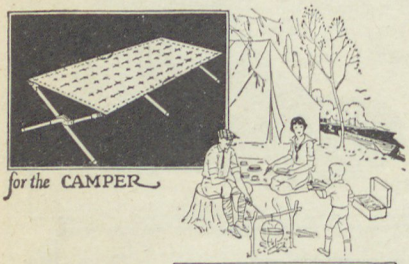
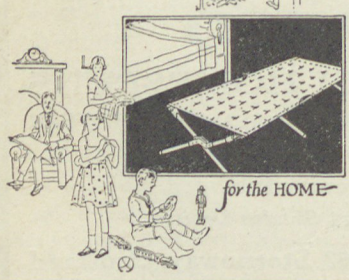


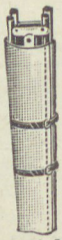
for the CAMPER



for the HOME

GOLDWYN
ONE PIECE FOLDING COT

A bundle of comfort. Hailed with delight by campers and motorists. A welcome emergency bed for the home. Simple, practical, economical. A child can set up and take down a Goldwyn in less than a minute.



In a Class by Itself

Most ingenious one-piece folding cot ever invented. Cannot pinch the fingers. No end pieces to drag into position. Removable top. Adjustments take up stretch. No cutouts at corners. Automatic self-locking brackets. Substantial and rigid. Beautifully finished. Full size, six and one-half feet by twenty-six inches. Folds up neatly. Easily carried and placed out of the way.

3 different style tops—canvas, felt padded and imported cloth. In wood and metal.

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silks, tinsel, and what-not and cast out over a rippling brook, or the limpid waters of a quiet lake, and induce a game fish to gobble the offering with a spectacular leap from the waters. That discovery has, indeed, made angling a wonderful recreation and hobby for us all.

While England is given credit for the introducing of the artificial fly for capturing trout and salmon, America lays claim to the invention of feathered lures for catching black bass. Maybe the reason that our brother anglers across the ocean overlooked the bass is because their waters did not contain any. The black bass is a true American game fish and was unknown in the waters of other foreign countries until transplanted there. Reports are that the bass have been successfully propagated in England. If so, all well and good—but he is still a native of North America and rightfully belongs to us. If the bass propagate as fast across the waters as the lowly carp did in America, after being shipped over here from Germany, it's a sure shot that England will enjoy bass fishing in years to come.

Fishhooks dressed in their Sunday feathers were very popular for some time before American tackle inventors finally discovered that wood, metal and rubber also made fine looking clothing for fish hooks and also attracted game fish of larger species than trout. Artificial frogs and bugs were already on the market when the wooden plug made its appearance. There are several stories related as to how the plug originated. Some claim that a piece of wood was thrown on the surface of a pool and a game fish leaped for the twig and took it between its jaws. Another says that a fisherman cast an empty paper box of small size upon the waters and a fish struck it. Regardless of the correct origination of the artificial wooden lure, SOMEONE discovered that a game fish would strike at an artificial plug and another set of decorations were born for metal fish hooks.

Since the advent of wooden plugs all sorts of wabbling, zig-zagging, diving and wiggling lures have been presented to the fisherman. Take your choice, they ALL catch fish, is the welcome advice of the modern tackle salesman and the fisherman adds several more plugs to his family of hook bedecked lures. The fascination of watching some of the new creations wiggle is almost as great as catching fish and in many cases the action of the lure is the only excitement experienced during a day's fishing. No, my good friend, it is not the fault of the lure that no fish are caught, just one of those unaccountable days every angler experiences at times. Can't you see how much more thrilling a fishing trip can be made when angling with a wabbling lure? When the fish are not striking, it's a mighty hard matter to sit on a dock and watch the cork float lie motionless and the long bamboo fish pole becomes heavier every hour. But casting—well, that's different. Many are the fishless days that an angler really enjoys when casting a plug or fly in quest of game fish. There's an irresistible fascination to casting, bait or

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

fly, that more than makes up for a fishless day. So we are obliged to take a vote of thanks to the inventor of wabbling wooden plugs on which to hang our fish hooks.

Some time before the plug joined the family of fishing lures an old guide, woodsman—or was it an Indian?—attached a large size tablespoon to his line and found that same would revolve in the waters; when polished highly the revolving spoon made an attractive lure for game fish. Clam shells were also used in the same manner and soon the fisherman found nickel, silver, copper, gold and aluminum spoons of the fluted variety that were attached to a wire shank and the hooks in turn attached to the lower end of the shank, where they did not interfere with the spinning of the spoon. Improvements were made rapidly and the manufacturer added bright feathered treble hooks to the lure, and thus was born one of the most effective and popular muskellunge, pickerel and pike lures ever placed on the market.

Pearl spoons made of clam shells were also perfected and today finds many lures of very fine finish manufactured from the pearly shells. Salmon and big trout were found ready customers for the pearl spoon and another suit of clothes was introduced for the family of metal fish hooks. What the next ten years will bring no one can say, but it's dollars to doughnuts we will see new creations on which the ancient fish hook will play an important part. No matter what type of lure or fly we see sailing through the air when in the fishing country, we are assured that the pioneer inventor of fishing tackle is well represented and the same style fish hook still is in vogue, even though it may be dressed in peculiar disguise.

(To be continued)

Don't Cast Until You See the Whites of Their Eyes

(Continued from page 25)

fight of a swift-water bass, with the current and the logs all to the benefit of the fish. Many were, of course, frightened before we approached near enough to cast, for the water was presumably as clear to the fish as to us, but in each case we "saw the white of their eyes" before we began operations. No random casting this, but real game stalking in one of its aquatic variations.

Noon brought us to the millpond and we sat on a mossy bank below the falls to enjoy a welcome lunch.

"Well, Old Timer, what say?" mumbled Bob from the succulent depths of a somewhat waterlogged sandwich. "What d'you think of it?" I swallowed a large mouthful and grinned a bit sheepishly. "Guess I'll have to come clean with an apology, Bob. You've sure delivered and from now on I'll take all you give me, hook, line and sinker. And say, old man, that goes for everything, even to the minnow-catching qualities of minnow traps."

1897 Preservo TRADE MARK REGISTERED Waterproofs and Preserves Canvas 1926

Preservo Keeps Campers Dry and Happy

PRESERVO, a compound for waterproofing and preserving canvas, makes tents and other canvas articles thoroughly rainproof and mildewproof.

The hardest storms cannot drive through canvas to which Preservo has been applied properly — and anyone can apply it quickly and easily.

No leaky tents if Preservo is used — you can touch the tent top with your hand or head without starting that trickle of water. No soggy bedding or clothing.

Preservo keeps canvas soft and pliable, easy to handle, in any climate. Canvas can even be packed wet without fear of mildew if Preservo-treated.

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MAKE the most of your vacation or motor trip this year—sleep outdoors! You can do it with perfect ease and comfort in a Woods Arctic Junior Robe. And its light weight (8½ lbs.) furnishes small burden in the day time. Wherever you are at night, simply unroll it, pile in, and enjoy the best rest you've ever had. You'll wake up in the morning refreshed by the invigorating outdoor air and ready for another day of strenuous sport and fun. See your dealer now or, if he hasn't one in stock, mail the coupon. You'll get quick response.

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Gentlemen: Please send me complete information on the Woods Junior Robe.

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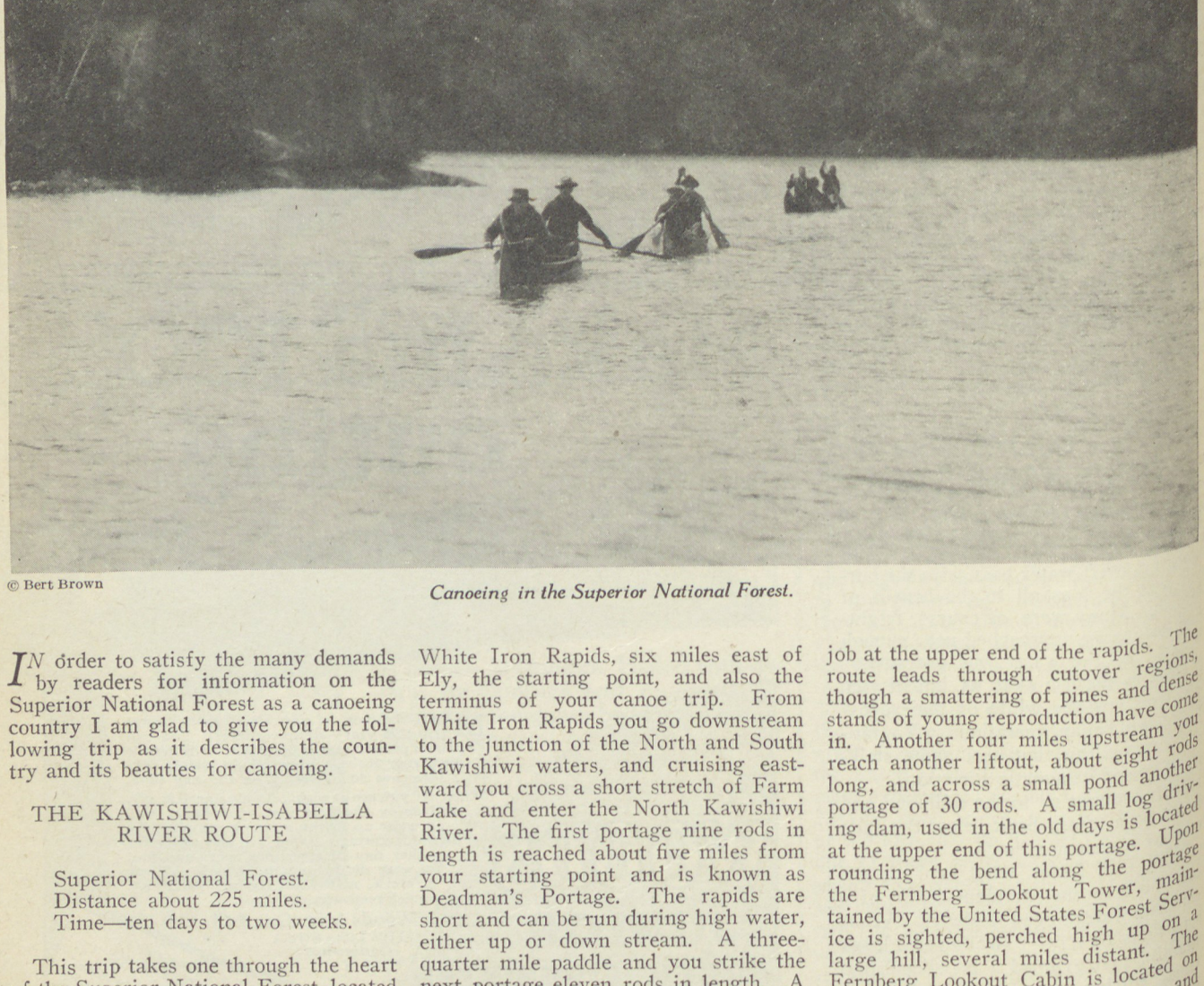
Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS
Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published



© Bert Brown

Canoeing in the Superior National Forest.

IN order to satisfy the many demands by readers for information on the Superior National Forest as a canoeing country I am glad to give you the following trip as it describes the country and its beauties for canoeing.

THE KAWISHIWI-ISABELLA RIVER ROUTE

Superior National Forest.
Distance about 225 miles.
Time—ten days to two weeks.

This trip takes one through the heart of the Superior National Forest, located in the extreme Northeastern part of Minnesota, and leads through virgin wilderness entirely, no towns, no roads, no settlers, no trails, no signs of civilization, until you return to Ely.

Leaving Ely by truck your equipment is transported to the foot of White Iron Rapids, six miles east of Ely, the starting point, and also the terminus of your canoe trip. From White Iron Rapids you go downstream to the junction of the North and South Kawishiwi waters, and cruising eastward you cross a short stretch of Farm Lake and enter the North Kawishiwi River. The first portage nine rods in length is reached about five miles from your starting point and is known as Deadman's Portage. The rapids are short and can be run during high water, either up or down stream. A three-quarter mile paddle and you strike the next portage eleven rods in length. A half mile portage brings you to another liftout. The river here runs between high hills. A short paddle and you reach the long or Murphy portage 212 rods long. A canoe rest has been put up halfway across. An old dam used for log driving purposes is still on the job at the upper end of the rapids. The route leads through cutover regions, though a smattering of pines and dense stands of young reproduction have come in. Another four miles upstream you reach another liftout, about eight rods long, and across a small pond another portage of 30 rods. A small log driving dam, used in the old days is located at the upper end of this portage. Upon rounding the bend along the portage the Fernberg Lookout Tower, maintained by the United States Forest Service is sighted, perched high up on a large hill, several miles distant. The Fernberg Lookout Cabin is located on a small island below the Tower, and another station at the foot of the Tower. A lookout observer is stationed on the tower throughout the entire fire season, and is in direct communication with headquarters at Ely, by telephone slung through the trees. The river comes in

from the south at this point and a portage across the neck 45 rods long is made, and after a short paddle upstream another portage 44 rods in length brings you to Lake One.

An old dam and driving camp are located on this lake, and there is still considerable big pine on the lake, and all the region beyond, until you again touch the North Kawishiwi River on your return trip is very well timbered. Excellent Wall-eyed Pike fishing is to be had in this lake, as well as along the entire length of the North Kawishiwi River after leaving White Iron Rapids. Crossing this lake in a southeasterly direction a short portage of 30 rods is made into a small pond that lies between Lakes One and Two, and another short portage of 40 rods into Lake Two. This is a very pretty body of water, with numerous beautiful campsites, and the best of fishing. There is clear sailing from Lake Two through to Lake Four. You cross Lake Two in a southeasterly direction, and enter Lake Three by a narrow channel, and pass through the upper portion of Lake Three, swinging left around the first point, and through a narrow channel into Lake Four. Lake Three is a beautiful lake, with large stands of virgin pine, and the best of fishing. Lake Four is badly fire scarred, the result of carelessness of some camper, who did not put out his campfire. The U. S. Forest Service demands that all fires be built in safe places, and thoroughly extinguished before left. Camp sanitation is also necessary, all cans and rubbish must be burned or buried. Several days may be spent in exploring the shore lines of Lakes One, Two and Three. This is in the heart of a good game country, and bear, deer and moose are frequently seen, and excellent opportunities afforded for photographing big game. Beaver are very numerous along this entire route, their work is always in evidence, and many are seen along the way.

Between Lake Four and Hudson Lake there are several short liftouts on the Kawishiwi River. Hudson Lake is one of the prettiest bodies of waters along the entire trip. It has excellent sand beaches, is all timbered, and affords mighty fine fishing. Good campsites may be found everywhere. A portage of 106 rods takes you into Lake Insula, and the heart of the bear country. Lake Insula is a wonderful body of water, having more than a hundred miles of shore line, several hundred islands, and more than three score natural sand beaches scattered everywhere. It is truly called one of the prettiest bodies of water in the United States by Government Recreation Engineers. One can spend several weeks on this lake, exploring the many deep mystery shrouded bays, and cruising among the islands. Fishing for Wall-eyed and Great Northern Pike is without equal in Insula. Moose and deer may be observed most anywhere, if one approaches the tips of the deep bays carefully. Insula is covered with green timber, and there is not a fire scar on the whole lake. It would be a sacrilege to mar this truly beautiful lake. Extreme

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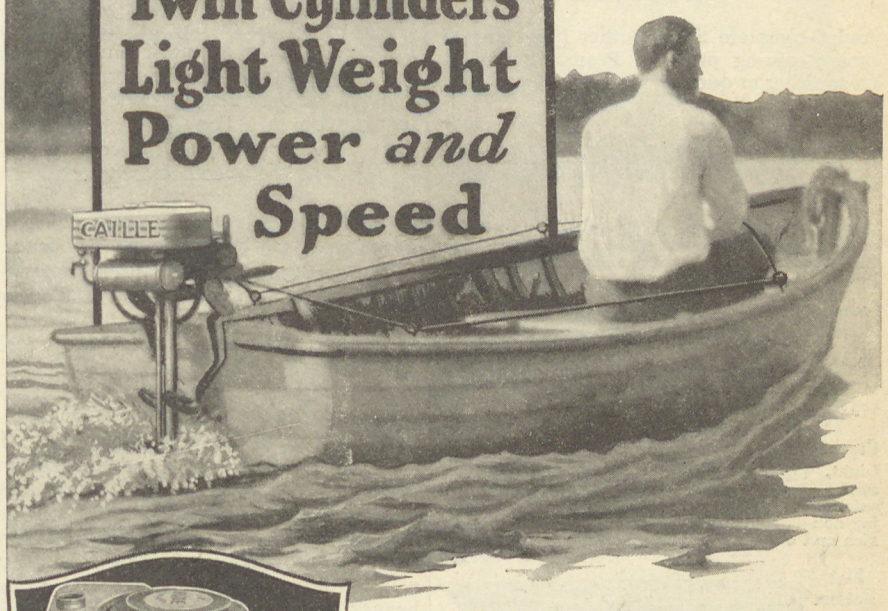
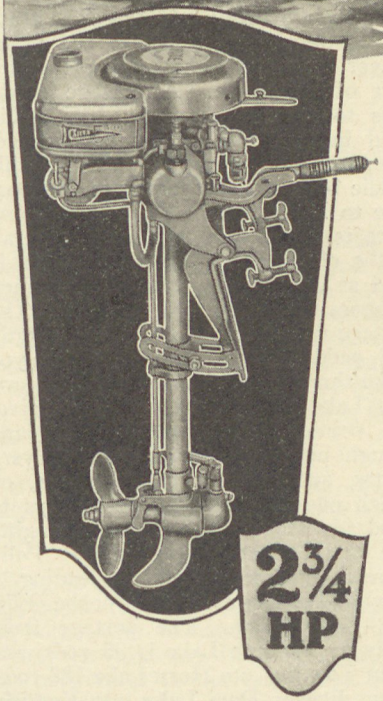
Five Speeds
Twin Cylinders
Light Weight
Power *and*
Speed





LOOK at the features listed above. If you were writing your own specifications what more could you ask? Every advantage—every refinement that could possibly add to your boating pleasure and convenience is embodied in the

CAILLE DETROIT 5 Speed Twin

You have absolute control of your boat at all times. You can go forward or backward—fast or slow. Or you can stop your boat at the pier and leave the motor running. All speed changes are made by raising or lowering steering handle, thus adjusting the pitch of the reversible propeller blades. *An exclusive Caille feature.*

Dual Ignition

You have both magneto and batteries. Use either any time by simply inserting or withdrawing a plug. Users like to start with batteries—especially on cool, damp mornings. Then they switch over on the hot, snappy spark of the magneto. *Another exclusive feature.*

"Pay as You Play"

You don't have to "plank down" the full price to start enjoying the pleasures of a Caille Five Speed Twin. Only $29.00 down gets you a motor. Take care of the balance in monthly payments. Send now for beautiful 1926 catalog and name of nearest dealer.

$29.00 Puts this motor on your boat

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6248 2nd Boulevard • • Detroit, Michigan

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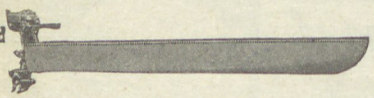
PRONOUNCED "CAIL"
FIVE SPEED TWIN

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS — Fastest Of All Boats for Outboard Motors

And a complete line of other boats at real money-saving prices. Prompt shipment from either of our two factories to you.

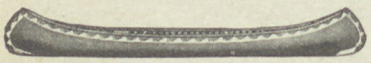


Outboard Hydro-Plane

Fastest of all boats for Outboard Motors. Has an official record of over 16 miles an hour, and an unofficial record of over 17 miles an hour. Price, $98

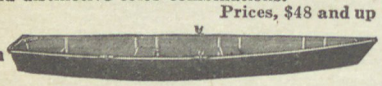
Speed Model

Winner of the Gold Cup race at Detroit. Averaged over 15 miles an hour on one lap and broke the world's record for boats powered with 4 H. P. Motor.
Price, $78.00 and up



Canoes

Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. A complete line, including non-sinkable Sponson Canoes. Choice of many rich and distinctive color combinations.
Prices, $48 and up



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—For row or Outboard Motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Easily cleaned and practical for all purposes. Prices, $29 and up

Square Stern Row-boats—Made both smooth sides and lap strake construction. Steady, seaworthy and easy to row.
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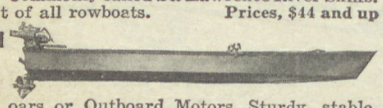
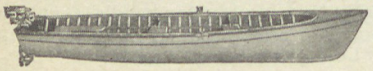


Special Fish Boats

—For oars or Outboard Motors. Sturdy, stable, won't roll when you stand to cast. Light draft for the shallows. Easy to row. Prices, $48 and up



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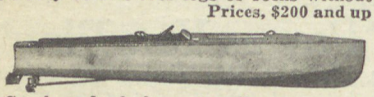

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State kind of boat in which you are interested.

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care must be used in crossing Insula, for its many islands confuse the canoeist. The route to Lake Alice is generally northeast, and before coming to the mouth of Alice River, or better known as the Kawishiwi River, which in Indian Chippewa means endless waters, a truly appropriate name, you pass the large sand beach on Insula, which is a guide to the right route. In the extreme north bay of Insula is the Portage to Lake Kiana, from where the Big Saganaga Lake routes enter the Kawishiwi Waters. There is one short portage down Alice River. Considerable current will be noticed in this river. The distance between Insula and Alice is about four miles by river, a most alluring stretch of water, and Lake Alice is a very pretty lake. Off in the distance, as one enters Alice, may be seen the large sand beach, shaded by a group of Norway Pines. Alice is a large lake, with few islands, and excellent fishing.

Skirting the southern portion of Alice one again enters the Kawishiwi River. Along the entire route one is in good game country and in warm weather game is frequently seen along the route. Two other portages, one of 82 rods, and another of 20 rods are made before turning south. The traveler's attention is called to the many beaver houses, and choppings along this part of the route. A portage of 66 rods to the southeast cuts off a big bend in the river, if the traveler desires to better his time. A two mile paddle brings the voyageur to the portage to Lake Koma. A good camping place is found here, and also the trail to the old Mulberg Lookout, which is used as a temporary observatory when Rangers happen in that territory. The portage into Koma is 24 rods in length, and paddling south across Koma you make three carries down the river, and into Lake Polly. This lake is a rival for scenic honors with Insula, and though not nearly as large is a very pretty, and enticing bit of water, on which one may spend several days to good advantage. The fishing is mighty fine in this lake. Southeast of Polly there is another canoe route leading to Sawbill Lake, via Hazel, Phoebe, Ella, and Beth Lakes. The portage from Polly to Towline Lake is 95 rods, and from Towline into Horn Lake 182 rods. From Beaver Dam Lake into Kawishiwi Lake at Beaver Dam 2 rods. You have now reached the headwaters of the Kawishiwi River, and the route for the last several miles has been made considerably easier through efforts of the industrious beaver, who have built dams along the small creeks, and raised the water to a depth of several feet. The portage over the divide into Parent Lake is 1½ miles and is in good condition. Parent Lake marks the headwaters of the Isabella River.

Parent Lake is a large body of water, and very pretty, with large stands of timber, and offers excellent fishing. Heading westward across Parent Lake you make the first portage at the outlet, 44 rods in length. The headwaters of the Isabella River harbour numerous families of beaver. From this point to Lake Isabella you make four short portages. Isabella is a large body of water, and very beautiful, and game is very abundant in this vicinity. The river between Parent and Isabella Lakes runs through very rough country. A good camping place may be found on the first portage out of Isabella Lake, at what is known as Pike Falls, due to excellent Pike fishing to be had there. The portage is 18 rods long, and again takes one to the Isabella River. Two more portages of 8 and 86 rods, and you are at Rice Lake, the breeding place for myriads of ducks of all kinds, and they may be seen here at all times. This lake is also in good moose country, and as many as ten bull moose have been seen here at one time. Between Rice and Bald Eagle Lakes the river runs through sparsely timbered country. At the head of the rapids is located the Isabella Ranger Cabin with telephone communication to Ely. There are numerous short portages between Rice Lake and Bald Eagle.

Bald Eagle is a mighty pretty piece of water, and has a considerable stand of virgin white and Norway pine on it. Excellent fishing may be had here. On the north shore of Bald Eagle is the route through Turtle, Clearwater, Camdgre, Pietro, and Gull Lakes, leading into interior regions and very interesting. Bald Eagle is joined with Gabro Lake by a narrow channel, and this is the last large body of water to be encountered on the trip. Gabro is a well timbered lake, and has numerous deep, inviting bays and islands. Fishing unexcelled anywhere and camping sports everywhere.

From Little Gabro Lake there is a short portage north into the Isabella River. The junction of the South Kawishiwi and Isabella Rivers is in pretty well timbered country with large cliffs and excellent fishing. Going west and north you reach the short portage into Clear Lake. Good bass fishing may be had here. Clear Lake has very pretty water, and islands beautifully timbered with virgin pines. A portage of 130 rods takes one back into the North Kawishiwi River, a half mile paddle to Deadman's Rapids, encountered on the starting of our trip, and paddle back to White Iron Rapids.

Off the main Kawishiwi-Isabella Route are scores of other routes leading in every direction and into waters teeming with the mighty Lake Trout and Black Bass.

Along this and every other one of hundreds of routes through the Superior Forest there are berries everywhere in season, no poisonous snakes or plants. No hunting is allowed within the Superior National Forest, for it is included practically entirely within the vast Superior State Game Refuge, embracing over 2,000,000 acres of the finest game, fishing, and canoe country on the American Continent, together with the adjoining Canadian Wilderness.

The above described trip has been made by few people other than cruisers, prospectors, trappers, and Rangers of

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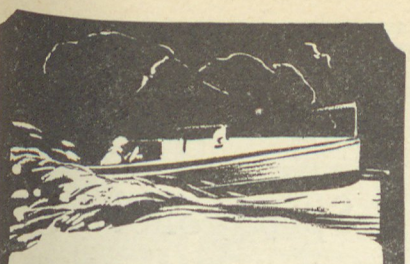

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Hand Sump Pump

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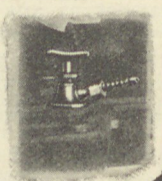
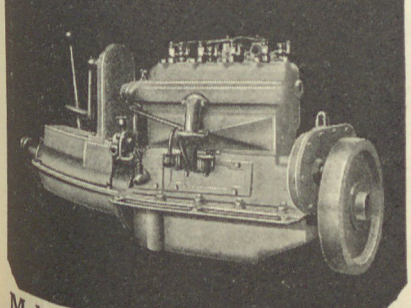




the U. S. Forest Service. The portages enroute are kept brushed by the Forest Service and suitable signs are posted at portages. It is a most alluring trip leading through rough, wild country and is by no means the easiest of canoe trips. There are hundreds of other trips, many of which will meet your every individual requirements.

This department will gladly furnish information, canoe maps, descriptive literature, and all necessary details on any routes through the Superior Forest or adjoining Canadian Lake Regions.

Questions and Answers

What would you consider getting for a medical kit when taking a canoe trip? —I. C.

I would advise buying a first aid kit from some reputable sporting goods store, as they know just what the requirements are. If this is not possible, a good drug store may carry them or can make you one. All I consider necessary are: bandages, absorbent cotton, adhesive tape, iodine, or some similar antiseptic. The balance may be according to your personal needs. Some always carry aspirin and a laxative.

My partner and I are going to take a canoe trip. Would two paddles be enough?—W. D.

Would say that you should take at least one extra paddle and if you are going into a region where you would not be able to get any and you will be there for more than a month, two extra paddles might not be too many. A lot will depend on the kind of country you will travel in and how well you can use a paddle.

Would it be a good idea to put a rudder on a canoe with a single sail? —H. T.

Yes, it will add much pleasure and enjoyment to your sailing and make the boat easier to handle and steadier. It may be necessary in some clubs, if you participate in the races, that you will have to take it off, but it certainly is a worth while addition to your outfit.

Where is the best position to steer a single sailing rig in a canoe?—A. W.

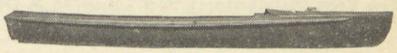
Just a little back from your center length would be the most efficient position as your canoe will be steadier and point much better. Many use the stern seat as it is a more comfortable position. However, you must remember that comfort in canoe sailing is not necessarily efficiency. This, of course, applies only when there is but one occupant in the canoe. Also using the stern seat, makes clumsy, noisy sailing if there is any sea running, and the boat will not sail close to the wind handily.

A Speed Boat *and* A Canoe *in One*

That's what you get when you buy the famous Racinewis "Sport" square stern canoe with outboard motor attachment.

Hunters and fishermen by the score will tell you it's the practical, serviceable craft to own. Light, strong, safe and reponsive, with broad, flat bottom, it is easy to paddle or row in shallow water where a heavier v-bottom boat cannot go.

You can use your Racinewis "Sport" Canoe on the smallest streams or nose it silently through the lily pads close up to where the big fish love to hide. And you can race swiftly up stream or down or go to the far corners of the lake in a minute or two, with outboard motor providing the power.



Outboard motor fans like its racy lines and sporty appearance. Its 60″ deck and cowl, bronzed mooring cleat and solid mahogany finish give the Racinewis "Sport" Canoe a graceful speedboat appearance. Its built-in sponsons insure safety, too, and we'll finish it in any color you desire.

In every line and every feature of this sturdy, attractive canoe you can see the results of over a quarter century of boat-building experience. Racinewis "Sport" canoes have been put to the hardest tests time after time—and they invariably give the long, faithful service that hunters and fishermen everywhere have come to expect from all Racinewis Boats and Canoes.

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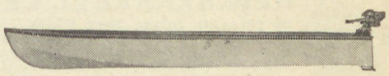
The Racinewis "Sport" is roomy and correctly proportioned for speed, for safety and for ease of handling. Its well-braced transoms and stout, securely-fastened planking make it perfectly rigid—and unaffected by any amount of motor vibration. Has three seats, 40″ beam, 16″ oak stems and weighs 135 lbs. Shipping weight, 185 lbs.



In the Racinewis Speedabout outboard motor boat and the Racinewis Speed canoe, which we show here, too, you will find the same outstanding qualities that have made all Racinewis Boats and Canoes the natural choice of men who love the water and answer its call.

Tell us the kind of craft you're interested in and we will send catalog, prices and specifications

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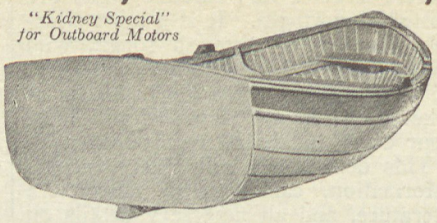

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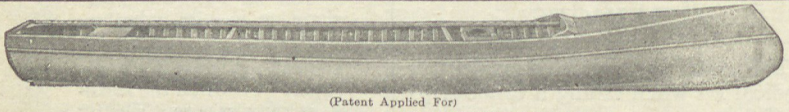
The boat illustrated is built especially for out-board motor service. Sturdy, strongly built, yet light in weight.



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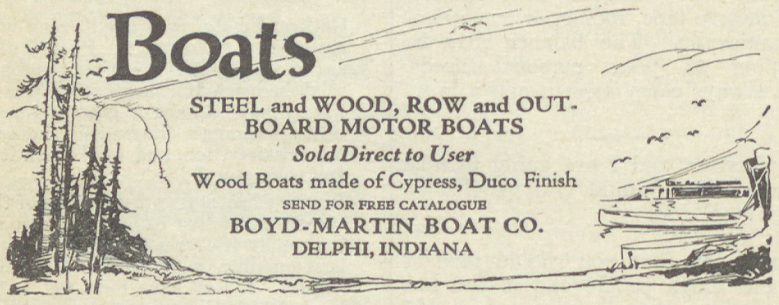

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Wood Boats made of Cypress, Duco Finish
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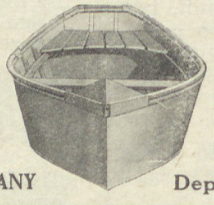
The PIONEER will support three men when the boat is entirely filled with water.



The PIONEER is **Not** *a Steel Boat. It is built of rust-resisting copper-bearing pure iron.*

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Our Boat factory is now the largest factory in the world manufacturing metal row boats exclusively. In case your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from factory.

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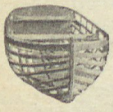

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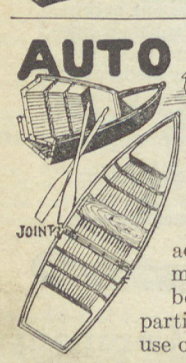

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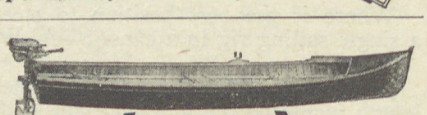

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Light, sturdy, dependable. Custom made. All styles. Equipped as desired. Rightly priced. Used by over 90% of the Maine guides. Will use *you* "White." Write for complete catalog.

E. M. WHITE & CO., Old Town, Me.
Established 1890

When you hit the sand especially, with it half full of water, it grinds the bottom of the canoe and also causes all the water to rush into the bow, and strains the whole construction.

Spring Shooting

(Continued from page 20)

book comes out and a record made after each man's name. One row of squares is left for the kind of shot, S meaning a straightaway shot, R a bird to the right, and L one to the other side. Below it goes the result, a big "goose-egg" for a missed bird, a vertical mark for a downed one. The third row shows the shot, i. e., a one means that the first shot fired connected, a two the second shot, and so on. This gives us a rather complete record for each shot to be pored over and tabulated after the shooting is over.

As can readily be seen, the conditions are as near to hunting conditions as we can get. The "hunters" do not know when a bird will take flight or at what angle it will go. In some respects this is even more difficult than field shooting as the dog on point is a great help in getting ready for a shot, while as in our practice the thrower can exercise all kinds of ingenuity in waiting until the shooter is in the worst possible position before presenting the shot. Incidentally, when breaking in some of the gang we sometimes yell "bird" when the saucer is thrown out, to give him a little better chance at the target.

The end of the field having been arrived at, we try a little practice on grouse and woodcock shots, the hunters advancing cautiously through the thickets, while the one with the slinger tries to present shots as near like the flight of these birds as possible. It is only fair to say that a "slinger" can hurl out clay birds with a faster flight than any upland game bird ever flew. And with a little practice the clay saucer can be flung with as much accuracy as a baseball—and with as many peculiar curves, dips and what-not as any ten thousand dollar big league pitcher ever put them over with. A mere turning over of the wrist at the moment of delivery will sail the "bird" out for twenty yards or so, and then it will suddenly "dip" from its line of flight some two feet, or even more, depending on the twist put on it by the turning wrist. And, needless to say, each wielder of the slinger has a few pet tricks to discomcert the others with, all of which means a mighty expenditure of shells and crashing of clay birds against tree trunks, but also a wonderful aid in field shooting.

The practice in the woods being over with for the time being, the return is made up the other side of the field, the two shooters changing places so that the one who had the first shot on the

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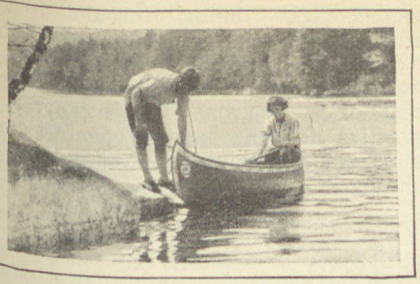

An improved Indian canoe

"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after actual Indian models. No one has ever surpassed the American Indian in building swift, graceful canoes. "Old Town" master-builders have strengthened the red man's craft, but have followed exactly the original Indian designs. "Old Town Canoes" are steady and strong, yet surprisingly light in weight.

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Waistline Too Big?

Director Reduces Girth 2 to 4 Inches

It doesn't need to be. Director corrects this condition instantly and continued wearing reduces waist 2 to 4 inches without drugs or dieting—without discomfort or inconvenience. Gives a kneading motion that massages fatty deposits away. Doctors prescribe Director. Good tailors recommend it. Clothes fit better; coat retains shape, trousers won't sag, vest won't creep or wrinkle. Makes you look taller. Made to your measure; woven from finest web elastic—**all in one piece,** no laces, hooks nor buttons. Price $6 50. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. Descriptive circulars on request.

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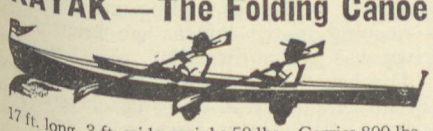
No More Dirt or Water

In your boats when equipped with an improved mushroom anchor. It is self bailing, self cleaning, and best of all SAFE. They have five times the holding power of ordinary makeshift anchors. Made of grey iron with cast-in steel eye. Painted with rust-proof paint and complete with galvanized rope thimble.

12 Lb. $1.00—18 Lb. $1.50—28 Lb. $2.50
Special Discounts in lots of 12 or more.

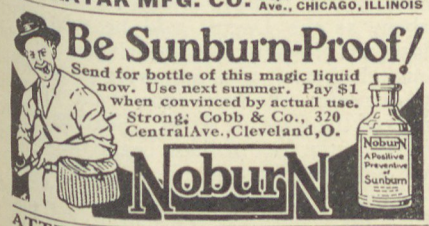
Standard Foundry & Pattern Works
Cadillac, Michigan

KAYAK—The Folding Canoe



17 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, weighs 50 lbs. Carries 800 lbs
Write for information.

THE KAYAK MFG. CO. Dept. F, 5556 Winthrop Ave., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



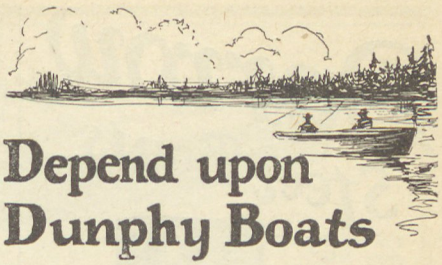
ATTENTION ROW BOAT OWNERS
A KORSEN SELF LOCKING ANCHOR LINE PULLEY makes it possible for you to raise and lower the anchor on your boat without getting up from your seat in any part of the boat, and without tying the rope, easily attached. 2-sizes to fit 5/16" or 1/2" rope, price $1.00 prepaid.
KORSEN MANUFACTURING CO., 2359 W. Grand Ave., Dept. E, CHICAGO, ILL.

journey "out" now waits for shooter number two to hit or miss before firing. And as can be seen, the trip around the field doesn't take as long as might be expected, nor are there many shots fired. We mentioned the fact that the one with the slinger loaded his pockets with saucers, and this means that he usually carries about a dozen of the "clays" with him. Of course he could carry many more if he was provided with some sort of a knapsack or game bag, but we barred this out long ago. We usually shoot in sets of three, and each fires about the same number of shells during the afternoon, the one doing the slinger changing places at the end of each "trip" with one of the shooters until all have shot. With fair luck this means that in the course of two trips with the gun from twenty-four to thirty-six shots are fired by each.

We generally start out with two boxes of shells apiece; at the end of the third trip we usually have a session of what we term "straight shooting," with two shooters firing in turn at the birds as thrown by the third of the "gang." In this kind of shooting the gun is again held below the elbow before the bird is thrown, and the saucer is thrown whenever the one doing the slinging feels like it. In this case, however, the shooter has the privilege of naming the kind of shot he wants; if he is weak on birds going off to his left, he usually selects such shots. A record is kept of each shot, just as in the kind of shooting we have described above, so that each shooter can compare the record made with the results of previous shooting and note if he is improving or not. In other words, there is no attempt to make a record or beat the other fellow but merely to improve one's own shooting.

The cost of such an afternoon? Well, we buy our clay birds by the barrel, getting them at a cost which we estimate at a little more than a cent each. Our shells are purchased by the case, costing us about ninety cents per box for the best grade of shells on the market. With each shooting fifty shells in the course of an afternoon our practice costs about two dollars and a half each person. What about results of such practice? It is hard to estimate, since none of us are interested in the regulation trap-shooting, but the records show that each person has "boosted" his hits until on all kinds of shots the best one of the crowd averages from seventy-five to eighty per cent consistently. The worst shot averages around fifty per cent, having brought his average up in less than four months of shooting from less than twenty per cent.

Our idea received, a grand "ha, ha" from one of the best trap shots of the city—until he spent an afternoon with us. The first twenty shots he fired resulted in one bird broken and several "dusted," so that at the end of the box of shells he was ready to sell his pet gun for thirty cents or even less. This is decidedly not the



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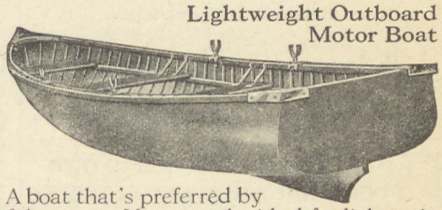
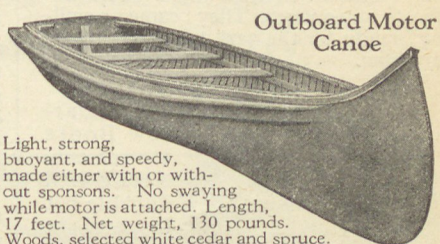


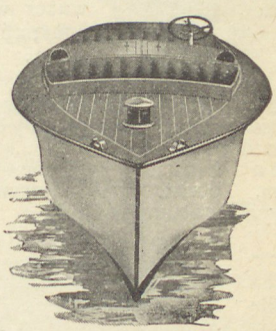
A boat that's preferred by fishermen. Very speedy, ideal for light twin motor. Steady and seaworthy with wide, flat floor to stand on while casting.

Length, 16 feet. Weight, under 200 pounds. Woods, best white oak and northern cedar. White oak decks and stern corners cast aluminum—superior to wood—will not twist, warp, split or rot. Stern braces from gunwales to transom—impossible for planking to pull away.

Outboard Motor Canoe



Light, strong, buoyant, and speedy, made either with or without sponsons. No swaying while motor is attached. Length, 17 feet. Net weight, 130 pounds. Woods, selected white cedar and spruce. Outside covered with heavy, closely woven canvas, finished in green enamel.



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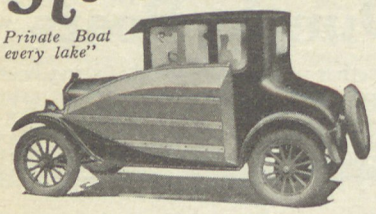

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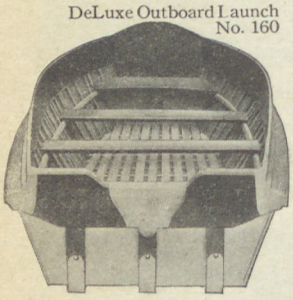

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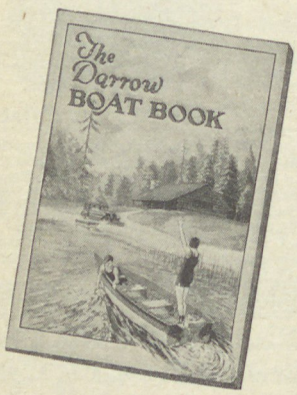

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game for the trap-shooting enthusiast, for he will only quit disgusted with the whole thing, as we discovered when we tried to introduce our ideas to a hard-boiled trap-shooting club. After a few shots with the hand-trap or "slinger" they simply were not interested in such a foolish game; it spoiled their "timing" for the more serious game of "grinding them up." No, this is no game for the fellow who wants to break better than ninety per cent of his "birds," but it is great practice for the hunter who wants some shooting simulating hunting conditions.

Trouting Itch

(Continued from page 19)

and are ready to eat again. From our store commisary we get a quick lunch for we came to fish, not to eat.

We pair off, little Fred and Bill, the big Boy Scout, fish down stream—Fred caught a dandy last year below the big falls. Doc and I don't care where we go so we go along and, like most fishermen, decide we ought to be on the other side of the stream. The water is swift and clear. We put in a great deal of time getting across as we want to keep dry shod. Doctor knows how to handle a fly and fishes a stream hard. It's different with myself; I want to roam the stream and its banks the first part of a trip, to get the lay of the land.

I soon found I was alone, high and dry, entirely surrounded by countless ripe red raspberries. Why bother about trout, they've got to be cooked. Bear signs are about, but as the bear had not eaten all the berries, why look for bears? Deer trails were everywhere leading from the hills to the river. I wander along, seeing much to interest me and feeling sleepy I decide it is the raspberries. So I find a sunny spot and lie down to wait for Doctor.

I don't remember how long I slept, but the shade had come and passed into long shadows, and that tooth-fixing Doctor is not in sight.

Craving company, I back-track and come around a bend. Here he is still fishing the swift waters. "Well, how's the arm, old top?" he yells above the laughing waters.

"Pretty fair, Doctor, I am taking it easy today."

We came together, seated ourselves on a boulder to compare notes. "Had any luck?"

"Yes, got a few." He did. They were beauties too.

"How do you like the berries up here, Doc?"

"Berries, what do you mean, I haven't seen any berries."

"Say, I was surrounded by them, had to eat my way out."

"Razzbery" said he.

"Raspberries," said I.

"Let's see your trout, man."

"Well, Doctor, I thought I had better take it easy at first. I had a fine sleep and feel better already."

It's getting dark in the deep canyon of the river, so we make for camp. We find the boys are at camp chopping wood. Say, but that wood smoke smells good!

What luck? Not much. "Fred got a few, I lost a big one," said Bill. We place all *our* trout together and decide that they will make a good meal. I agreed to cook them if the rest of the tribe would clean them and keep the fire going. We hop to it, and maybe we didn't have a feed! I think the Doctor rather doubted that I had a feed of raspberries. Perhaps, because I beat him to the last trout. Anyway we all agreed that "this is the life."

We ate too much to wash the dishes, and besides we needed a smoke. You fellows know that with pipes burning, a camp fire crackling, a bough bed to seat yourself on, one can't help but relate the happenings of the day.

Another pipe around and a few stories of other trips and we feel we should go to bed. Night noises about us—the Cascade stream sings us to sleep. Fred don't sleep very well (near a trout stream at least) so about day-break, he cruelly awakened us. Doctor was just catching a big trout, but he said it got away. Bill was being a big brother to a hundred kids that wanted to be Boy Scouts. I seemed to remember faintly that I was again surrounded by raspberries.

We had no trout for breakfast but we sure enjoyed a wash in running water. Then bacon and eggs, that were the best ever—coffee too. The Doctor then said in a tone as though breakin' bad news to us, "Boys, we ought to be on the move, we've got to eat and we have no trout." Fred and Bill decide to fish near camp and Doctor and I decide to take an old trail back in the woods and go upstream some five miles. We had never been on this trail but it seemed to be fair. It ran for about two miles to an old abandoned cabin. From there on, it grew fainter and fainter, finally disappeared up a Tamarack tree in a swamp behind a beaver dam. From there on we follow moose trails as long as they bore to our left, as that was the only way we had of finding our way out—keeping to the left as we knew the river was in that direction.

We began to wonder about the river. Finally we began to think (each to ourselves), "We must have gone to the right instead of the left." I decided to climb a tree to have a look for the lost river, as the Doctor said he was not lost and it must be the river. Sure enough there it was, a quarter of a mile to our left. We were soon at the upper falls of the Cascade River. Seating ourselves at the foot of these beautiful falls, we set up our rods and got in action.

There was trout here and we were in a good mood as we had found the river and knew it led to camp.

But how little we realized what was ahead of us for the afternoon.

We waded the stream, catching a

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trout here and there for a couple of miles, enjoying the changing scenery as we rounded each bend. We were now at one point where we could see for half a mile down and the stream was very swift and very rocky—in fact there were great boulders, moss covered, and very slippery. We found it impossible to keep on our feet, often slipping. We decided that rubber boots were not the thing for the cascade. My camera had been ducked three times, my rubber boots were running over, and my lunch was soup by this time, in my pocket. But why bother about trifles—the trout were biting fine.

We now find it hard sledding. Boulders are piled up three and four deep, all with round polished tops. We pinch our toes between these boulders and we find it unusually dangerous. We try to walk the bank. We find that too hard because of underbrush, and anyway there are no trout on the banks.

It's getting toward evening; the shadows are long and the river is taking on that mysterious quiet of approaching night.

"How far do you think it is to camp, Doctor?"

"I think it is just around the next bend," said he. We reach the next bend,—no camp. Other bends are passed. We are still casting the pools and having sport.

Well, a few more bends and we decide we better step along. We jump from boulder to boulder, passing up all waters now, but the best pools, Doctor can't resist them. I make a leap for a boulder. It must have been greased with a preparation of oil, graphite, and banana skins for my feet never hesitated but my head hit a rock, I cut my wrist to the bone, tore my shirt, ripped my pants, grunted, rolled over in three feet of rushing water, got up, sat down on a boulder and, said, "Doctor, where do you suppose our camp is?" Well, he allowed it must be around the next bend, or perhaps it was lost.

We decided to go again. It was now getting dark in the canyon and we did not know where or rather how far that camp was. Two more bends and no camp. We are now feeling our way among those boulders. We have a lot of respect for them now, no more ruthless jumping on their smooth faces.

We stop for we hear an auto horn. I know my car's bellow and it was a welcome sound. We are now, as we find, just two bends from camp, and around the last one we see a flash lamp twinkling. Little Fred was looking for us.

I slip and fall once more. Doctor got his foot caught between two boulders and said more than ouch. They look us over and we are worth looking at too. Fred asks if we fell over the falls.

We drain water by the gallon from our boots, take off the remainder of clothes and get into dry ones. The boys have supper ready.

Next morning Doc asks me how the lower right part of my arm feels and smiles.

It was O. K.

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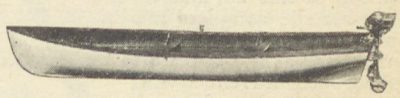

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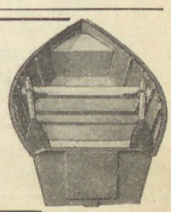
The "PORTAGE" Steel Boat



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THE 1926 MARLIN CATALOG the cover of which is shown at the top of this ad, pictures and describes the complete Marlin line—with its background of basic, original Marlin features—improved and refined with every passing year. Write for your copy of it today.

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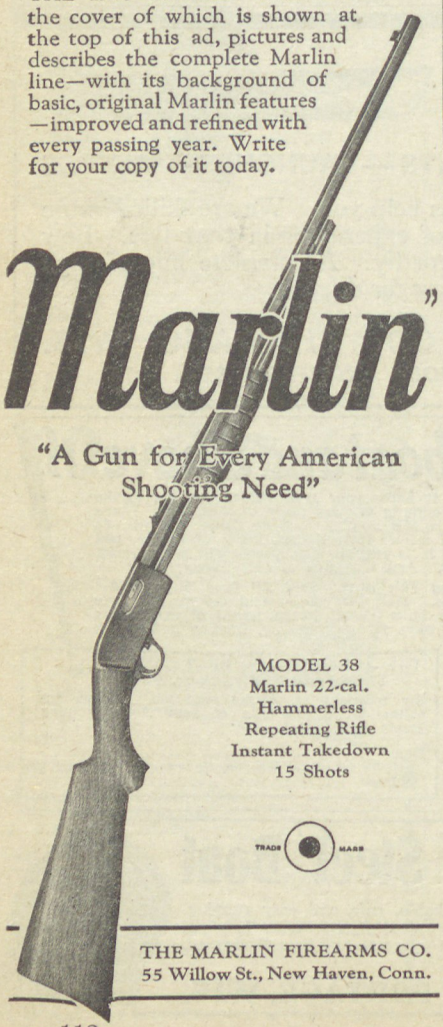

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15 Shots

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
55 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Starting Young Hunters

WHILE in a moment of contemplation over the outfitting of young hunters, the spirit moves me to include women, despite the fact that articles on this subject are always written for the benefit of those who are trying to start the boy right in the shooting game, whether the arm most favored is the shotgun or rifle. Furthermore, I intend to speak of the shotgun slant only, because the universal .22 caliber rifle practically takes care of the boy and neither he nor his dad needs much advice on the subject.

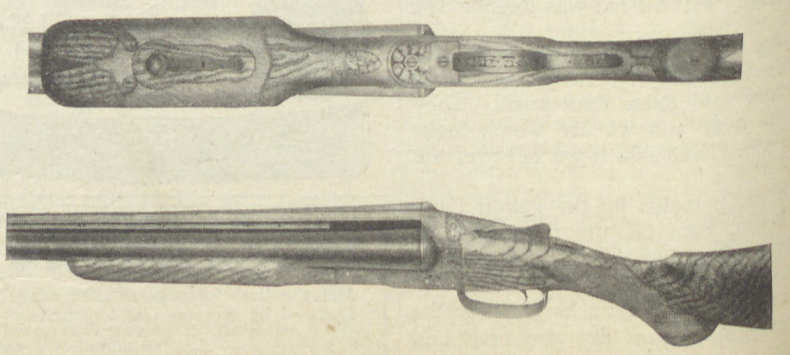
Perhaps someone will ask what excuse I have for including women, declaring that few are prospects to be considered, and very few will ever take up the sport of hunting with a shotgun. Then, I hear another little voice pipe out from the maze of critics and whiningly declare it is impossible to teach women to shoot, so why bother about it? Yet another adds that they are bum anglers, and it is a waste of time using words of advice for them.

Doubtless I have the right to defend the fair sex, especially when they are charged with inability to master the fundamentals of shotgun shooting or bait casting. Not because I am a blatant defender of women's rights, as they seem more than able in these modern times to defend themselves, but I have to admit that men lose a whole lot of darned good, sensible companionship by not taking their wives and daughters outdoors and starting them right. A great many have an innate love for it and are promptly receptive to advice. Those who do not like the outdoors are poor pupils, just like the host of men who care nothing for it and, though they actually abhor the thought of gun powder being discharged in their presence, they will mingle ever so closely to all kinds and colorations that are altogether too liberally applied on the countenances of women who, like themselves, feel erronously that outdoor life is a gruelling task master for their consideration, though it puts natural pigments in the cheek, and the perspiration from outdoor efforts accords a man's top-piece better appearing qualities than all the sticky stuff inferior males think so enhancing.

But, when we get on the subject of women shooting and casting, we simply have to admit something in their favor, even if it does go against the grain. If they are serious about it, they learn to cast and shoot more quickly than men, because, if they are merely prospects, they admit it, and unlike men who, when they have a smattering knowledge, think they know all about it, and, having started in bad form, continue it rather than acknowledge they need advice. Look how quickly girls' rifle teams at schools learn to make excellent scores. They respond just as quickly with the shotgun or bait casting rod. The sharer of my lares and penates a few years ago could not cast a lick; right now I am willing to match that 100 pounds of femininity against the most graceful caster in the world in actual fishing, and the same with the shotgun, though now the one spoken about has passed through the paths of the .410, 28, 20, 16—and is getting ready for the pounding of a 12 with its modern super loads of progressive burning powder.

I mention women in the same category as boys when referring to shotguns, because our young Americans are the most wonderful prospects, and we ought to take them in hand while they have no exalted opinions of their possible prowess, but an inborn love for this kind of sport.

When you take the boy in hand and provide him with a shotgun, this small amount of advice will not go amiss. Let him know that there is nothing mysterious about a good shot, but, instead, he is only the development from constant practice and love for the sport. If he will persist he will acquire equal skill, and that means that you must



The new Ithaca with Ventilated Rib, Beaver Tail Forend and Single Trigger.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

supply him with a liberal amount of ammunition.

I have often observed boys, who were trusted with a shotgun at an early age, perverse about taking a shot at moving game. I sought the reason they always shot at game while it was at rest. Invariably my finding was—at least, in most instances—that it was due to the fact that they did not want to waste a shell because they were so difficult to obtain; so they wanted to make every shot count and bring home in the form of game some evidence of their ability as hunters. If they once got the habit of shooting at game while it was not moving, it was a mighty difficult thing to cure. The very first lesson should be on the subject of moving objects and the vital fact that there is no real sport to be derived from a shotgun in any other manner. And the greater the sport will eventually become, as more difficulties will be offered in the way of wing shooting in dense timber or brush.

I am not partial as to which gauge of a shotgun a boy or girl starts with. But I am a bit persistent that they should have a gun which fits them in every way, as does that of the most particular man. Boys are inclined to select guns heavier than they can handle easily and gracefully; seldom, however, is the fair sex guilty of trying to exhibit their strength in this manner. We cannot advise a boy or girl the exact weight of shotgun they could use; their individual strength should regulate this. But you can warn them against the recoil bound to ensue from an over light gun with standard game loads, as well as the lack of quick, easy alignment and resulting weariness which one of excess weight for their physical powers will produce. Furthermore, you cannot dwell too much on the subject of excess poundage being a tax on their acquiring skill. Every hour of your hunt such a gun gets heavier and heavier, and your shooting is bound to become poorer and poorer in proportion.

It is seldom you see a youngster with natural poise. They are generally excitable and over-eager. But it is really worth while to dwell with them on the subject of poise, and how it will help their shooting, as probably such a thought has never entered their minds. Get right to the youngster and tell him the reason thereof. In the first place, with a little poise they cultivate the habit of a gun coming up smoothly and gracefully. Moreover, the flushing of game at their feet or its impromptu appearance before them in any form of flight, will have no evil effects on their marksmanship if they learn absolute mental control, which quickly develops poise, as well as the absolutely necessary physical control. Each is positively required. Then never will the young shot be startled or taken suddenly unawares; further, his mind will never be confused by whether a shot is difficult or not, but, on the contrary, he will look upon hard shots as a special dispensation of providence in his favor, and ache for them instead of remaining momentarily in doubt as to whether he can achieve it or not. In other words, he will never be

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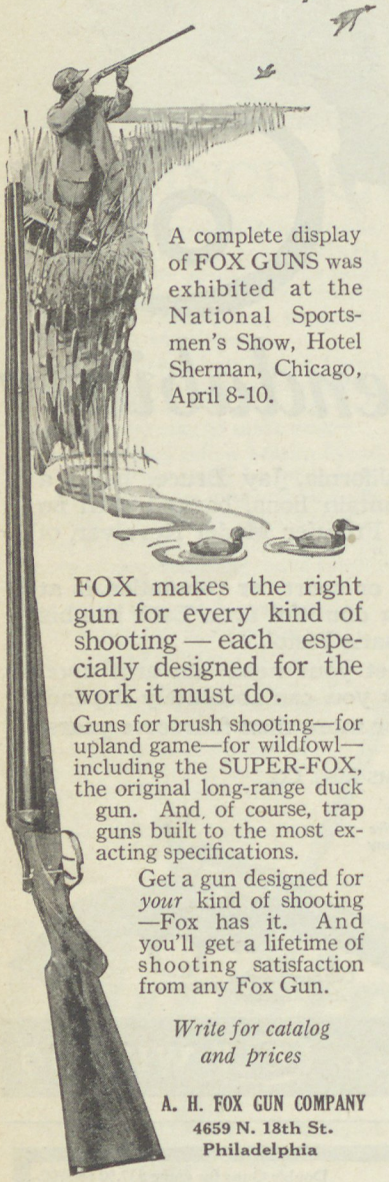

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apprehensive and all shots, no matter how presented to him, will look easy.

If you have a timid or over-eager pupil, your chief task will be guarding against jerking the trigger. From the one, it will come from apprehensiveness; from the other, hastily getting up the gun and trying to get it on game in any manner possible. About the most numerous misses are caused from jerking the trigger. It is just as faulty a proposition as poor aiming. I got one youngster over the habit, or affliction, by a little advice, showed him how to press the trigger firmly and what the results were if he jerked it ever so little. He was both a very nervous and over-eager chap and had an abiding belief that the pattern of a shotgun covered an enormously wide territory, and it was impossible to miss with it, however much he did jerk. We just had to have a little analysis together and go over those facts that, while a shotgun has a big spread, an ever so little movement to either side or up and down, when transmitted slightly to a tube of steel, 26, 28 or 30 inches long, causes quite a bit of change in directions, especially when the object at which it was aligned is twenty or thirty yards off. I think it was illustrated first with a garden hose before he began really to understand it and gave up attributing all his misses to faulty shells.

Then it was not a hard matter to show him how a gun that was too heavy caused poor aiming and even more so after he carried it around a while.

I think the easiest way to get youngsters to aim is to get them to practice holding their eyes on one object, then that very same object when moving to the exclusion of everything else. If they are in timber or brush, they must forget that it exists and center their target with their eyes alone.

One little chap was quite good at singles. But he had great trouble when shooting at a flock of ducks, plover or a bevy of quails. I felt sure from the number of cripples he was not centering a single object or the habit had become fixed from selecting a bird with his eyes first and then finding it with his gun. The latter proved to be the case, for I had him close his eyes when a dog was on point and not open them until he heard the roar of wings and then find one bird over his gun barrel, instead of by his old method. His improvement was not only immediate with game of the stubbles, but was promptly visible on ducks. Seemingly, at the same time, he learned automatically the exact distance to lead and swing ahead of crossing ducks without the custom of fudging of which so many are guilty.

These are hints, every one of them, which are worth while and will show surprisingly quick results when made to conform to the shotgun, whether the pupil is boy or one of the erroneously named weaker sex. In proportion with the skill acquired, so will be the love for outdoor sports with a shotgun.

I am just offering a few more suggestions and they are in the way of dress for the young hunter, male or female. Clothe them just as you want to be clothed for shooting in well-fitting, comfortable hunting togs that will not bind their arms when they try to lift their arms. Do not let the shooting coat be so long that it hangs low and makes every bit of game or shells a burden to carry.

Shoes or boots, whether rubber for wear in the marshes, or leather for the uplands, should be comfortable and the right size. A too heavy shoe will spoil many what could be pleasant days. Too tight or too loose shoes will do the very same thing. Do not wait till your charges are ready to start on the hunting trip before you see about these items, but many days before. If you do, you will save the grief that has caused many good prospects to turn against shooting sports. The best way to view equipment is through your personal experience and everlastingly declare what caused you discomforts will cause the same to your pupils. A brief summary of all this should be your first rule, then apply it to those whom you wish to take your beloved sport.

Fish Elevators for High Dams

(*Continued from page 21*)

The device may be operated by water power or other means and will automatically transfer fish every 15 minutes or every hour as desired. The cut shows the device operated by two electric motors controlled by a timing switch, the elevator entrance closed, the shaft filled with water, and the elevator about to start upward. An arm of the elevator engages a projection on the upper gate and lifts it. A four-inch pipe entering the bottom of the shaft brings in a constant stream of water. The intensified flow of water from the shaft induces fish to seek its source and enter the elevator.

The question, how to have fish and high dams has been puzzling engineers and fish culturists ever since power companies began asking for permits to build dams from 50 to 150 feet high. With such barriers in streams the salmon, shad, herring, and other valuable fishes would be unable to reach their spawning grounds in the fresh-water streams. As these species will not reproduce in salt water, shutting them off from their spawning beds means their extinction within a few years. In this age of electrical power high dams are inevitable; so how to have high dams without destroying the fishing industry which amounts to millions of dollars annually has caused no little amount of worry among those interested in conserving our fish life and at the same time do not want to stand in the road of progress. Today we have dams over 100 feet high while it is generally conceded that the fishways in general use are not effective on dams over 25 feet high.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

The Elk of Jackson Hole

(*Continued from page 18*)

person to perpetuate his name as a true conservationist.

There are sixty head of mountain sheep wintering within four miles of the League's lands. The time was when these animals wintered on the hills adjoining this property and it is to be hoped that they will again return. However, it is not to be expected that they will ever range, excepting possibly during the early spring when the green grass first sprouts, on the League's property. For these animals cling to rugged areas and seldom graze on flat lands. However, this herd has been molested but very little in the last few years and three of them stayed for several days last summer within a half mile of the town of Jackson.

The largest herds of elk, deer and mountain sheep are wintering on the

(*Continued on page 116*)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Outdoor America, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1926.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ed. H. Philippi, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Outdoor America, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Ewart H. Roes, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Ewart H. Roes, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, Ed. H. Philippi, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thos. Ambrose, V. Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secy., 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Chas. W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.; Ed. H. Philippi, Exec. Sec'y, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholder and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has an interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ED. H. PHILIPPI,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1926.

[SEAL] CLYDE C. POSVIC.
(My commission expires May 5, 1927.)

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Turkey Geese Grouse Brant Large Ducks	VELOCITY IN EXCESS OF						* 2 & 4 4 in Tight 6 over decoys
	3½	1-¼	2¾	1-⅛	2½	1	

DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS

Kind of Game	12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Medium Ducks Prairie Chicken Pheasants	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
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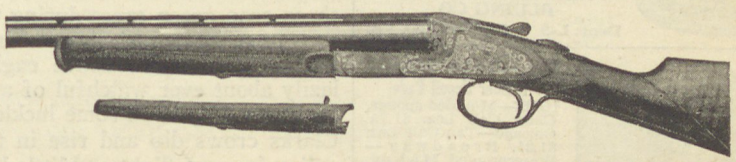

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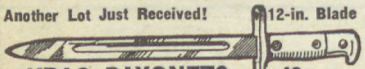

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Gros Ventre River and its tributaries. This remarkable region was isolated last spring from entrance, excepting by saddle horse or foot travel, by an avalanche of rocks and earth. Two miles above where the Gros Ventre River enters the valley of Jackson Hole, Sheep Mountain rises in steep incline for a mile above the bed of this stream. On a perfect day last June the face of this mountain came rushing down and filled the river for a mile and a quarter along its course and created a dam two hundred and twenty-five feet in depth. It destroyed three ranches and also a ranger station and the hay land surrounding it. A lake was formed a half mile wide in places and about five miles long.

The water shed above the outlet of this lake is the greatest bottled up big game sanctuary left in the United States. It is estimated that there are ten or twelve thousand elk, and many hundreds each of deer, mountain sheep, moose and bear. There are wolves, mountain lions, coyotes and numerous fur bearing animals. Indeed every animal and bird native to the Rocky Mountains can be found within the area of that region. There are three small cattle ranches and one tourist resort above the lake. Altogether there are about fifteen permanent residents of that region.

It is about fifty miles along the winding course of the Gros Ventre River from the outlet of the new lake to its source. More or less game winter everywhere along it but the largest herds are to be found in about a twenty-five mile stretch. Light seasons like the present one they winter on both sides of the river but during severe periods the slopes that rise to the north offer best advantages, for they are wind-swept and also receive the most sunshine. Cattle grazing has been restricted for several years to land that elk do not use for winter range and this has greatly bettered conditions in that country. There are several tributary streams on both sides of the river and Chrystal Creek, is particularly noted for its great numbers and variety of game at all seasons of the year.

Some half-million acres that comprise the upper Gros Ventre River basin has not been marred by the hand of spoliation. There can be found every feature of primeval loveliness to delight the heart of the nature lover. To the south and southwest, the barriers of this land are well defined by high grassy plateaus, bald peaks and knife edge, rock strewn ridges. It is here that the mountain sheep crop green grass during the summer months around the melting snow banks. While far above eagles drift lazily about ever watchful of an opportunity to drop upon some luckless lamb. Clarks crows dip and rise in their peculiar form of flight and little birds hop among the rocks. Everywhere is heard the plaintive bleats of conneys and rock chucks sun themselves in quiet contentment.

It is from these heights that melting snows and bubbling springs join forces and race down steep slopes and leap from cliffs so high that the water ends in spray. And then the tiny drops assemble and gurgle onward to mingle with some larger stream that dashes down narrow gorges or winds through lovely meadows, ever increasing, until a mighty volume is tossed into the Gros Ventre River.

Its crest decked with a wealth of grass and heavy timber, the Continental Divide seems a fit guard for the eastern boundary of this great watershed. To the north Mount Leidy's peak divides its waters with the rivers of the Gros Ventre and the Buffalo.

Throughout all this region there are the most enchanting camping spots beneath tall firs, clean limbed pines, sheltering branches of the spruces and quivering groves of aspens. Water in stream or spring is never far from lines of travel and there is much of interest in every mile. Perhaps it is sight of elk, deer, mountain sheep, flash of bear, splash of beaver or rings of water made by leaping trout. There are fierce weasels, sassy coyotes, and hawks with ground squirrels in their talons. You hear the whir of startled grouse and all the while chattering magpies, saucy camp robbers and bluejays flit ahead to tell the forest folks that you are coming.

With perfume of wild flowers and blue sky above, dead indeed is the spirit untouched by the charms of this primeval spread.

How strange it seems that Sheep Mountain stood immovable for tens of thousands of years and then blocked the only road entrance to this region when mankind nibbled at its beauties! Is it possible that nature protests the spoliation of this wonderland?

The Jackson Hole country has been partitioned into trapping districts and the best and cheapest system of game protection ever inaugurated in any locality is now working smoothly.

The trapper pays a fee for the exclusive privilege of trapping within the boundries of a certain area. These districts are patrolled by state wardens and forest rangers. The trapper is held responsible for any violations of the game or fish laws within the confines of his territory. He must prove himself innocent or have his permit revoked for a period of five years. Indeed his only chance of escaping the penalty is by catching the other fellow. This system makes every trapper a vigilant game warden in his particular district. It is an effective clamp on the old method of posing as a trapper to poach beaver and kill elk for their tusks or ivory. This region is so large and wardens so few that all other methods of patrol failed until this plan was put in force. No traps are allowed to be set near the carcass of a game animal. Each year a number of wounded animals die in the hills and these attract the fur bearers. However, in times past trappers could not always locate dead ones in just the right locality and some did not scruple to supply the need from among the living.

The area of Jackson Hole is greater than that of Yellowstone Park, which it adjoins on the south, and it has many

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

features of interest not found in the latter. The wilderness lover can drift with pack and saddle horses all summer throughout this region, camping each night in some new place, and see only a portion of this interesting country.

What Snow Does for the Tree People

(*Continued from Page 17*)

snow surface from direct sun rays in the beginning of the melting and by so doing retards the direct influence of sun rays and leaves the melting to be done entirely by sun-warmed air which comes all at once later in the spring than the early sun-melting and takes no account of shade.

The size of the flood depends entirely on the depth of the snow blanket under the timber and in the open plus the duration and degree of temperature of the warm spring wind, for these are the things that produce annual floods of greater or less size in the Mississippi and all other large river systems.

Forests most decidedly *do not prevent floods* and they as certainly *do produce floods* by retarding the preliminary melting of snow accomplished by short periods of melting conditions produced by the first sunshine of spring. In other words, at the very beginning of spring we have an increasing number of days which are warm enough for an hour or so in the middle of the day to melt snow in the open by direct sun rays that warm the air then in actual contact with the snow.

These melting periods increase daily as spring goes on, thus more and more snow melts or "goes off" in the open, sun warmed places up to the time when the whole air is warm enough to melt snow *in the shade.*

Up to this time the snow has not melted in the forest because of tree shade, but it now begins to go and go all at once and a flood results, whereas the slow daily melting of snow in the open has allowed the ground there to absorb the moisture so produced and a good deal of this sun-warmed snow is already gone.

Snow-melting by air contact in a shaded forest area goes on day and night and thus produces a sudden surplus of water over and above the capacity of the earth to absorb it and it must go down hill; this is flood water and it brings the hillsides with it by the erosive action, hence the muddy water of flood seasons.

A hard, or a continuous, rain works out just the same way insofar as floods are concerned, for it produces more water than the earth can absorb and so makes a local flood in the area affected.

The logical remedy, then, for flood-conditions is water storage at the source of supply, isn't it?

Now we begin to get somewhere, for this idea leads us to the point where the heaviest precipitation occurs, namely, adjacent to the Western side of mountain summits which are the agents that

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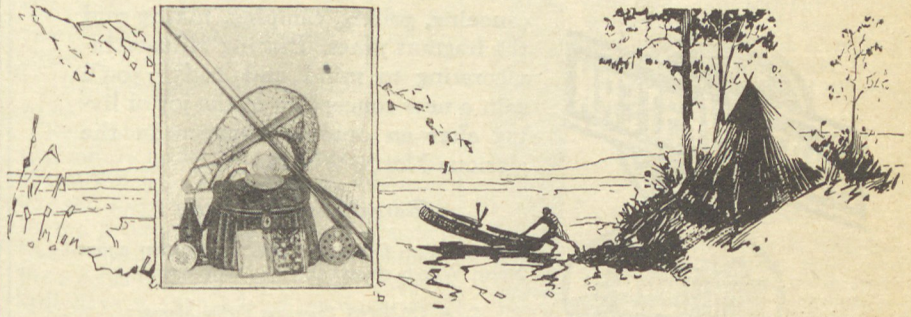

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act to condense the cloud vapors and bring them to earth in the form of rain or snow.

This is why all rivers head at the top of the hill and flow downward toward the sea level, for the mountains are in reality tremendous cold storage plants that hold the permanent water supply locked up with low temperatures and release it only to high temperatures, and very slowly then, because of Nature's fine provisions to that very end as I shall show you later on.

To understand this we must go to the mountains not only in summer but also in winter, in calms and in storm periods, so we can see the winds at work, and it is some sight, believe me, to watch a big storm at work 10,000 feet above sea level.

En route we can pass through the forests and see what we shall see.

We find first that the forests are coniferous, because coniferous trees require more frequent waterings than any other.

We find also that coniferous forest trees are all shallow rooted, meaning thereby that the roots do not penetrate downward into the soil over about four feet (average) and that they then spread out to cover a wide area of ground under the trees and that these trees, when upset by the wind, show an almost flat, or even, under-surface, or root-bottom plane.

Coniferous trees, then, do not send roots down much below four feet but spread them out flat over a wide surface to make a stable foundation and root-hold for the tree.

Why is this so when other trees are deeply rooted?

It is because the soil that conifers grow in is always of a primary nature in the sense that it is young and in reality is mostly a rock mass only partly decomposed by the elements. It is loose, porous, very rocky, or sandy-gravelly, and usually overlays either the solid rock matter of the original ledges and dykes or it overlays a glacial moraine composed of ice-ground fragments of those same original rocks.

Therefore where coniferous forests grow there is a four foot blanket of near-soil overlaying a lot of original rock strata, or the half crushed debris of the same, so the roots must stop going down at an underground depth of four feet or so and spread out instead.

This four feet of near-soil is naturally very porous, so water percolates through it easily. Just under it is some formation that makes a bed rock which causes the water to stop going down and makes it go toward the point of least resistance, namely, along bed rock surface in the tilt direction of the bed rock plane.

That means that water, falling over the forest as rain or snow, goes into the soil quickly under the trees and that this soil dries out quickly because of the underground run-off through the rocky soil-mass.

The tree roots do not act as a retarding root-mattress to any great extent because coniferous trees do not develop

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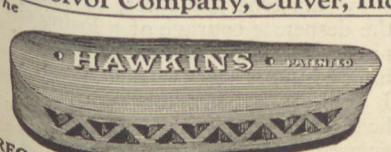

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the great masses of fibrous roots that other trees do.

In fact the soil under a coniferous forest, together with the roots, acts almost like a gridiron overlaying the bed rock so the water really goes out of the ground faster than it does lower down toward the sea where fine silts and humus give the soils a spongelike capacity for water absorption; therefore we find coniferous forests growing only where there is an excess of rain or snowfall to supply, in passing, the great amount of water these trees need, and do use. They get sustenance directly from a new, but rapidly decomposing soil, that is continually almost drenched by recurrent, storm-supplied waters which rush away under ground for the most part but the trees *use what they need as it goes by.*

Trees, other than conifers, are deep-rooted and grow in deep pulverized silts so these trees send roots down to the deep waters below such soils.

Now let us go up into the peaks and find out the answer to some more "Whys" in this moisture-timber business.

We go clear up to the top, say 10,000 ft. and look about. There is snow here—acres and acres of it—even on the hottest day in August, and water runs down hill everywhere.

Why is this snow in huge banks, drifts, fields and pockets? Why is that big glacier where it is, grinding away down the mountainside? Why is there no snow at all on this rocky point or in this 1,000 acre meadow when there is a pile as big as a church just yonder? Why—Why—? There are a lot of "whys" that we shall come to as we go along.

The answer to most of them is "the wind."

Remember we are 10,000 feet (nearly two miles) up in the air. It is August. When the sun shines here on this calm day the rocks get so hot by three o'clock in the afternoon that we can scarcely touch them, and probably tonight the little pools of water just below the snow will have a skim of ice on them, certainly the snow surfaces of all the snow banks will freeze hard so we can scarce walk on them at daylight; yet we will sink down into their slushy surfaces in a snow-mush three inches deep by ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and by noon water will be pouring from the lower side of every bank; and this goes on more or less every day the sun shines all through the summer.

The sun shines nearly every summer day all day long at an altitude of 10,000 feet, while in winter it is just as liable to be snowing and blowing a 90 mile gale, day after day, for days on end, while nature works at her job of bringing and storing moisture for next summer's use.

The whole scheme of nature in regard to the mountains and the moisture simmers down to this: It storms nearly every day in the winter. It shines nearly every day in the summer. When it is in the shade of a storm cloud a mountaintop is a mighty cold place and when the summer sun shines on the

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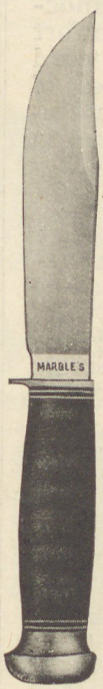

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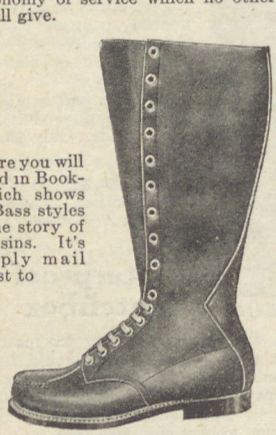

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same mountaintop it is mighty hot, all because the air is very light, thin and usually (in summer) very dry. When the wind blows on a mountaintop it usually blows a gale or a hurricane; this occurs when it storms and the wind is then needed to transport and pile snow into great beds and drifts that are deep and small surfaced for the air to come in contact with, therefore slow melting, and thus a source of perpetual water supply.

When the sun shines on a mountain top it shines so hot and straight that a desert is cool compared with the high places and this is as it should be because that very heat is needed in the air to unlock those deep, small surfaced snowbanks and so release the daily water supply which the sun does as fast as it can, but nature checks its melting power by exposing small surfaces of the deep snowbanks which insures plenty of water without wasting the snowbank, thus the supply is steady and not of a flood nature.

Nature further puts a night watchman over the cold storage system in the form of low temperatures of the high thin air so the sun's heat goes away with the sun's rays at evening and freezing temperatures often follow with darkness to lock every snowbank tightly in an icy coat till the sun comes again tomorrow.

See how beautifully it all dovetails and works out? Each thing is just the one best thing in the place at the time and the whole plan works as smoothly as a set of machine-made gears.

All this we should be duly thankful for and because these things are as they are we have rivers down below yonder, where we live and need them, and we have springs and underground water, nor would we have any of these if nature were to abandon this cold storage plant that she works with day and night, year in and year out, and has always worked with since continents, oceans and mountains have been what they are now, nor will she ever abandon the work so long as the world remains as it is now, brother, regardless of theories or theorists, for it is all written plainly here on the mountaintop and in the forested valleys below, to Westward there.

But our storm—we have not seen it at work yet, so we'll make medicine so—so! Thus we change from summer to winter and we can now see what the big storm does while these mountaintops are wrapped in their gray winter blankets, from which they emerge in spring time glistening under the dazzling snows of a hundred winter storms.

When the big winter storm is on the wind blows at the rate of from twenty to about forty-five miles per hour over the surface of the lower country and snows fall to the depth of three or four, or even more, feet at times, but never so deep that humanity cannot live.

Up here on the bald mountain summits, two miles or more above the rest of the world, the wind reaches a velocity of ninety or even over a hundred miles per hour sometimes and it snows for days on end or for several days continuously and then rests for a day or so and then snows again for several days, so that snowfall from seven to thirty or forty feet is not uncommon during a single winter season.

This is because, as I've told you, the mountains act as condensing agents and force the moisture in the clouds to crystallize and fall as snow flakes; and note this: *Nature brings about, by this process, the heaviest snowfall on the highest places of the earth's surface and water always runs down hill, therefore we could not better nature's choice of locality for the heaviest deposits of moisture very well.*

Now the wind begins the real work of moisture conservation and storage and thus we begin to find what "snow habits" mean.

Remember that low temperatures always prevail when snow falls on a mountaintop so we never see the "soft, wet snow" here that we are familiar with in the low country, but on the contrary the snow is always "dry" and the intense cold makes the flakes break up very easily when they come in contact with anything.

This produces fine "powdery" snow, that blows about with the least breath of wind until the air is burdened with it; indeed this fine snow may easily almost smother one who tries to face it without some protection for the mouth and nose.

In my next following paper I shall give more details concerning snow habits and how they affect the Tree People and man alike thus showing the way to real conservation of forests and perpetual water supply alike by judicious use of the vast surplus energy and oversupply of raw material which costs the world nothing at all.

Inch for Inch

(Continued from page 23)

in a gale, always had just enough play to save my line. And always I kept the line just taut enough to keep the hooks set in his jaws.

Gradually the game old fellow showed some slight signs of weakening and with infinite patience I played him closer and closer towards the boat. Each time he came to the surface I noted that he had less fight in him, and when he finally began to turn on his side I risked forcing him ever so slightly. But here it was that he began to show his true gameness, to fight with the desperate courage of a losing champion. Three times I managed to touch him with my outstretched hand, when I had played him to the side of the boat, but each time he revived long enough to dash away, twice going under the boat to break on the other side. The fourth time he came within reach

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of my outstretched fingers I did what now seems a very foolish thing, but what seemed then to be the only expedient: I dropped my rod and grasped him with both hands, slipping my fingers through his gills. And here something happened which made me shiver with angler's chill. The minnow, which the fish had torn loose in his struggles, dropped from his jaws, loose! During the last few seconds of the last round, the minnow had not been hooked to the bass's mouth at all, but had in some way become lodged cross-wise his mouth, and it was in this way that he had finally been caught!

The scrappiest of scrappers had taken the count. I have to smile now as I think of the way I tied him in the boat with the heavy boat chain. So excited was I that before I realized what I was doing I had tied him in with enough knots to have held Houdini and a couple of the strongest mules on the plantation. The fish was of the large-mouth variety, but I can certainly say for him that he put up as game a scrap as any small-mouth bass I ever caught, and I have taken some good small-mouth bass, including one which outweighed this one. Yet I doubt if I shall ever again feel that fine reverence for great gameness that I felt for that bass, back in the good old freckle-faced, sunburned, happy-go-lucky boyhood days. I have heard a few stories by Florida fishermen about bass which had no fight in them. And I grant the point that bass caught from cold lakes and streams generally are more active than those taken from warm, sluggish waters. But I have yet to see a bass anywhere which would not offer sport worthy of the name, provided he was given the proper chance with light tackle. I have seen pike and pickerel turn belly-up and give up after a brief and futile struggle. I have even seen an occasional lily-livered trout. But the black bass is never "yellow." From the standpoint of the artist, this fellow is a beautiful blackish-green; but from the standpoint of the piscator he is "true-blue."

That grand old angler, Dr. Henshall, was right, certainly. Inch for inch, what fish can measure up to an old granddaddy black bass in good fighting trim? The answer is: a bigger gentleman or lady of the same species.

That Bait Casting Rod

(Continued from page 15)

if more than two, I'd say steel; that is, in the shorter rods at any rate.

It is time to ring off for this month. There are many points I should have discussed which I have been unable to touch, of course, for I have crowded the contents of a whole volume into a single article. I have tried to give you a brief view of a very complex subject. As I glance back over the type-written sheets

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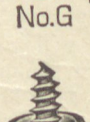
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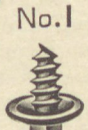
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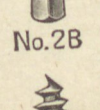
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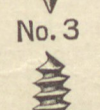
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I am conscious of failure, but if I have aided any one in the least I shall feel amply repaid for the effort. I shall be glad to consult with you further if you will write me, enclosing a self-addressed envelope for reply. Will pay no attention to others.

Next to fishing for fish, is fishing in books. Not modern how-to books, modern practical books, either. (Blast that word practical!) I like to pull down the old books from the shelves, Prime's "I Go A-Fishing," and "Later Years"; "Adirondack" Murray's "Adventures In the Wilderness," and other tales—by the way, I picked up a complete edition of his works a few days ago in Springfield, Mass.; and, say, Hoover's "Wild Ginger." Just to dip into 'em here and there as mood dictates. Those men of yesterday were closer to the heart of old Izaak Walton than we moderns. Not so much practical stuff, but a whole lot about the intangible something the wilderness has to offer.

Last night I opened a first edition of Norris's "American Angler's Book," and while the northeast storm flung the raindrops against the pane, I read . . . listen; "The *True Angler* is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of gentle old Izaak. He has no affectation, and when a fly-cast is not to be had, can find amusement in catching Sunfish or Roach, and does not despise the sport of any humbler brother of the angle. With him, fishing is a recreation, and a 'calmer of unquiet thoughts.' He never quarrels with his luck, knowing that satiety dulls one's appreciation of sport as much as want of success, but is ever content when he has done his best, and looks hopefully forward to a more propitious day." But I must not go on. Get the old book and read it for yourself. By all means an old book, a first edition, dog-eared and ragged, breathing the very atmosphere of the past.

As for me, I'll read that sort of angling writers, sit at their feet as it were; and if I can imbibe of their style until, you, gentle reader, recognize my mentors in my lines, I shall be more than happy. No, while I write tackle-dope, practical stuff, I am mad at myself for doing it. Give me the pull of the Open, the Woo of God's Out-o'-Doors, that's what I want.

Visitor—"So you are going fishing today. Do you ever tell lies about your fish?"

Little Boy—"No, Sir; but I can learn."

Look closely to the tip-top and line-guides of your fly-rod; they may be worn, and if they are, they will ruin your best enameled line. Last summer a fellow came to me with a new line, one I had procured for him by the way, sadly riddled and maltreated. I was puzzled, for I knew the line and the shop from which it came: had been using one of the same silk for three seasons myself. The first 20 or 30 feet of the silk was ruined. Then I bethought me to examine the tip-top of his fly-rod, and lo, it was worn and notched in an impossible manner. The line wasn't at fault at all, no enameled

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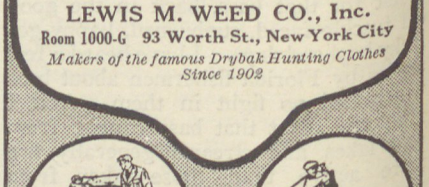

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thread, or any other as for that, could have been drawn over those saw-teeth without injury. Right now, while you think of it, examine your rod.

Lady Evelyn—"I am told you are a great roach fisherman, Captain."

Captain Waitrise—"Good gracious, no! I am a Fly Fisherman."

Lady Evelyn—"Really! And what flies do you catch?"

How many of you anglers have discovered that the common yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*), is not a half-bad fly-fish? The fact is, an understanding and expert angler can take almost any fresh-water denizen upon artificial flies if he only bends his energies to the task. There is rare sport, too, in conquering some unusual member of the finny tribe. Think of fly-fishing for wall-eyes. They can be so inveigled too. But to return to *flavescens*. Of course you will have to find him near the surface, and feeding, but a judicious use of cut-bait will bring him up, and along towards evening you will find him feeding near the edge of weed-beds and sand bars, feeding close to the surface too. Use only the lightest and best of fly-rods, one of 3 ozs. being about right, together with a click reel and enameled line to balance. Use a rather long leader, 6 ft. or so. Small flies, but not always of bright colors, though I have found Scarlet Ibis and Royal Coachman good. There are times when tiny Duns and Stones are winners. And playing half pound yellow perch on a fly-rod of 2½ or 3 ozs., can be denominated sport with a capital S. When caught is there a more tasty pan-fish?

Customer—"I want two tuna fish."

Meat-man—"You'd better stick to pianos."

The lure of angling is not in the fish we take, or the ones we hope to take: neither is it in the tasty and savory meal when, tired and weary, we return home, or to camp at even-time. The lure of angling lies in the Open itself, the woo of the soft winds, the murmur of the creek, whispering love nothings to the shy violets nodding to the wavelets; the sweet songs of perdue birds; the invigorating odors of brown, moist earth; all that and more. It is the hunger of a man's soul for real things, for God's Out-o'-Doors and all it is and means. We do not fish for fish, we fish for a good time, and that we take with us or we do not find it. So, may not the East Wind blow when you go a-fishing.

Casualties

(*Continued from page 13*)

fly, barbless and needle pointed, and took sporty chances with the fish he hooked. And from time to time he turned to watch Werner. That he could fish was evident. With a rod that could not have weighed over three ounces, with a fourteen fly and a perilously thick leader, he matched Dan's touch, and he played his fish fast and open. How

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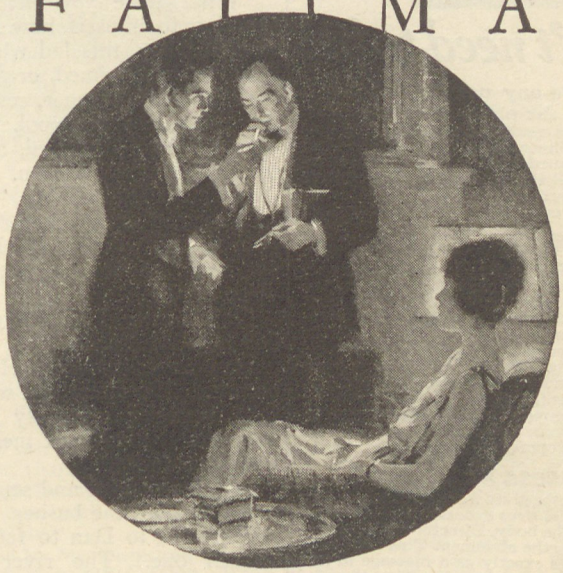

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much like Junior, was Dan's thought, about his age, much his manner, he even fished like him—except, and here Dan noticed for the first time, he used only his left hand.

At the next bend, at the head of a long green hole, Dan waited for Werner. "As a southpaw you throw a nice fly," said Dan, grinning. "Can you duplicate with your right?"

"I used to be better, but now"—and here Werner pushed back the sleeve with his left hand, "now it's man made."

Dan, looking closer, saw indeed that Werner's right arm was a clever artificial one.

"For long?" asked Dan.

Werner smiled. "Since the late unpleasantness."

Dan thrilled. "You lost it over there?" he asked.

Werner nodded.

"What were you in?" asked Dan, thinking to himself how typical it was that this boy, this lad who was so like Junior, was maimed, crippled, torn.

"Air," said Werner, sending a dainty fly out across the pool.

"Air," Dan hesitated, almost fearing to ask the next question.

"What division?"

It seemed an age before Werner answered, and when he did he was gazing far down stream, his eyes set and his voice low.

"My home, Mr. Morgan, my real home, is in Berlin."

Dan never moved. He didn't even breathe. His knees felt weak, his heart beat bumpily. Stonily he gazed at Werner. "You—you mean," and here his voice faded.

Werner nodded and sent another cast deep in under the bushes. The glorious day seemed to Dan to fade into a gray March one. The river snarled and moaned again. The swishing water was cold, the light was dim. And then like the March flood, wave upon wave of bitterness swept over him. God, they couldn't even leave him in peace on his river. This, this murderer before him, come to mock him in his last haven. He was glad he was crippled; God, if he could only kill him, could cleanse his river of this—this. Dan wavered. His lips were dry, his eyes wide and unseeing, his tongue thick and unwieldy. And then the river, our river, woke up and played its part.

Werner seemed to sense the struggle Dan was having for he stood motionless and silent, watching his fly as it swung in the current below him. Suddenly, swift as a darting swallow, his left arm flashed into motion, the tiny rod sprung, and his reel fairly shrieked as a heavy fish started a long run. Dan, standing weak and pathetically sagged, merely turned his eyes. Far down the pool a long silver form flashed clear and fell back. Dan straightened ever so little. Lord, what a fish! Another run, another leap, and then, against his will, Dan turned his eyes to Werner. There he stood, waist deep against the current, the rod held in the artificial hand and braced against his hip, while his left hand stripped and released the line. God—how he hated him—and yet—how

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well he played the fish! On the hated face was a flicker of a smile, in the eyes a happy glint, and how that left hand flashed and darted as it met, and forestalled the rushes of the big fish. Somehow a little sunlight filtered back to Dan, somehow he was on his river again. A long up stream rush carried the fish almost to them, and yet that lone left hand kept the thin line taut, the tiny rod bowed. Then those vicious side rushes, ending in tugs that Dan knew so well, and yet Werner met them, swaying his body to ease the rod, grudgingly letting line slip through his fingers. Now to Dan all that mattered was the fight, his eyes brightened, his head lifted. Now the fish was tiring, and sulking. Dangerous for a one armed man, thought Dan. Twice Dan opened his mouth, but no sound came. Finally, in a voice so faint, so rasped, that he hardly knew it as his own, he addressed Werner.

"Can I go below and try to net him?"

Werner spoke over his shoulder. "Thanks, but I want to land this old boy alone."

Dan gasped. "But—but you're handicapped," he said.

Werner laughed. "So is the fish. This hook is barbed."

Hitching his hip still higher so that the tiny rod rested more firmly in his gloved right hand, Werner fumbled for his net. It was a fatal move. With a last rush the big fish, on a free line, slid into a mess of tangled roots.

Dan groaned. He peered down through the water and then turned to Werner. "I see him," he said, and this time his own voice spoke, "Shall I wade over and try to kick him out?"

Werner sighed. "No, let him go. He earned it."

Dan sputtered. "But maybe we can get him."

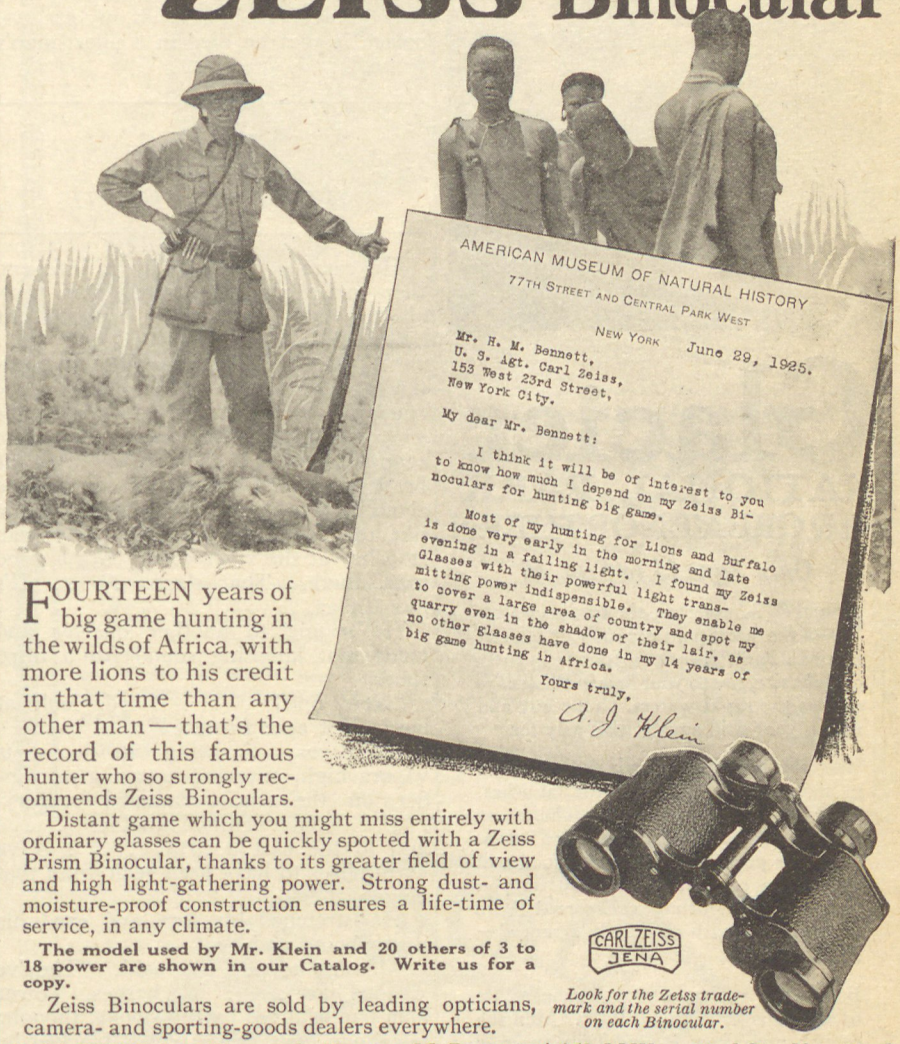
"What of it?" laughed Werner. "He's played fair. He's beat me alone at my own game. We can't both pick on him."

Even as Werner spoke, the big fish tore loose from the snagged leader and flashed down stream. Slowly Werner started to reel in. Then he turned to where Dan stood speechless.

"A wonderful fish, Mr. Morgan, a wonderful fighter. Lord, what a clean, brave fight he made! And he won because I underestimated his grit, thought him licked when he wasn't. Well, he'll give the next man even a better scrap—and I hope he wins again. I—well—I'm kind of happy that I lost him. And now, Mr. Morgan, slide on ahead and teach me how to handle them better."

At the club house, waiting for the pair, we were a worried crew. Cupid had told us of Dan and Werner going off together, and we knew, from Veltry, who Werner was. Cupid cursed the stove more fluently than ever, Old Martin whittled nervously, and even Milton, he of the quiet faith, hummed tunelessly. Finally we heard footsteps on the old bridge, and we sat silent until Dan and Werner stepped into the lamp light. Jim Veltry rushed up and

Hunting lions with a ZEISS Binocular



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grabbed Dan by the hand, enthusiastically talking loud and nervous in his embarrassment. And then, speaking more softly, Jim said, "Dan, I'm sorry about Junior."

Dan smiled, a soft, easy smile.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "but as I was telling Captain Werner, my greatest solace is that he died in a sportsman's game."

The Job

(Continued from page 11)

He came out of it with a jerk and then smiled; really smiled, this time, abashed, and fumbled in a pocket for his glass.

"That's the Shoestring fire," he muttered after a moment and we saw the smoke, a gray veil, mingling with the gray horizon. "Got away from 'em again. . . . Well . . ." Ah, the bravery in the word, as he hitched about! "That's Sunrise, yonder. Goin' like the devil was after it. They can stop her at the river road. Got a good man, there. That slash. . . . It's like tinder. . . ."

He swung to another quarter and made that laughing sound for a third time.

"New one! . . . Lord, look at her! Hot as a furnace!"

Hot, yes; throwing its ominous vapors high, covering a vast area yonder on the smoke-manteled country. . . . And behind another . . . and to the east a fifth. . . . Five major fires to have been seen from that ridge!

He stretched his legs and eyed his dusty boots and spat.

"Things happen," he said. "They've worked like . . . like heroes. Tower men handicapped by the smoke, though; telephone lines down; roads blocked by fire. She gets a big start before we know. They're great lads, my deputies; the whole district hates fire . . . but . . . Well!"

Again that expression of dogged resignation to more fighting. . . .

He was still looking at his shoe when his chin dropped to his breast and he came up against the steering wheel with a grunt. . . . That time he swore, roundly.

"Man can go just so far and then . . . sleep makes him foolish."

"How long since you've slept?" Jay asked.

"Oh . . . Me? Oh, I'm all right. Slept last night; probably over an hour."

"When before that?"

"Well . . . What day's today? Tuesday? No, Thursday! . . . Oh, I had a good sleep Saturday. . . ."

Thursday! An hour last night; on the ground somewhere, likely. And before that it had been Saturday night! A good sleep Saturday night, and eating smoke and drinking flame since. . . .

"Good lads," he repeated doggedly. "They're probably all in, though. They'd ought to be bucked up. . . . Say, want to do me a favor?"

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"If I could get to my car, now. This fire here's all right . . . near right as any gang can make it. If we hold her tonight we hold her; if we don't . . . They've tried, like good lads. But these others. You see, I've got some lads out there who must be all in,"—with an inclusive gesture. If I could get to my car, now, I might buck 'em up before morning. These fires, you see, are all on me. Five big ones in my district. . . ."

"You guide us."

"Fine of you. . . . Say, could you spare one more chew?"

He was asleep before we were down the hill and Jay shoved him over in the corner of the seat, steadying his head over the bad places.

Thursday . . . and an hour's rest since Saturday night. . . . And five big fires. . . .

"If he makes two of the five tonight he'll drive his Ford ragged," we muttered.

"Why, it's sixty miles to the big one!" Jay cried. "A *good* sleep Saturday. . . ."

We put him around the fire and found his car, pulled out beside the road. He shook himself awake and thanked us and told us what else we might do.

"May do no good," he remarked, "but I feel like I ought to buck 'em up. They're grand lads and they'll be played out."

He drove off, leaning over his wheel rigidly, as though bent on keeping awake while the hot sun dropped luridly into the west and evening came and no promise of rain. . . . Off to buck up deputies who were good lads, and tired.

A hero, this chap? Dah! Just a warden. . . .

Grazing Control

(*Continued from page 63*)

stopped. Area leases might be given in the Public Domain to advantage, but always upon a per-capita basis, never upon a simple unrestricted leasing scheme whereby the permittee was privileged to range any number of stock he might choose in his given area. That is as essential in saving our Public Domain as it is in the forests.

Under Forest Supervision this can be done. The range will begin to come back into its own. Erosion may be partially checked. A certain percentage of the receipts should be devoted to permanent range improvements, such as water developments, and thus increase its carrying capacity instead of the present decline.

As I have said, the Public Domain is the last great unregulated national resource. It is on the toboggan. If the Izaak Walton League can bring this under control, with the consequent advantages that will accrue in all lines of conservation, it will have accomplished a deed that will have fulfilled its destiny in the eyes of the American Public a dozen years hence.

(*Continued on page 133*)

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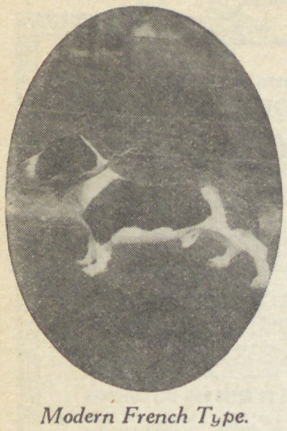


Modern French Type.

Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

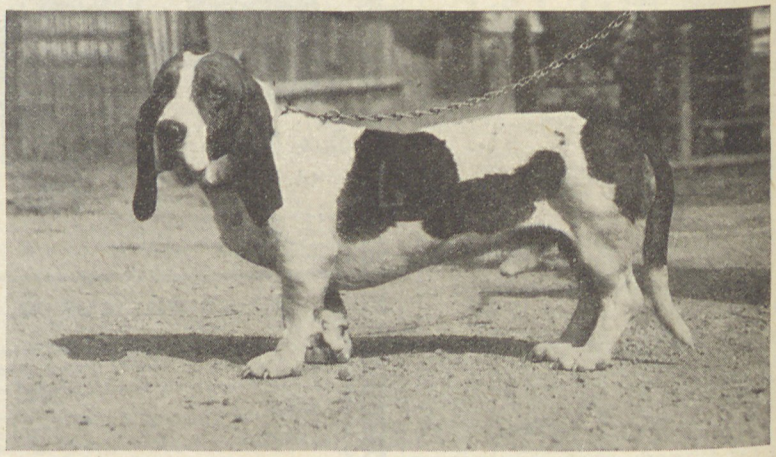
The Bassett Hound

By Carl E. Smith

THE Bassett Hound is of aristocratic lineage and reputed to be of ancient French origin, belonging in fact to the medieval period, for one often sees him depicted on the Flemish tapestries of that period. The Bassett is thought, by some authorities, to have descended direct from the old French bloodhound, and by others to have been developed as the term "Bassett" means, as a "low set" hound from the stock of hounds which the St. Hubert Kennels had to furnish every year to the King's pack. Certain it is that they have been the companions and hunters for royalty for generations, and the kings and queens of England have maintained for years the Sandringham pack of Bassetts.

They were found in the best kennels and on the hunting preserves in France at an early date, from where they seem to have been taken into England, Russia, and probably into Belgium and Germany. In the latter countries they mingled more or less with other breeds until their identity was apparently lost. Some small importations from Russia some twenty-five years ago brought over here some wonderfully hardy and rugged individuals of a very high type of Bassett.

It is to France and England, therefore, that we must now look for our purebred Bassett hounds for importation. Many names of great prominence could be mentioned to show the interest maintained in the breed, but Sir Godfrey Heseltine's Walhampton pack is probably the oldest and best known of England, while the kennel of M. Baillet is probably the best known of France. Lord North, and others, maintain sizable packs in England which contain considerable hunting and breeding stock, almost all of which traces back to the same general ancestry as the Walhampton pack.



Ancient type of Bassett Hound.

In America, though there are undoubtedly remnants extant of small earlier importations, though only three packs are known of at present: one owned by E. T. Tefft, and another by G. M. Livingston, both of New York; and the third kept by my brother and me at Spring Valley, Ohio. There are other kennels and packs in the making though, and coming rapidly, as this worthy and attractive breed is fast gaining the popularity it deserves. However, at present, the supply is far short of the demand.

Of the original three types, the Lane seems to have been discarded because of lack of both beauty and stamina, and the rough coated Bassetts seemed to lose out for the same reason or else for faulty performance for they have never been popular in either England or America. The Bassett of today is essentially the smooth coated Bassett de Artois (named for the province in France in which it is supposed to have originated), which attracted the attention of English sportsmen some sixty or seventy years ago. By 1863 they had reached a high degree of perfection and about 1874 Sir Everett Millais became attracted to them in the Paris shows and brought some of them back with him, becoming one of the pioneer breeders of the Bassett in England. Millais first imported his famous "Model," and Mr. George Krehl imported "Fino de Paris," both hounds coming from the kennels of Count Couteulx who had collected and bred some of the best representatives in France of the Bassett de Artois. In developing his strain of Bassetts, Millais introduced the cross with a bloodhound bitch, Artemis, and much of the best Bassett blood of today traces back to that reinfusion with the old bloodhound stock.

The Bassett de Artois is divided into three classes, more or less distinct: the crooked-legged (basset a' jambes torses); the half-crooked (Bassett a' jambes demi-torses); and the straight legged (Bassett a' jambes droites).

The Walhampton Pack, owned by Sir Godfrey Heseltine of England.

Each has its admirers and its uses,—whether a slow dog, a medium speed dog, or a fast dog. The crooked and half crooked are, at present, the popular types, while those wishing a faster hound would, most likely, look to the other straight legged breeds—such as the long legged beagle, fox hound, and others or, to the straight legged type of Bassett, except for perhaps a margin of superiority in trailing of the Bassett over some of the other breeds. The shorter limbed, heavier boned, and somewhat benchlegged hounds, show their bloodhound ancestry more clearly and seem to be the preferred type where moderately slow and accurate trailing is desired along with great power and patient persistence in working through heavy cover to rout out game and bring it around to the hunter. The crooked legged Bassett has probably more bone for his size than any other breed of dogs, and along with it a surprising development of muscle that gives an unusual endurance and ability to continue his steady work. They have the necessary power to break through deep underbrush, and their long slow sinuous body is well adapted to such penetration.

Not only do they inherit a very keen nose from their bloodhound ancestry, but being trailers at moderate speed, they are far less likely to overrun the scent than faster lighter built dogs. We find, too, that in rabbit hunting the slow and sure Bassett is not likely to chase the game too rapidly and thus make it "hole up," so they bring around a much larger percentage to the gun than any other dogs we have ever used. Another advantage in the medium speed dog is that when he routs out a rabbit from cover he does not get so close behind it as to interfere with your shot at the game.

Bassetts can be trained for a great variety of hunting purposes. In Europe they are used as slow trailers of hares, deer, bear, wild boar, or anything they wish them trained to chase. In America their activities are mostly confined to the hunting of rabbits and pheasants, though I know of one trained to coon, and one pup trained to deer. They give a little different bark instead of the Bassett bawl when working on the birds and one is able to tell fairly accurately what they are doing and when to run up to get a shot when a pheasant is about to be flushed. The melodious Bassett bawl is sweet music on a still night, and they are heavy enough for the rough stuff, not lacking in nerve.

It has been suggested that an excellent cross could be made of the Bassett with the coonhound to the improvement of the latter's nose, and it is possible that just such a strain may be worked out in the near future between Bassett sires and some fine redbone coonhounds.

The Bassett has found from experience that his keen nose is one of his greatest assets and will follow a trail with patient persistence. Our first experience with Bassetts began some eighteen years ago when we acquired some Russian Bassett blood,—descendents from earlier importations. These hardy hounds of the North, were veritable dogs of iron and never gave in

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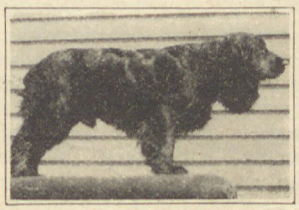

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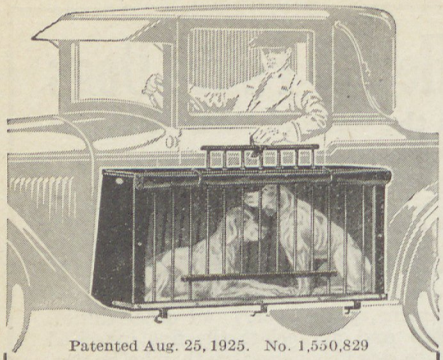

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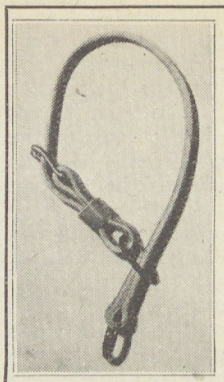
for cold, rain, sleet, nor any kind of adverse weather conditions. On the hottest days in summer they would run away to hunt if they could make escape from the kennel, commonly running twenty-four hours before coming back. They were unusually tough and resistant, so that it was not unusual for us to hunt them three days straight; and with us in those days, a day was all day,—from daylight until too dark to shoot.

They are of great vitality and quite long lived. "Old Major," the sire and grandsire of our present Russian blood, lived to be fourteen years old, when he was killed by auto. His sire lived to be 17, and his mother, Dollie M. lived to be 15. Dollie was a great router, she seemed to know just where to find the game according to the day and the weather. Old Major was even a better trailer and the wisest head in the chase as well as keen worker on quail and pheasants. He would hunt anything he found out we were after, so we found him useful on duck shooting trips, swimming out to retrieve ducks for us. His granddaughter, Brownie S., is like him in manner of hunting and trailing ability, and bids fair to become his equal when she has had as much age and experience though she is slighter in build than he.

In appearance, the Russians were much like the present English type with the half-crooked legs, except that in coloring and marking the dark blanket seemed to predominate, rather than so much white as with the present English-French. They were tricolored like present day Bassetts. The Russian descendents we have now are lighter in bone due to our having to give them beagle outcross to prevent in breeding in the days before we acquired our present English-French stock, but we have held quite closely to the Russian type and hunting characteristics, selecting carefully for both. We are now crossing this remnant of the original Russian Bassett blood, with our English-French sires, and find it makes an excellent combination in securing a strong and hardy hunter of unusual pep and keen trailing ability. Our last summer's litters all made good at an early age, one winning first in a field meet in the yearling class at eight months old. This somewhat lighter and smaller type, preserving all the best Bassett hunting characteristics and trailing ability, will probably come to be the most popular type and size; for the average hunter wants a small, wiry dog that will work well for him the few days he gets to hunt each fall, and a dog small enough to make good pet for house and small-town lot and small enough to be hauled in pairs or trios in flivvers without taking up all the room. We find, too, that the smaller, more wiry dogs will do more work for longer time than the over heavy individuals one sometimes finds in the English strain, tiring them out, covering more ground, and consuming much less food. In that respect, the modern French type seems to have nearly acquired the more practical size, shape and weight, though it is probable that the final American bred Bassett will



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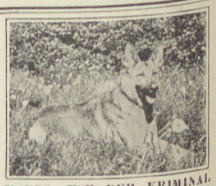

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be a trifle lighter in bone than either the present English or French types.

Some months ago, three of the best representatives from the Walhampton pack were imported to our kennel by Attorney George H. Smith, of Spring Valley, Ohio, and the author has a fine young male, "Starridge Rastus," from the Starridge Pack owned by Erastus T. Tefft. This dog was sired by "Champion Leader," both field and bench winner, and his mother is the great French brood bitch, "Reveuse." "Rastus" made good with a bang in his field work his first season this year on both rabbits and pheasant, and gives promise of being both a real hunter and great breeding individual. He is the sire of a fine litter just whelped by "Brownie S."

The points of the crooked legged Bassetts are: Head very much like that of the bloodhound with the same dignity of expression, the same highly developed occipital bone, low hung ears of soft and abundant leather, deep set eyes that show considerable haw owing to the weight of the flews, jaws long, somewhat narrow but well developed throughout, nose well developed to the end with nothing of the snippy point to indicate anything but hound ancestry, and muzzle usually black. The teeth are rather small for the weight of the hound and evenly set, eyes usually a deep rich brown in color and full of affection and intelligence. Neck is long but powerful; chest broad, deep and square looking, with heavy, powerful shoulders terminating in the heavy jointed, crooked legs and feet, giving the typical "bench legged" appearance, and seemingly a mass of joints. The foot is fairly large, though the neat foot is preferred. The height at the shoulders is commonly twelve to thirteen inches, though some excellent individuals have a height of fourteen inches or more. Neck and shoulders are covered with loose skin, quite tough. Coat is smooth. The earage from tip to tip is commonly twenty-two inches more or less, and the length of the hound 40 to 43 inches. The back is quite long and of great strength; hips heavy and well muscled. The tail is rather long and carried like a typical hound's tail, except that the French dogs seem to carry their tails lower and in more of a curve than the English hounds. The color is usually the typical Bassett tricolor: black, white and reddish tan. The French dogs seem to have more of the white predominant on the average, the English to the dark blanketed type. The Bassett de Artois is quite smooth coated with skin soft and pliable, with fine hair in contrast with the Bassett Griffon, which has hair coarse and wiry like the otterhound.

Weight for dogs is from thirty-five to fifty pounds or sometimes heavier, while bitches commonly range from thirty to forty-five, or sometimes fifty pounds. One should not fail to mention that one of the great attractions of the Bassett, in addition to his superior trailing ability, is the mellow and tuneful bawl with which melodious voice he makes fine music for the hunter's ears in deep-set tones that carry well. A sketch on Bassetts, too, would be woefully incomplete

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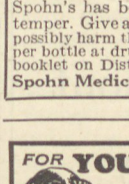

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without giving some tribute to the great affection and loyalty manifested by these intelligent little hounds toward their master and his family, and especially the children, for which they are playfellows of good disposition and guardians of judgment. The Bassett is a good watchdog, not of the highstrung type that bites everybody who comes around—including your friends—but one of sense and intelligence. He knows when and where to be cross, and fight.

In closing this sketch, we might add that the Bassett is all hound, there being nothing of the terrior in his composition nor make-up, according to our best authorities including "The Field," Watson and others. Breeders of Bassetts have held steadily to the purpose of conserving the hunting instincts and sporting properties of their stock, and few breeds have suffered less from the desire for fancy and exaggerated show points. All hunters who desire a hunting companion of great affection, excellent sense, superior nose, and great ambition and stick-to-it-iveness may well wish for the time when the supply of these little mellow toned hounds will equal the demand for such dogs and they will be found in plentiful numbers for those who wish a real "hunting pal" that will "bring them around to the waiting hunter." With the present demand and increase in popularity it seems but a matter of time until this valuable breed will have the widespread popularity it so well deserves.

Shakespeare, who seems to have known dogs as well as beings, well informed in most other matters, may well have had the Bassett hound in mind when he gave what, with few additions, we might give as good summing up for general description of the breed.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crooked knees and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells
Each unto each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloa'd to, nor cheered with horn.
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Grazing Control

(Continued from page 127)

As an appendage to my article on grazing control, I would like to quote a few paragraphs from a government publication to show the effect of overgrazing in the matter of erosion alone and just what it means to the American public. This extract is taken from one chapter of Will Barnes' "THE STORY OF THE RANGE." This is a great story. It is, in fact, almost the history of civilization. It deserves to be a best seller instead of merely part of a government publication. I wish I might have written it myself, but that would have been impossible for Will Barnes is probably the best posted man on range matters in the United States today. Formerly an old-time stockman of the Southwest ranges, he is now Assistant Forester and Chief of Grazing of the Forest Service. Get "The Story of the Range" and read it.

HAL G. EVARTS.

QUOTATIONS FROM WILL BARNES ON EROSION:

"If overgrazing injured no one but the stockman, this whole subject might perhaps be allowed to continue its present unsatisfactory condition until a crisis in national production is reached and drastic steps must be taken to remedy it. There is, however, another and undoubtedly a greater and more pressing reason why this condition should not continue to exist indefinitely and without some means being taken for remedial measures. This is the question of erosion. Practically every one of these 186,000,000 acres of the public domain is part and parcel of some watershed. Lying as they do at average elevations of 5,000 feet above sea level, most of these lands may be said to form a goodly part of the roof of this continent. Every drop of rain that falls upon them, the water that runs from each melting snowbank, at once begins its long, devious, often delayed, but nevertheless constant journeying toward either the Gulf of Mexico or one of the two oceans which border this continent. It is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy how many millions of tons of soil are carried by this water. Each drop is a potential flood. Every rivulet flowing from some snowbank on either side of the Continental Divide carries small particles of soil in its roiled waters. Joined by other rivulets it grows in size and often becomes a flood that moves mighty masses of earth and stone, fills the clear mountain streams with debris of every kind, chokes the irrigating ditches of settlers in the valleys below, and, gaining strength and volume, overwhelms towns, and cities, buries the farmer's fields under worthless silt, wrecks bridges and railroads, and fills the mouths of our great rivers with waste material that costs millions of dollars each and every year to keep dredged out sufficiently to allow shipping to enter or leave our harbors. This situation has been brought about by erosion, and it is this

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damage to these remaining public lands though their overgrazing and the denudation of their protective cover that should appeal to the general public far more than the single one of grazing, a matter that comes home directly to but a comparatively small part of our people. It is estimated by competent engineers that more than 406,000,000 tons of sediment is carried each year from the land areas along the Mississippi River and its tributaries, finding its way into the Gulf of Mexico. This would cover one square mile of surface 241 feet deep."

Mr. Barnes goes on to explain the terrific floods that washed sand and rocks into the streets of towns and covered fields with silt, blocking irrigation ditches and so on in Utah, all of it caused by overgrazing the adjacent watershed as the water ran off the ground as if off a dry roof. The forest service, by reducing the number of stock and accomplishing the consequent re-vegetation of the area, put an end to this damage. Another experiment in an overgrazed area follows in Mr. Barnes' own words:

"The Forest Service established an experimental station on top of these mountains especially equipped to study this phase of the grazing industry. Two adjacent tracts of approximately ten acres each lying on a small watershed were selected for experimental purposes. Both drained into the same 'wash' or 'gully' at the lower end of which three large cement reservoirs or settling tanks were placed, tandem, so that every drop of water flowing from the areas would pass through the tanks one by one. The sediment settled to the bottom, and the water finally ran from the lowest perfectly clear and carrying with it little or no sediment or foreign matter. When the storm was over the water from each tank was drawn off, the deposit removed, air dried and weighed. With a known drainage surface and the establishment of the exact weight of the sediment carried into the tanks it was an easy matter to estimate the amount of material that was removed from such areas by each inch of rainfall or other precipitation that fell upon it. . . . On July 21, 1915, rain began at 12:15 P. M. and ended at 1:10 P. M., a period of 65 minutes. The total precipitation during this time was 0.70 of an inch. When the material was weighed it showed a total deposit of 716.9 cubic feet of soil, or on a basis of 70 pounds, to the cubic foot, 50,184 pounds almost exactly 25 tons of air dried material torn from the surface of these two small areas and carried away by the force of the water from this one storm. The averages for seven years at this station show that approximately 172.9 cubic feet or by weight a little over 6 tons of soil has been removed from each acre of these areas every one of the seven years. When it is remembered that this is the best part of the surface soil, rich in humus, and needed for the growth of the forage plants, brush, etc., the tremendous losses which the surface areas of this country are incurring year after year can more readily be comprehended."

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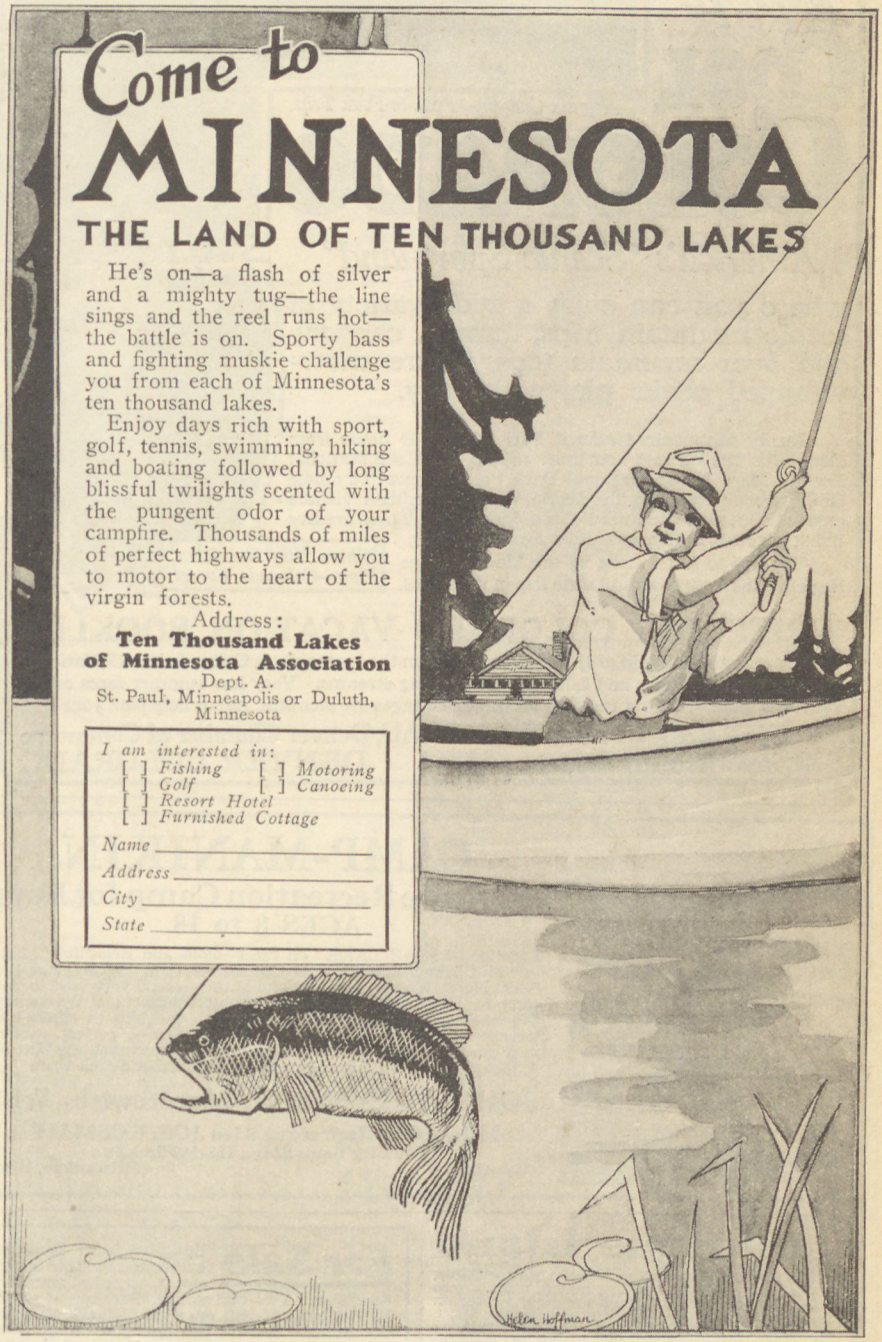

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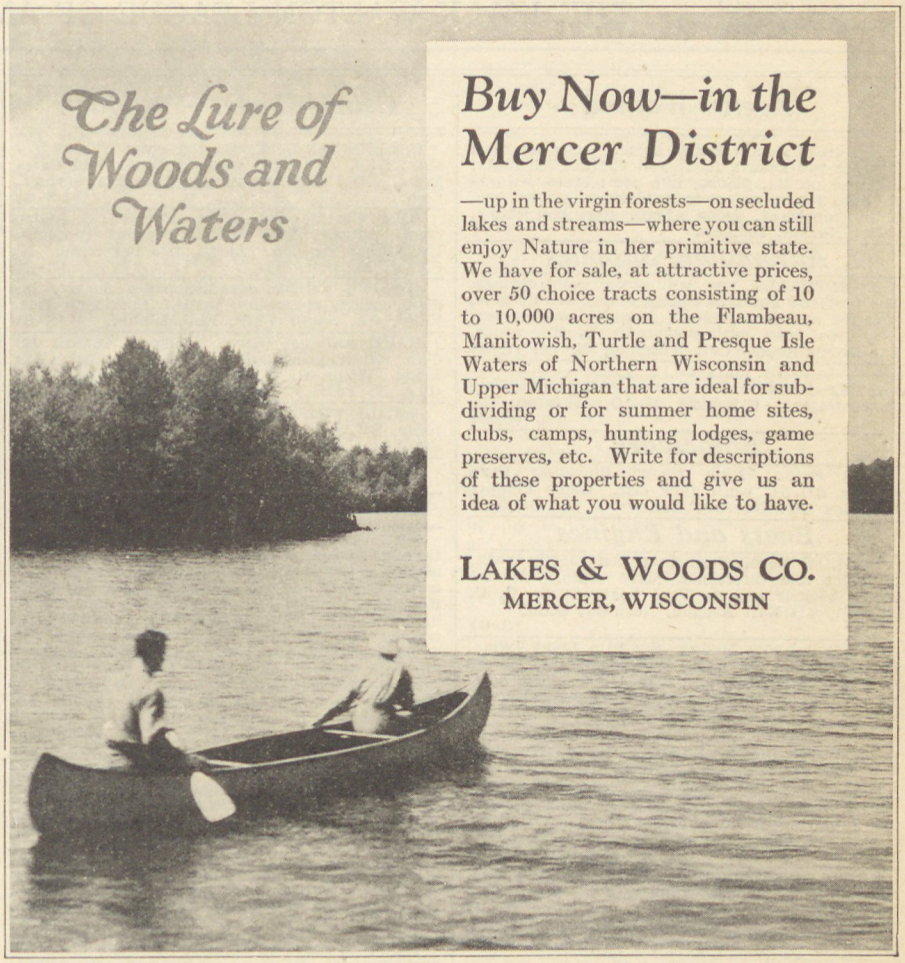

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

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Agents Wanted

MIRRORS Re-silvered at home. Costs less than 5 cents per square foot; you charge 75 cents. Immense profits, plating like new; brassy, worn-off auto parts, reflectors, tableware, stoves, etc. Outfits furnished. Details Free. Sprinkle, Plater, 720, Marion, Indiana. (3-7)

Automobile Supplies

EVENTUALLY you will cover your springs. The McCleod Patented Spring covers are durable, effective and low priced. A quiet, easy riding car, free from spring squeaks, is the result. The Morris Supply Co., Wheeling, W. Va. (3-7)

——66 miles on 1 gallon——
Amazing Scientific Gas Saver. All autos. Free demonstrator. Critchlow, H-90, Wheaton, Ill. (3-6)

Binoculars

FOR Sale. High Power Binocular Field Glasses $6.50 while they last. Globe Finance Co., Box 56, Wausau, Wis. (3-6)

Boats and Engines

SPEEDY Boat, Ford propelled, easily built, blueprint and directions, sixty cents. Marine cooler booklet free to Ford boatowners. C. C. Hubbell, 4D East Avenue, Norwalk, Conn. (3-6)

USED Rowboat Motors, Six Elto Light Twins, One Lockwood Ash, One Waterman. All motors in fine running order. Priced for quick sale. Write for description and prices. Hammer & Tillman, Winona, Minnesota. (3-6)

ROWBOAT—15 ft. Building instructions 30 cents — including full size patterns 60 cents (no stamps). Heath's, 15363 Tuller, Detroit, Mich. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Johnson light twin outboard motor 1925 model. Good condition. Run about 30 miles. Two propellers. Price $95.00. Frank Schraer, Box 138, Horican, Wis.

BEFORE buying outboard motors, get my prices. Save you money. Alexander, Box 633, Fort Wayne, Indiana. (3-7)

MAKE Rowboats, Houseboats, Canoes. Literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit.

Books and Publications

COMPLETE illustrated course on self defense. Boxing, Wrestling, Jiu-Jitsu. $1.00 postpaid. Free circular. Herb. Waddell, Champion Wrestler and Self Defense Expert, 40 Richland Ave., Bellevue, Pa. (3-7)

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PARTNER for shade ornamental trees nursery business. Have the trees. Want to market them. J. I. Royce, Wolverine, Michigan.

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PLANS at half-inch scale complete with all working details, specifications and bills of material for your summer cottage. Maximum of accommodation at minimum cost. Designed by an architect Member of League. Send for folder. Lake Cottage Plans, 4112 Colfax Avenue So., Minneapolis, Minn. (3-7)

MICHIGAN, Alcona County, good fishing, hunting, completely furnished cottages on Lakes and Streams. Reasonable rent; write now; descriptive folder. Kerry Towne, Michigan—Eighth Branch, Dime Bank, Detroit, Mich.

INDIANA'S well known fishing resort opens June 16th at Barbee Lakes. Reservations for cottages write: Fritz and Walburn, Warsaw, Indiana. R. R. 1, Box 80. (3-7)

PLAN now for next summer's vacation. Furnished cottages on Long Lake, Vilas Co., Wis. Muskie, Bass and Pike Fishing. For description write Geo. Whitman, 1309 Rural St., Rockford, Ill. (3-5)

SPEND your vacation at "Baver-Li Lodge" a nook in the Rockies. Trout fishing, horse-back riding, mountain climbing. Make your reservations early. Write, Mrs. Tina Moses, Wetmore, Colorado. (3-6)

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CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size: 27¢. $½ - size; 53¢. 50,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (12-8)

DEN Curios, Old Arms, Prehistoric Indian stone relics. Rare Indian beaded trappings. Everything for den. Large lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-6)

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RARE Antiques—Guns, weapons, ancient Indian relics, prints, china, miscellaneous. New Lists. Write—G. R. Moore, "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-6)

$3.00 GOLD piece $6.49. $1.00 Gold piece $2.99. White Cent and bargain price list 10c. Arcie, Box 483, Muskogee, Okla.

Dogs

Airedales

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers and stock-drivers. Also Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and rabbit hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $15.00 to $25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio.

AIREDALES—We have some promising pups from excellent pedigreed stock that we can offer at very reasonable rates. Also have splendid stud dogs at service and choice matrons for sale. On Airedales we can surely please you; just tell us what you want. Ask for free copy our new copyrighted pamphlet, "The Airedale Dog." The Mexouri Kennels, Mexico, Missouri. (3-7)

PEDIGREED Airedale puppies. Males, $12.00. Females, $7.00. Second to none. C. F. Hughes, Box 144, Rushsylvania, Ohio. (3-5)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions. Write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-6)

AIREDALE Male Pups, 5 months old $10.00. Fred Kucera, Clarkson, Nebr.

Beagles

BEAGLE Puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible to registration. $15.00 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-5)

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

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HIGH class Chesapeake pups for sale. Warranted to satisfy. Papers furnished. F. L. Sims, Western, Nebr. (3-6)

HIGH Class Chesapeake Retriever Pups for sale. C. H. Morgan, Tyndall, S. D. (3-5)

CHESAPEAKES—Puppies, trained dogs. Unexcelled registered stock. E. Grant Stuart, Charlton, Iowa. (3-7)

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PUREBRED White Collie puppies 8 weeks old. Intelligent, beautiful males $35.00, females $20.00. Best of breeding. Pedigree furnished. Alfred Raley, Humboldt, S. Dak.

CHAMPION-BRED Collies — Finest Puppies. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-7)

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Hounds

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds, and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $15.00 to $25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

FOR Sale. My A No. 1 4 year old coonhound, Star. The kind you cannot buy in season at any price. Full hound, quick to strike and locate tree. Will trail, tree and stay treed in swimming water. O. K. in every way for $47.50 on 20 days' trial. Jean Vaughn, D-30, Mayfield, Ky.

REGISTERED Russian Wolfhounds. Extremely large curly, silky coated type. Puppies, Bred Bitches, Choice Studs; priced right. E. G. Kulbeck, Havre, Mont.

AT Stud, Fee $10.00, Black & tan registered American foxhound. Stands 26 in. Suitable for any game. Ernest H. Blach, Cazenovia, N. Y.

TRAINED Staghounds for sale; all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-7)

FOX and Wolfhound puppies, "Hudspeth Strain." $10.00 each, or $17.50 a pair. C. E. Slusser, Rhinelander, Wis.

REGISTERED Russian Wolfhound pups priced low for weaning time disposal. Watonwan Kennels, St. James, Minn. (3-7)

FOR Sale—Irish Wolfhound Puppies and half grown dogs eligible A. K. C. registration. Wolf Kennels, New Richland, Minnesota.

FOR Sale. Greyhounds, Stags, Russians, young and old dogs. Priced Reasonable. Anton Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (2-5)

REGISTERED Irish wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-7)

Miscellaneous Dogs

POINTER puppies and hound puppies from registered parents. $7.00 each. Trained fox and tree hounds. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (3-6)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard, and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-6)

NEWFOUNDLANDS, Healthy, Intelligent, Mammoth, Registered Stock. Pups for sale. Amon Birky, Urbana, Illinois.

WHITE Eskimo Puppies, $15.00 on approval. Attractive Automobile Companions. Brookwood Kennels, Indianapolis, Ind.

GREAT Danes. Pedigreed, from Champion Stock. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-10)

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

DALMATIANS. Pedigreed coach puppies. Registerable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-5)

FOX Terriers, Boston Bulls, Beauties, English Setter Pups. Minnetonka Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-6)

WHITE Collie puppies, Police puppies, eligible. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill. (3-7)

FINE pedigreed Irish Terrier and beagle pups. Elismere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

YOUNG granddaughter of Eugene's Ghost, broken, and her 3 months' female puppy by Sam Valliant Rodfield. Ashamed to offer them at $75, but have more than can care for properly. C. J. Champion, Rosholt, South Dakota.

"ATTENTION, Waltonians!" Champion Blooded Pedigreed Pointer and Irish Setter Pups, four to eight months. O. O. D. Twenty-five Dollars. Guaranteed to please or return at our expense. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Illinois (5x26)

IRISH Setter puppies, Sired by Champion Red Law Redfield, dam Rheola Roxie, she a granddaughter of Champion Rheola Clanderrick. Priced at $25 for quick sale. A. P. Weingartner, Minneota, Minn.

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Cont'd

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

FREE. Sales list of Thoroughbred English, Irish, Gordon Setters and Pointers. Broken dogs. Pups. Bred bitches and stud dogs. Sold on a Guarantee. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-7)

LLEWELLYN and English setter puppies. Riley Frush, Glad Hawk, and Count Moring blood lines. Priced reasonable. Males, $30.00; females, $20.00. All papers. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-5)

AT Stud—Some of the finest Irish Setters in America. Write for new folder and prices on breeding. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn. (3-7)

HUNDRED percent Llewellins. All ages. Have ten bitch puppies past six months, twenty-five dollars each. All papers to register. J. H. Sullivan, Creston, Iowa. (3-6)

CHAMP Nugym and Champ Jersey Jo. Jo. puppies, four and nine months old. Priced right. L. C. Fletcher, Staunton, Va. (3-5)

DARK red Irish Setter puppies. Best of breeding. All papers. Write. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-5)

IRISH Setters. Finest Imported Blood. Puppies and brood bitches. Closing out. Cheap. R. E. Valbert, Girard, Illinois. (6-7)

IRISH Setters. World's Best Breeding. Finest Puppies. Reasonable. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Ill. (3-6)

POINTER Pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-6)

SELECT English and Irish Setter puppies and grown stock. Estep Setter Kennels, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-6)

IRISH Setter puppies, 2-6 months. Chip of Boyne at stud. Write for folder. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Ill.

ENGLISH Setter pups. Nothing better. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis. (3-6)

POINTER and Setter pups. Approval. John Chapman, Palmyra, Ill. (6-6)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $25.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-5)

POLICE Pups—The kind you will be proud to own. Out of first prize winning male, at $25.00 and up. Will ship on approval. Markesan Silver Fox Farm, Markesan, Wis. (3-5)

POLICE Puppies—Strongheart breeding, ready for shipment. Males $25.00. Females, $15.00. Stanley Jamison, Appleton, Wis. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Police pups, Grown dogs, Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. Write. Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-5)

GERMAN Police pups. Eligible to registration, dark and wolf-gray. $25.00 each. H. Melle, Alexandria, Minn. (3-5)

REGISTERED Police Pups, bitches, bred, open, stud dogs, on approval. Bollhart Kennels, New Ulm, Minn. (3-5)

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. P. H. Sprague, Maywood, Illinois. (3-6)

Spaniels

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies: Three months old. Best of blood lines in pedigree, such as Laverstrok Powder Horn, Flint of Avendale, Horsford Hetman, Donual, Corselet's Son-of-a-Gun. Sturdy, well-marked, country raised. $35.00 up. 9 months old, Sire Springbok of Ware; Dam Ringlet of Avendale, $100.00 each. Also a few brood matrons. Dr. & Mrs. G. B. Wolfe, R. F. D. L, Box 184, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-5)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups—Liver and White. Sire Little Brand Rex, close up to Champion Rex of Avondale and Ch. Little Brand Rex. Dam, Hosford's Peggy, sired by Ch. Hosford Harbour. None better bred. Price $50.00 prepaid. Also fine beautiful Labrador Retriever bitch sired by Ch. Wolferton Sapper, one year old. Dr. A. R. Soriel, Sisseton, S. D.

SPRINGER Puppies—Whelped Feb. 13, Sire, Dual Champion Flint of Avondale; Dam, Letty of Avondale, wonderful daughter of Champion Springbok of Ware. Here's the breeding you have been looking for, absolutely the best on earth. If you know the breed you know what this means, the best breeding possible. G. H. Thorsby, St. Charles, Mich.

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautifully marked puppies. None better. Correct age for next fall's hunting. Satisfaction and results guaranteed. Prices very reasonable. Write for particulars. Newell E. Ludlum, Lyndonville, N. Y. (3-5)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies from my personal shooting dogs. Four females, two liver and white, two liver white and roan. To close out quick. Fourteen weeks old. $30.00 each. All papers to register. J. E. Washburn, 276 Buffalo St., Hamburg, N. Y.

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. A fine litter, liver and white, sired by "Chief of Iowa." A. K. C. Best of Breeding. Chief is a well trained duck dog and sires workers. Puppies and service reasonable. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa.

SPRINGER Spaniels—Int. Ch. Horsford Harbour—Ch. Little Brand—Ch. Laverstrcke Powder Horn blood lines; finest pedigree possible. Ready for delivery now. Black and white and liver and white. J. E. Nester, Marysville, Kansas. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels. For Sale — puppies, youngsters, bitches bred and open. Broke and unbroken. Superbly bred dogs always at stud. Best show and working strains known. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

SPRINGER puppies, farm raised, from well-trained registered parents. Champion Powderhorn, Jambok of Ware, and Prince of Avendale blood lines. Price $35 each. F. S. Morrow, Claysville, Pa.

SPRINGERS: Born July 1925. Sire International Champion Laverstoke Powder-Horn. Dam by Champion Springbok of Ware. Liver and white. One solid liver female. B. Linderblood, Boone, Iowa. (3-5)

COCKER Spaniels—Four months old solid black puppies, select breeding, priced reasonably. Dr. W. B. Maxson, Flemington, New Jersey. (3-6)

FOUR registered Irish Water Spaniel Bitches partly trained. At Stud Botna Valley Prince, Fee Fifteen Dollars. Cecil Williams, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-6)

LABRADOR Retrievers, Registered imported stock, dogs and puppies. Oldest breeder of Labradors in America. W. J. Derthick, 175 Front Street, Portland, Ore. (3-7)

CHESAPEAKE and Springer Spaniel puppies and young stock for sale. Priced to sell. Satisfaction guaranteed. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-7)

FOR Sale—English Springer Spaniel pups sired by Ch. Springbok of Ware. Guaranteed. Cerro Gordo Kennels, Mason City, Iowa. (3-5)

LABRADOR Retrievers. If you are satisfied with nothing but the best, use a Labrador. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-5)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. Eligible to registration. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wis. (3-5)

IRISH Water Spaniels, genuine curly coated, topknot, rat-tail strain from trained registered stock. Fred Wachholtz, Murtaugh, Ida. (3-5)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pedigreed pups. Bred from trained, hunting stock. Priced to sell. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-6)

BARGAIN thoroughbred Irish Spaniels registered, trained. Must dispose of them quick. Fred Thompson, 802 Harney, Omaha, Nebr.

FOR Sale: Cocker & Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies for sale, $50.00. Pedigreed and guaranteed. W. W. Markwood, Cambridge, Minn. (3-6)

PURE bred Irish Water Spaniel Pups youngsters. Pilger's, Peetz, Colo. (3-5)

LABRADOR puppies eligible for registration. E. L. Britton, Dog Trainer. Blackduck, Minn.

SPRINGERS and Spaniels. The good kind. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (4-8)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

SIX pound—Bat-eared Toy Fox Terrier at Stud. Fee $15.00. Also toy puppies for sale. Mrs. Verna Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (6-9)

IRISH Terriers, Game and Tough. Raised right. Used to children. A. K. C. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (3X26)

REGISTERED Boston Terriers at Stud and for sale. All ages. Esely's Kennels, Loudonville, Ohio. (3-5)

SMOOTH Foxterriers. Registered stock. Bitches bred, open. Also fine pups. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-7)

Dogs

Terriers—Continued

BOSTON Terrier Puppies, Brood matrons, Stud prospects. Priced reasonable. Hi-Test Kennels, Excelsior, Minn. (3-7)

TOY Boston Terrier Puppies, High class champion stock. Envilla Kennels, Havre, Mont.

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. H. Hoffert, 352 West Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. (3-7)

Trainers—Dogs

BROTHER Waltonians, let me train your bird dog. Ray Huckaby, Gibsland, La. (3-7)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride Chemically Pure; the most effective remedy against Hook and Round Worms and the safest to use. Also recommended in cases of Running and Barking fits. In capsules assorted sizes for dogs and puppies, 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (1x26)

THE "Acme Thunderer" is the loudest whistle made. It is also easy blowing. For a dog that ranges out far it is the best whistle. Used by most professional field trial handlers. Postpaid prices. Small 60c, medium 75c, large 85c. St. Louis Seed Co., St. Louis, Missouri. (3-5)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE. Now recommended by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, as being more effective for round and hook worms than Carbon Tetrachloride. Safest anhelmintic known. No danger to dose puppies 3 weeks old. 24 puppy doses or 21 assorted $1 postpaid. O'Neall-Williams Co., Dept. O, Greenville, S. C. (3-7)

TRAINO Dog Collar almost immediately trains all bird, police and other dogs. Thousands in use. Exclusively recommended by Ozark Ripley and other noted sportsmen. Post prepaid $2.50. Lloyd & Co., Dept. O, Oscawana, N. Y. (3-7)

RUNNING Fits. Absolutely stopped in 24 hours. Has never failed. Treatment for one dog, $1.00; three dogs, $2.00; sent postpaid. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (2-6)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses. Large size, one dollar. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Va. (3-7)

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RELOAD your revolver and rifle shells, and realize greater sport and economy. Information free. Everything needed. A shooter's handbook for 50c which is refunded on first $5 order. Belding & Mull, Inc., 832 Osceola Rd., Philipsburg, Pa. (3-5)

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ANTIQUE firearms, swords, daggers, powderhorns, flasks, molds, 1926 Catalogue 4c stamp. Nagy, 8A South 18th, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

GUNSMITHING, restocking, skilled repairing on all domestic and foreign guns. James Macdonald, 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. (3-5)

REMINGTON Mod. 10 T Trap gun used 8 months. Guaranteed factory condition. $80.00. C. W. Wood, Leland, Miss. (3-5)

LONG Luger barrels, magazines, stocks, gunsmithing. Kniep, 730 East 138 Street, New York City. (3-6)

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BROOK Trout for sale (Salmo Fontinalis) advanced fry and fingerlings spawned from wild trout, hatched from December 26th, strong and healthy, good shippers, f. o. b. Shelburne. Write for folder. Prices April $5 per thousand, May $6, June $8, July $10, August $12, Sept. $14, Oct. $16, Nov. $18. Walyngton Brook Trout Hatchery, Horning's Mills, Dufferin County, Ontario, Shelburne Station, L. C. A. Strother, Proprietor. (3-5)

Fish and Game Attractions

BRING Ducks to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 29 years successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 39 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-5)

DUCK Shooters—The Pitts Adapter makes the head of any wooden decoy move in natural manner. Easily attached. Sample, 50c. Box six, $2.50. Circular free. Dealers wanted. Tuerk Mfg. Co., 30 North Jefferson St., Chicago, Illinois. (3-6)

Fish and Game Attractions—Cont'd

WILD Rice, Sago Pond Plant, Wild Celery, Duck Potato and other foods and shelter for Ducks, Fish and Muskrats. Literature. Geo. D. Hamilton's Aquatic Farms, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota.

BEST duck foods known. Wild Celery, Sago Pond Weed, Widgeon grass and others. Write. White's Game Preserve, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N. C. (5-7)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FISHERMAN—5c brings anybody samples of our guaranteed Silk and Linen fishing lines, Casting and Trolling. Better lines, newer goods and for less money. Silkline Co., Dept. K, Pekin, Ill. (5-6)

LAKE Fishermen. Do you want to be a big fish getter with hook and line? Just try it over a Pike bed. You won't fish any other way. 75c will bring them. Jay Griggs, Goodell, Iowa. (3-6)

PRESERVED sour clams, "Best Catfish Bait," 2 lbs., postpaid $1.00. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., postpaid $1.00. Doughbait "Guaranteed for Carp," 2 lbs. postpaid $1.00. J. Curtiss Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

WET flys that are trout takers, especially good for early fishing. Made by experienced fisherman. Six proven patterns, $1.00. Home Fly Tiers, 826 Steuben St., Wausau, Wisc. (3-6)

CAT fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas.

FLY Fisherman. New departure Weedless Birchtail or feather Bass flies, six dollars per dozen or will tie your ideal from sample or faithful description. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kans. (3-7)

IMPORTED Japanese Fish Lines—Finest lines you ever used; will not cling to pole. Write for sample. Order now wholesale, retail. C. M. Bates, Fairhaven, Mass.

SIX cents brings you samples of the best silk casting lines. Fresh stock. Money back guarantee. The Emporium, 220 E. Main, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (3-7)

HANDMADE musky or surf leaders, snap new invention, 16 inch, 25c, strong, flexible. F. W. Phillips, 1223 Grand Ave. E., Eau Claire, Wis.

REELS—Why pay more? Genuine South Bend Antibacklash $7.75; Same with Level Wind $13.00 postpaid, cash with order. Elmer G. Foss, Wilmot, S. Dak.

PARKER Trout Flies $1.00 Dozen. Guar. 3 foot leaders $1.00 Dozen. 6 foot, $2.00. Tapered, best quality, Heavy, Medium, Thin. W. T. Parker, Jersey Shore, Pa. (3-5)

FISHERMEN: Live Bait for Fresh and salt water fishing, sent parcel post. Send for particulars. American Bait Co., 19 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-5)

MR. Fisherman—Save money on your tackle. Send for catalog. Puritan Sales Co., Fort Wayne, Ind. (3-7)

FISHWORMS $1.00 pint. Postpaid. Albert Gandron, 154 South, West 16th St., Des Moines, Iowa. (3-7)

KNIT your own nets; particulars free. Old Skunk, Altoona, Kans. (3-7)

Food Products

DELICIOUS White Clover Comb Chunk Honey. Five pounds $1.60; Ten pounds $2.85; Extracted Honey, 12-lbs., $3.00. Delivered fifth zone. F. L. Barber's Apiary, Lowville, N. Y. (3-5)

PURE new-season Maple Products, direct from the Sugar Camp—Maple Syrup, Maple Sugar, Maple Candies. Write for prices. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-5)

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock fresh from Maine forest; twenty 5c packages to box, $1 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-7)

MINNESOTA Giant Wild Rice Seed—Write for Special price on orders for September delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Pure Maple Syrup, $3.50 per gallon postpaid, 11 pounds, guaranteed pure. L. R. Hatch, Kimberly, Minnesota.

DELICIOUS Wild Rice 30c per pound. Delivered fourth zone. Geo. Arnold, Warroad, Minn. (3-7)

11 lbs. Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 per gal. Postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN'S Exchange. We buy, sell and exchange guns, rifles, revolvers, rods and reels, field glasses, cameras, watches, musical instruments and furs. Send the article with a letter, and we will make you our best offer by return mail. E. Wanger & Co., Dep't A., 302 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3x26)

For Smokers

ENJOY a different and better smoke from Scotch Clayschaum pipes. Straight stem, the only pipe fit to smoke. Hundreds prefer them when hunting, fishing and trapping. Porous clay, absorbs nicotine, conserves health, once tried you will use no other. Satisfied customers order quantities. Six dozen $5.00, three dozen, $2.60, one dozen $1.00, half dozen, sixty cents. Postpaid. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, Dept. K. 2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-5)

PIPE Smokers—"Luxury" the Supreme smoking Mixture. A cross-cut of Burley, Virginia, Latakia, Perique. Aged, Blended and Flavored for Connoisseurs. Half pound patent tin Humidor $1.25 postpaid. Real pipe joy guaranteed or money refunded. Carney-Graham Company, Paducah, Kentucky. (3-5)

YOU Red-blooded Go-getters: Treat yourself to 10 of the World's finest 2 for 25 Panetelas. In air-tight tissue, prepaid post $1.00. Just fits pocket of your coat or car. Randall-Wagner Co., Inc., 76 East South Water St. (corner Michigan Ave.), Chicago, Ill. (3-7)

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-6)

Game Birds and Animals

WILD Duck Eggs: I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft enticing call. Full instructions with each shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

PHEASANT Eggs: I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver. All guaranteed to be from strong pure bred non-related birds. Full instructions with each shipment. How to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

ENGLISH Call Duck Eggs, from Prize Winners at Madison Square Garden. Booking orders for fall delivery of Hand Reared Wild ducks, Pheasants and Geese. Write Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-6)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Fancy, Stocking Pheasants and games, Hunting, Toy, Police Strongheart blood, Milk Goats. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (3-6)

CHINCHILLAS: Most valuable fur and meat rabbit raised. Increase rapidly. Only high quality stock. Ranger Fur Farms, Excelsior, Minn. (3-6)

PHEASANTS: Golden Pheasants and Japanese Silkies. Eggs for spring delivery. Full instructions how to hatch and raise. W. A. Herr, Plymouth, Wis. (3-5)

WILD Rabbits—Cottontails and Jacks for any purpose. Place orders now for fall delivery. Priced right. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (3-6)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

A SPECIAL: Hatching eggs from pure-bred English Ringnecks. $5 per fifteen, prepaid. Every care is used to produce hatchable eggs. Geo. C. Robinson, Westbrook, Maine.

NOW is the time to order Storm Island Blue Foxes for pen breeding. Quality A-1 and price right. W. N. Abbes, Fanshaw, Alaska. (3-7)

CAN deliver immediately all fur and wild animals, game and fancy birds. Silverplume, Orange, New Jersey. (3-7)

SALE: One pair mated Canadian Geese, $25.00. Dave Milligan, Kewanee, Ill.

ENGLISH Grey call Duck eggs. $3.00 setting. 12 other Breeds Ducks. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind.

PEAFOWL, Pheasants, Bantams, Pigeons, Wild geese, Ducks, Breeding stock, Eggs. Free Circular, John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (4-6)

PHEASANTS, Amherst and Golden. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Order eggs now. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-5)

BLUE foxes for foundation stock with a real guarantee. Very reasonable. Hardy Trefzger, Yakutat, Alaska. (3-5)

FOR Sale. Genuine English Callers and hatching eggs. Wm. Kroeger, Bennington, Nebr. (3-5)

GENUINE small English caller hatching eggs, $3.50 for 15—$10.00 for 45. Prepaid. Arthur Johnson, Manson, Iowa. (3-6)

PHEASANT and Wild Duck Eggs for spring delivery. Stamp for price list. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-6)

RABBITS for sale—Pedigreed stock. $2.00 up. Illustrated book 10c. Malkranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (3-7)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FANCY Pigeons, Angora Kittens. Minnetonka Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-6)

HIGHEST Quality Small English Callers. $5 setting prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Three tame Wis. black bears. E. C. Marlow, Jr., Kilbourn, Wisconsin.

SALE: Northern Wild red foxes, coyote pups. C. Clinton, Fayville, Ill.

Help Wanted

MEN, 18 up, wanting U. S. Mail Service positions, $142 to $225 monthly; Steady; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Write A. Bradford, 112 N. 50th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-6)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-6)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

Miscellaneous

RHEUMATISM, Neuritis, Why Suffer? Persons pronounced incurable desiring quick relief and guaranteed recovery try Ancient Hindu Remedy discovered and adapted to modern science by Huntington College Chemist. Order complete treatment, $1.50. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sample 50c. Write Prof. Guha, Box L-166, Huntington, Ind. (3-7)

BARGAINS:—Double barrel hammer and hammerless shotguns; rifles, 22 cal. to 45-90; Evinrude motor, used; camp cook stoves; new and used Eastman Kodaks; Stanley unbreakable vacuum bottles; Firearms list 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-5)

QUALITY Flags, made of "Class A" Bunting, Sold direct to you. Moth proof, sewed stripes, embroidered stars. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price list. Standard Flag Co., Houghton, Mich. (3-7)

FOR Beautifying your home gardens, plant Gladiolus; have good mixed variety at $1.50 per 100, or $12 per 1,000, prepaid. Walter Landis, Sterling, Ill.

MINERAL Treasure under foot—Learn to find it. Cash it. Information 10c. Minerals identified $1.00. Mineral specimens. Buskett, Assayer, Joplin, Missouri. (3-5)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (4x26)

HUNTING Hounds. Cheap. Dog Supplies. Guns Bought, Sold, Exchanged. Kaskennels, Herrick, Ills. (3-6)

PLEASANT Root inexpensively overcomes any tobacco habit. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-5)

TYPEWRITERS—$20 up. Easy payments, free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kan. (9-5)

GINSENG Seed. Nice Hardy seed. 1,000 seeds, $2.00. C. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (3-6)

Musical Instruments, Etc.

FINE hand made violins. Expert repair work. 50 years experience. W. C. Blanchard, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

MUSIC Composed to words. Bauer Bros. (formerly of Sousa's Band), Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

Outing Equipment

ALL Wool Camp Blankets. $9 buys big warm 72x86—4½ lb. single blanket, gray, brown, red or white, postpaid direct from factory. Faribault Woolen Mill, Faribault, Minn. (3-7)

ATTENTION Boy Scouts and campers. Sell The Little Gypsy Queen Cooking Stand. Folds for Pocket. Carton retainers. Sample Stove, 89c. Gypsy Queen Co., Pawnee, Ill.

SLIGHTLY used tents for sale. All styles all sizes. Write for descriptive list. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio. (3-5)

SLIGHTLY used camp cots for sale—regular folding army style, good as new. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. (3-6)

CAMP Sleeping Robes. Write for Folder 9. Hildreth Mfg. Co., Lincoln, Nebr. (3-5)

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Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

MODERN Photography in all its branches now taught by mail. New, successful method Write for particulars and unusual offer, open for short time. International Studios, Inc., Dept. 7172, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (12-1)

UNEXCELLED Gloss Prints. Trial offer. Your Kodak Film Developed and Printed, only 10c. F. R. B. Photographers, 1503 Lincoln Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. "K." (3-5)

SEND me what you can afford to pay for a 14x16 oil painting from your snapshot. W. Taylor, 64 West Sixth Ave., Vancouver, Canada. (7-7)

KODAK Finishing—Professional service for the amateur. Send negative and 5c in stamps for sample print and price list. Ehrhart's Studio, Antwerp, Ohio. (3-7)

YOUR small films enlarged on postcards, 20 for $1. Stinson, 242 Scott St., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale—Tanks, Printer, Trays, and other items. Homer Barnes, Spring Valley, Minn. (3-7)

Printing and Stationery

BE Up to Date—100 Hinged name cards in leather case. Your name on cover, $2.00. Stationery, Blotters. Universal Blotter Service, Napoleon, Ohio. Box 55.

"NEARGRAVURE-EMBOSO" (type embossed) —500 fine, Plain, Ripple Bond letterheads, special $5.75 postpaid. Sollidays', Knox, Ind. (3-7)

EMBOSS your Stationery with Hand Embosser. Circular Free. Midwest, Box 47, Springfield, Ill. (3-6)

100 LETTER heads and 100 envelopes, bond paper, $1.00 postpaid. Atoka Press, Atoka, Okla. (3-5)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-5)

Real Estate

LAKE Cottage at Nisswa, Minnesota (near Brainerd). Cottage and complete equipment. Two rooms, large screen porch. Five Spring beds, bedding, cooking utensils, refrigerator, furniture. Excellent Boat House, two fine boats, Evinrude Motor. Ten minutes' drive from town, but no other cottages within several blocks. 200 feet Lake Front on chain of over ten lakes. Has been well cared for and only selling because cannot make use of it. Fishing and Hunting of the best. A real bargain at $2,000. For further particulars write Paul V. Baillon, 413 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE—Hunting and Fishing Lodge, located on eight-acre island with virgin timber. Wildcat Lake, Vilas County, Wisconsin. Good hunting, fishing, bathing and boating. Only cottage on entire lake and same complete with dishes, cooking utensils, stoves, rowboat, etc. One of few lakes with real virgin timber shore line and all owned by state and no other property on lake for sale. For quick disposal, $1,500. Will bear investigation. John E. Alexander, Port Edwards, Wisconsin. (3-6)

$5.00 down, $2.00 monthly, buys 2½ acres No. Michigan Fruit or Poultry Farm, Camp Site or Summer Home. $100.00. Burt Lake, Cheboygan County. Finest hunting, fishing, boating, swimming. Good auto roads. Get free booklet and map. O. Hermann, 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago. (3-6)

BEAUTIFUL site on Fence Lake, near Minocqua, Wis. Three hundred foot front for thirty-five hundred. Many other pike, bass and muskie lakes close by. H. M. Newton, 422 Fredonia Ave., Peoria, Ill. (3-7)

Real Estate—Cont'd

LAKE frontage lots, cottages, resorts. Whole sections with lakes and Chippewa river, all priced to sell. Good roads; best deer hunting, musky and bass fishing to be had in Wis. Lakeshore farm suitable for golf course, will sell cheap or organize. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

FOR Sale. 176.41 acres Cass Co., Minnesota. Ideal for Summer Resorts, Hunting or Country Club. Some virgin timber. Two lakes. Ideal fishing and hunting. Off Highway No. 19. Price $20,000.00. L. F. Peters, 2223 — 24th St., Port Huron, Michigan. (3-6)

INDIAN Hills, Gunn Lake, Mason Co., Mich. New restricted resort, unexcelled bass and bluegill fishing. Trout streams nearby. Wooded lots. One hundred to five hundred dollars. E. V. Isenbarger, Freesoil, Mich. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Hans Johnson's Trout and Bass Fishing Resort, also 91 acre farm on Prairie River, Echo Lake. Four miles north of Gleason on 63. Reason, old age. Write Hans Johnson, R. I. Gleason, Wisconsin. (3-7)

160 ACRES, Log cabin, large Orchard, thirty acres cleared, half mile on Rat River, great Trout Stream. $3250. B. W. Everett, Lakewood, Wisc.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (12-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-7)

FOR Sale. Three Ideal cottages on Lake Koshknong. Good fishing and hunting. If interested, write: Lamont Conrad, Ft. Atkinson, Wis. (3-5)

FRUIT, potato, alfalfa and resort land. The home of the 10 lb. trout. J. I. Royce, Wolverine, Michigan.

FOR Sale: 80 acres of land on good trout stream. Write, Frank Borth, Kempster, Wisconsin.

320 ACRES fine hunting and fishing, $2000. Wm. Fales, Dos Rios, Calif.

FLORIDA and Tennessee Land Bargains. Write Chas. Pickel, Kingston, Tenn. (3-7)

Stamp Collecting

UNITED States—100 Different (1861 to date) mounted and classified 50c; 1,000 Different Foreign 98c. Old collections bought. E. Moseley, 4521 Parkview, St. Louis, Mo. (3-6).

PENNY Approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-5)

Taxidermy

FOR Sale: Mounted black bearskin rug; first class condition; $150.00. A. Smullan, 175 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Fine newly mounted Deer Heads. Horns and scalps. Fine fur rugs and Game Heads. S. Gerhardt, Roslindale, Mass. (3-7)

ARTIFICIAL Eyes. Booklet Free. Denver Optic, 587 Barclay, Denver, Colo. (3-7)

Wanted

WANTED—Tame young birds and animals for School Park. Starlings, Motmots, Magpies, Crows, Ravens, Toucans, Parrots, Macaws, Parrakeets, Agoutis, Pacas, Squirrels, Raccoon foxes, Kinkajous, Foxes and other pets. Emerson School, Gary, Indiana. (12-6)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," handwoven and hard-wearing. Sports Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-6)

GENTLEMEN'S Slightly-Worn Suits. Perfect condition. Best makes. Any size wanted. Thrifty prices. Hirschglen, 70 Wall St., New York.

Results

Farina, Illinois.
March 25, 1926.

OUTDOOR AMERICA

Dear Sirs:

Below find ad for May, June, July. 14 words at 10c. Three times – $4.20.

It brings us many inquiries and sales.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Oscar Wells.

Nashville, Mich.
March 8th, 1926.

Publishers Outdoor America:

I wish to cordially thank you for your courtesy in referring parties who wished to buy newfoundland pups, to me. I advertised in six other publications but obtained by far the best results from my advertisement in Outdoor America.

I sold a pup to nearly everyone who wrote me saying they saw my advertisement in Outdoor America. I am sending you a letter from one of my customers written to me after he had received and inspected the pup. I have several similar letters, but this one will show you the financial and social standing of readers of Outdoor America. I am sold out at present, but when I have more dogs for sale, you will have my advertisement.

Most cordially yours,

SQUARE DEAL KENNELS.
(Signed) A. G. Murray.

Hannaford, N. Dak.
Jan. 27, 1926.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is check for $8.10 to continue an ad for three months more. Am well satisfied with the results we get.

(Signed) Thos. Dailey.

What Are You Getting Out of Life?

WHEN you long to break away from the weary, dreary round of daily existence, remember this: one little act on your part—now—will change your depression to keen enjoyment.

Here's the magic lure of the Orient, with its age-old mysteries. Here's the virile challenge of the Far North, the call of the sea, the smile of Southern Isles. Here's Adventure, waiting for *you!*

Come, explore the riches of the world. Visit its distant places, its many peoples. Learn their odd customs, their treasured secrets. Travel to the far ends of the earth. Live! Learn! Enjoy!

Adventure will take you where you will. Through its pages you will see things as they really are. Let it take you back to the days of '49, the days of gold and gambling, when life was a thrilling adventure. Live again the daring life of a Sea Viking, or a Cowboy on the great western plains. Go with it on a trip of exploration, up the mighty Amazon, among dangerous and unknown Indians.

If you like the out-of-doors; if you enjoy clean, well-written stories of men who do things; if you want to know about strange countries, odd customs, little-known peoples, you want Adventure.

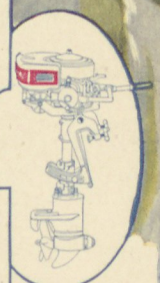
In each issue is a wealth of serials, complete novelettes and short stories, all written by experts, by men who know their subjects and how to write entertainingly. Its fiction is clean, swift-moving, full of color and life.

Do you know why Adventure is read and preferred by alert men and women everywhere? Presidents of railroads and corporations, business and professional men, men in all walks and stations of life read Adventure. You too will enjoy it. Sit in at the Camp Fire, read the Ask Adventure section. Treat yourself to its fiction.

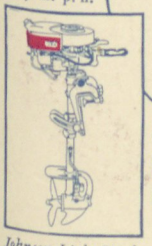
Just fill in the coupon below and mail it today. We will send you a free copy of Adventure, without any obligation. This one little act on your part will bring you untold pleasure. Be sure to do it *now.*

More FISHING
Better FISHING
with a Johnson at the stern

Johnson Light Twin
Weight 35 lbs.
2½ h. p. Speed
2 to 9 m. p. h.



Johnson Big Twin
Weight 85 lbs.
6 h. p. Speed
12 to 16 m.
p. h.



Johnson Light Single
Weight 26 lbs. 1½
h. p.

YOU know the time—along about 5:30—when dawn mists are rising from the mirrored lake. You've just finished a goodly portion of bacon an' with an extra cup o' Java. You're feeling fit — eager to go.

All the morning is yours *to fish*—if your fishing pal is a Johnson Motor. At the stern of your boat a Johnson will take you *any place* on the lake, quickly and in comfort, and let you have the best fishing you've ever had. Best of all though, on the way back you relax—there's no tiresome rowing effort.

Among sportsmen, cottagers, campers the Johnson Motor is deservedly popular. It is most easy to carry—the lightest weight outboard motor made, It is compact—yet sturdy. And a Johnson has *power,* an abundance of power and speed that thrills every motor enthusiast.

Water lovers will find an ideal combination of economical power—sturdy, compact construction—and extreme portability in the Johnson Motor. It embodies the very finest principles of motor construction, with a vitality that will hold not for a season or two—but *for years.*

Any Johnson dealer will gladly let you take a motor for trial. If you do not know of the dealer nearest you—write us. Sold on payments if desired.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 1210 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.

Eastern Distributor and Export:
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Canadian Distributor:
Petersborough Canoe Co.
Petersborough, Ontario

Johnson
Outboard Motors

In the Wake of the Johnson

"This is the first motor I have ever been able to throttle down slow enough for successful trolling—and at that speed it never misses." says Wallace Beery, Famous Player Screen Star.

Johnson offers these notable features: Full Pivot Steering giving any, all, *every* direction, with full power in the direction you're going; Shock Absorber Drive, which safeguards the motor mechanism when striking under-water obstructions such as rocks, snags, etc.; Quick-Action Magneto for easy starting; Full Automatic Tilting; Float-Feed automobile type carburetor; Anti-Cavitation plate for propulsion efficiency.

"I am certain that from every point of view, the Johnson meets the requirements of the critical angler," writes Sheridan Jones, well known angler and sportsman author. "It is light, it is compact, clean cut, powerful, responsive and steady in its drive at all speeds. But above all these, and re-enforcing all these, it is *absolute dependability.*

Write for our "Guide to Waterways Travel." A 190 page book of over 40 charted trips through the waterways of the United States and Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON

JOHNSON MOTOR CO.
1210 Sample Street,
South Bend, Indiana

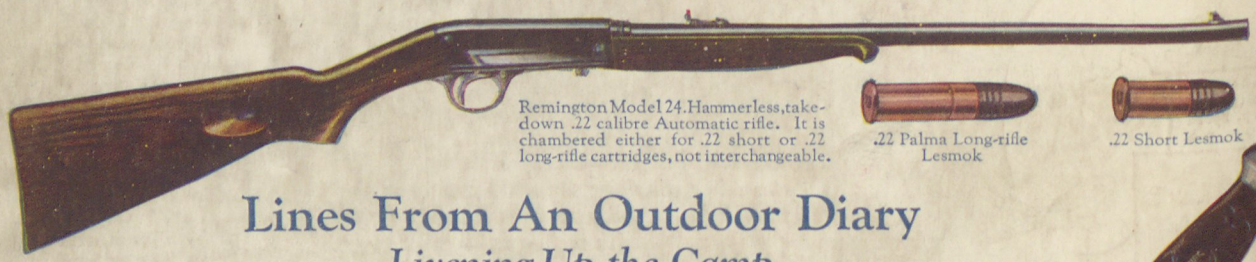
I'm interested in water trips. Send me free your *Guide to Waterways Travel."*

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OUTBOARD MOTORS



Remington Model 24. Hammerless, take-down .22 calibre Automatic rifle. It is chambered either for .22 short or .22 long-rifle cartridges, not interchangeable.

.22 Palma Long-rifle Lesmok

.22 Short Lesmok

Lines From An Outdoor Diary

Livening Up the Camp

"....Junior, without losing a second after we stopped to camp outside Dayton, put the .22 Autoloader together and inveigled me into some target practice. Shooting gets to be like solitaire or salted peanuts—always one more before you quit. So we had supper almost an hour late as a result...

"A great little gun. Finds the mark so easily that even a novice can make a good score with it. Nice balance, easy handling. Shoots so fast it 'stutters' but in spite of its speed, it's uncannily accurate..."

A Remington .22 Autoloader, Model 24, will add to the pleasure of any vacation whether it's an auto tour, a fishing camp or merely a weekend outing near home. Takes down easily and packs conveniently. Its substantial safety is conspicuous and instantly adjustable.

Your dealer will show you a complete line or we shall be glad to send you a descriptive circular upon request.

REMINGTON ARMS CO., INC.
25 Broadway *Established 1816* New York City

Remington

Remington Outdoor Knives with Sheaths

(No. RH28 Illustrated)

Remington Sheath Knives are especially designed to meet the requirements of all outdoor men who demand quality, correctly shaped blades with durable, keen-cutting edges and sturdy construction. They are beautifully finished and perfectly balanced. The sheaths are of extra heavy leather, stitched and riveted with lock-tite clasps.

Furnished in various styles and lengths.

R1123
One of Remington's popular knives for all outdoor men. A practical camp knife especially desirable for the fishing kit. Brass linings, nickel silver bolster, and shield. Hole in the end for thong or lanyard. Length, open 8⅛ inches—closed, 4½ inches.

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RIFLES AMMUNITION SHOTGUNS GAME LOADS CUTLERY CASH REGISTERS